THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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1920 JANUARY 1920

Keep this in the kitchen

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
BAKED EGGS ON SPINACH—Put seasoned, chopped DEL MONTE Spinach in greased ramekins, place an egg on each, sprinkle with grated cheese and bread crumbs and bake until crumbs are brown.	CHILE CHOWDER—Boil 2 tablespoons chopped fried bacon, 1 cup diced potatoes and 5 cups water. When potatoes are tender, season, add three tablespoons chopped DEL MONTE Green Chile and ½ can DEL MONTE Corn.	APRICOT WHIP—Drain 1 cup DEL MONTE Apricots and press through a strainer, fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites, pour into a serving dish and chill. Serve with a custard sauce.	PINEAPPLE AND COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD — Arrange DEL MONTE Sliced Pineapple on lettuce, fill the centers of the slices with cottage cheese, sprinkle with nuts and serve with French dressing.	ASPARAGUS FROMAGE—Arrange a layer of cooked celery between two layers of DEL MONTE Asparagus in a baking dish. Pour over cream sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese and bake till cheese melts.	Garnish the baked fish with strips of DEL MONTE Red Pimiento and add a tablespoon of chopped pimiento to the sauce. A few chopped pimientos in the stuffing for fish is an appetizing change.	RAISIN MARMALADE—Put 1 cup each of DEL MONTE Seeded Raisins and apples through the food chopper, add 1 cup of water and cook slowly for 20 minutes.
PLUM PUDDING—Mix 1 cup DEL MONTE Plums, 2 cups crumbs, ½ teaspoon each of salt, soda, cinnamon and cloves, ½ cup molasses and 1 cup milk. Steam 2 hours. Serve with the plum syrup.	TOMATO SAUCE AND RICE—Cook ½ cup of rice in boiling salted water. Drain and add 1 can of DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce, reheat if necessary and serve.	BEAN CROQUETTES—Mix 1 can mashed DEL MONTE Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce, ½ cup crumbs and 1 teaspoon each prepared mustard and grated onion. Shape, crumb, fry and serve with DEL MONTE Catsup.	Heat 1 can DEL MONTE Spinach, add 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg and ½ teaspoon salt. Garnish with sliced hard cooked egg and serve with vinegar if desired.	JELLIED PEAR SALAD—Make a lemon jelly and pour over sliced DEL MONTE Pears and chopped celery arranged in individual molds. Set aside until firm and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.	To quickly make a cheese sauce for fish, heat 1 can of DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce, add ½ cup of grated cheese, beat it until it melts and serve.	PINEAPPLE PUDDING—Cut slices of DEL MONTE Pineapple in pieces and spread over a layer of marshmallows arranged in a serving dish. Pour the syrup over all and chill for 2 hours before serving.
OLIVE RELISH BREAKFAST EGGS—Toast slices of bread on one side and spread untoasted side with DEL MONTE Deviled Olive Relish. Put a poached egg on each slice and serve at once.	SCALLOPED TOMATOES—Arrange 1 can of DEL MONTE Tomatoes in alternate layers with 1½ cups crumbs in a baking dish, season with salt and pepper, dot with bits of butter and bake 45 minutes.	PUMPKIN PONES—Mix 2 cups DEL MONTE Pumpkin, 1 cup corn meal, 1 cup crumbs, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ cup molasses. Shape, wrap in slices of bacon, fasten with toothpicks and bake 45 minutes.	Add 1 cup of DEL MONTE Blackberries, drained, to any recipe for cottage pudding, and serve with the syrup from the blackberries as a pudding sauce.	PIMIENTO BISQUE—Mash 1 can DEL MONTE Red Pimientos. Cook 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon chopped onion and ¼ cup rice in a double boiler until rice is very tender, add pimientos and serve.	FISH COCKTAIL SAUCE—Mix 1 tablespoon DEL MONTE Catsup, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, a few drops Worcestershire sauce and 1 teaspoon chopped DEL MONTE Green Chile. This is an individual serving.	PEACH COMPOTE—Drain and arrange 1 can of DEL MONTE Peaches in individual greased molds, pack with boiled rice and steam 15 minutes. Turn out and serve with hot syrup from the peaches.
CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP—Add ½ can of finely chopped DEL MONTE Spinach to 2 cups of thin, seasoned white sauce and heat thoroughly. One tablespoon of chopped onion may be added if desired.	SPICED PRUNES—Boil ½ cup each of sugar and vinegar and 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon and cloves. Add 1 can of DEL MONTE Prepared Prunes and cook slowly 15 minutes. Serve cold with meat.	PEAS IN POTATO NESTS—Fill the centers of hollowed out mashed potato cakes with creamed DEL MONTE Peas. Brush the edges of potato with egg yolk and brown in a hot oven.	PEAR FRITTERS—Roll halves of DEL MONTE Pears in fine seasoned crumbs to which melted butter has been added, using 1 tablespoon to each cup of crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven till brown.	GREEN CHILE AND CORN SOUFFLÉ—Mix ½ can DEL MONTE Green Chile, 1 cup white sauce, 1 cup DEL MONTE Corn, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar and 2 eggs. Bake until firm.	OLIVE LOAF—Mix 1 cup DEL MONTE Ripe Olives chopped, 1 cup each of boiled rice, crumbs and seasoned white sauce, 1 egg and juice 1 lemon. Bake and serve with DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce.	To make well flavored aspic for serving with cold meats, dissolve 1 envelope softened gelatin in 1 can hot DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce, pour into a loaf pan and when firm cut in squares.
DEL MONTE FRENCH TOAST—Spread DEL MONTE Orange Marmalade between slices of bread, dip in a mixture of beaten egg and milk and brown on a greased griddle or in a frying pan.	BEAN AND ONION SANDWICHES—Mash 1 can of DEL MONTE Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce, add 2 tablespoons each of grated onion and prepared mustard, and spread between slices of buttered bread.	PINEAPPLE TAPIOCA—Cook ¼ cup minute tapioca in 2 cups boiling water until tapioca is clear. Add 1½ cups DEL MONTE Grated Pineapple and the juice of ½ lemon. Serve hot or cold.	Heat DEL MONTE Asparagus in a sauce made by browning chopped onions and parsley in fat and adding 1 tablespoon flour and ½ cup of liquid from the asparagus. Sprinkle with nutmeg and serve.	CHERRY AND PECAN SALAD—Remove the pits from 1 can of DEL MONTE Cherries and refill the centers with pecan or other nut meats. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.	Prepare hot steamed dumplings and serve with DEL MONTE Loganberries which have been heated, for a welcome winter dessert.	Season chopped DEL MONTE Spinach well, mix with a chopped dill pickle and pack in molds, chill, turn out on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise.

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

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ENCORE! — By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

AT MY club a young Wall Street man held forth one November afternoon. He was under thirty, clear skinned and obviously in good health; but his face had lines—not wrinkles etched by the graver of the years, but lines placed there by fatigue or, it might be, by worry. Three friends sat about him. Their faces registered sympathy. Evidently he was explaining how something dreadful had come to pass.

I knew the Wall Street man very well. That, and not Sherlock Holmes, was what made me ask him, as we shook hands: "At home or downtown?"

"What do you mean?"

"The trouble. Your face!" I elucidated sympathetically.

"Don't you read the newspapers?" he said irritably.

"Ah! Downtown. Your pet stocks must have gone down half a point after rising a hundred or two, and all your three customers are mildly murmuring."

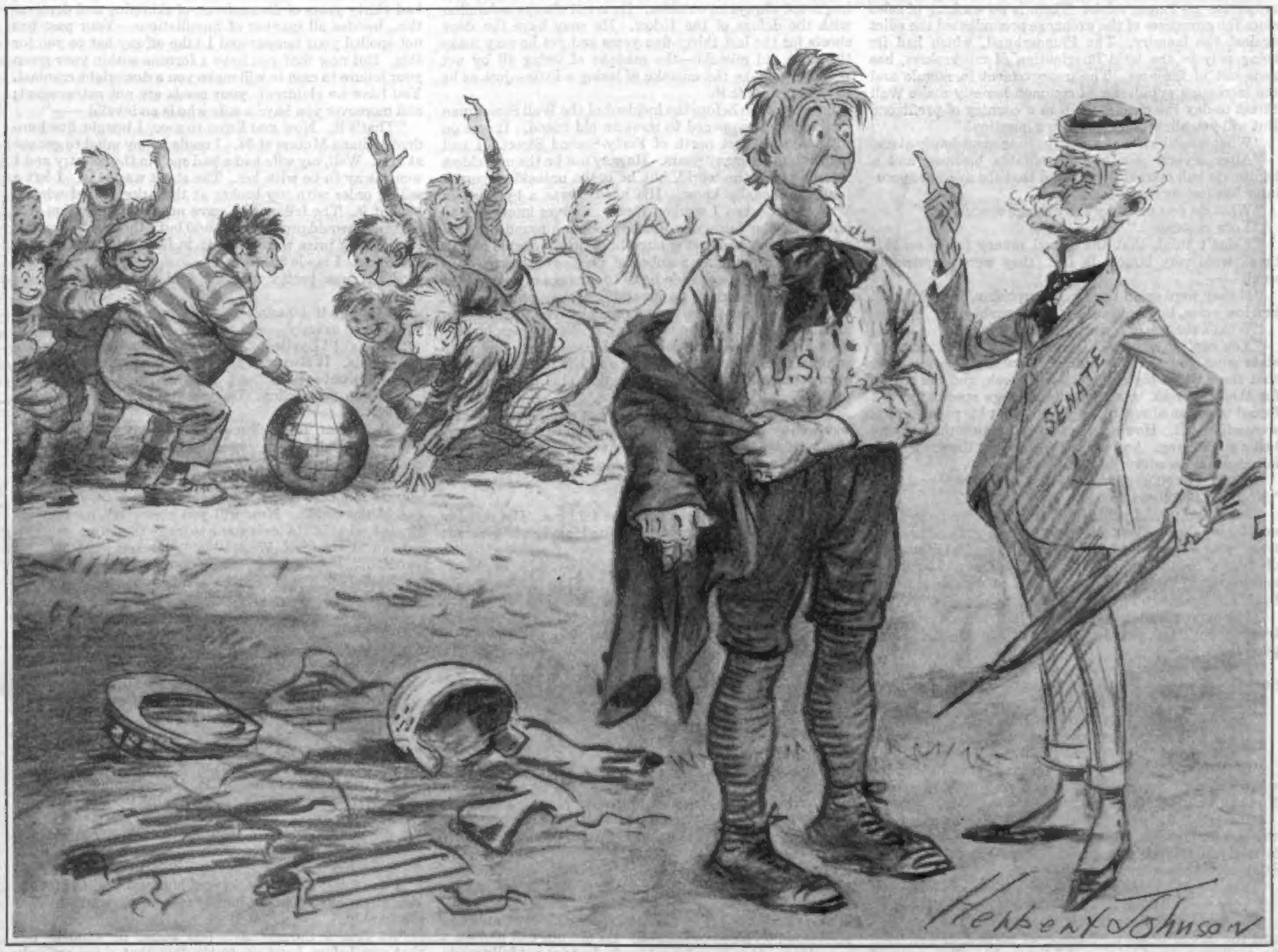
I did it on purpose. It worked.

He almost snarled: "People who think they know all about Wall Street and write editorials about it make me tired. They always jump on the money barons as if Jay Gould was still doing business down there; or else they slam everybody who buys more than ten shares of stock. You fellows have a habit of accusing everybody down there of being either a crook or a sucker. You don't realize that everything changes, even Wall Street. There never was a time in the history of the world when there was so little illegitimate ——"

"I know, sonny, I know!" I interrupted paternally. "Different times, different machinery, different certificates, different names on brokers' ledgers. Same old dollars, same old suckers, same old howl about same old crooks when same old suckers lose same old dollars in same old way."

"Rot!" sneered the young Wall Street man.

"Listen to me," I said. "There was a chap who knew more than you or I or Jay Gould or J. P. Morgan or even Arthur Brisbane ever dreamt of knowing, and he said: 'The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun'—not even the way in which the lamb parteth from his fleece. He was a very wise bird and



Look Out Sammy That Those Foreign Kids Don't Josh You

must have known all about paper profits, for he also told his customers: 'Trust not in uncertain riches. They avail not in the day of wrath'—when the banks get huffy because you keep on borrowing after they have warned you that they have no more money to lend you except at a price which makes you talk about Bolshevik breeders all the afternoon at the club. I may inform you that the man who made most of the remarks I have quoted in substance was named Solomon. He was the wisest of a nation accounted very wise in finance."

"That's all right. You probably used those quotations in some article. But there was no stock exchange in those days."

"No; but they must have had suckers. For the same great mind discovered that 'Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished: but he that gathereth by labour shall increase'; which means that the nonproducer who flatters himself that he can get something for nothing sooner or later gets something, but never the something he expected."

"How long is it," asked the young Wall Street man abruptly, "since you were in Wall Street?"

"Physically?"

"Yes."

"A few weeks ago."

"I mean, to talk to people."

"I never talk to people down there. I listen to brokers. Four years ago I wrote some articles for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on the Unbeatable Game. I was driven to it by hearing so many people tell me that everything was different. I have found that the same thing always happens and always will. Of course I don't want to drive you into another line of business. But you'll have to get a new set of customers after this week's healthy reaction."

"Any man," retorted the Wall Street man with a slow deliberation intended by him to be crushing, "who does not see any difference between Wall Street to-day and Wall Street as it used to be is worse than blind. He is ——"

"Say not the fatal words! The Street is changed. Manipulation no longer exists. There is no washing of sales since the governors of the exchange promulgated the edict against the laundry. The Plunderbund, which had its being only in the fetid imagination of muckrakers, has gone out of business. The improvement in morale and the increasing popularity of common honesty make Wall Street to-day the cleanest spot in a country of profiteers. But will you allow me to ask you a question?"

"What question?" he parried, looking suspiciously at me.

"After several months of profitable business and a legitimate bull market do you find that the average speculator has lost money?"

"What do you mean by the average speculator?"

"Your customers."

"I don't think that the actual money losses on this break were very large. In fact, they were surprisingly small ——"

"If they were small they were surprising," I murmured in a low voice, but he heard me and grumbled:

"What's the use of trying to give you facts?"

"You can't give facts," I pointed out. "You can only state what you think are facts. Now my own facts are that there was a big rise and a big break, and the reason for the big break was that the average speculator was forced to sell so abruptly, as it were, that his paper profits were wiped out. Howls always go up because the warning bell was not rung. And my last fact is that the sucker was left as usual—a sucker to the bitter end."

"I tell you it's different," he yelled exasperatedly. "Now you just listen to me."

"I'll do better," I said. "I'll go downtown to-morrow and I'll see the regular crowd and I'll talk to the conservatives, otherwise the cold-footers; and to typical customers of typical commission houses, otherwise philosophers; and also to touts and promoters and pool managers and bankers. And then I shall write an article."

"I hope you'll open your eyes and brush the cobwebs from the inside of your bean. The article might do some good then."

"And we shall call the article How to Get Rich in Wall Street!

"Is that supposed to be funny?"

"You don't like it? How about Trimmed Again?"

"Do you write as cleverly as you talk?"

"The Old, Old Story. What?"

"Of course if you have made up your mind to look for whatever corroborates your theory why go downtown? You can write better by not talking to anybody."

"Honestly, do you think that anything happened in this last bull market, from the beginning to the break, that is really different from what always has happened in other such movements?"

"Yes, I do. I know it."

"Very well, then, we'll call the article Encore!"

The next day I went to Wall Street; also the next day, and the day after that. I asked all manner of questions from all manner of men, and I listened to all manner of answers and also of accusations and explanations and prophecies and lies. Nearly everybody was sore and depressed.

Alas, old stuff!

II

IT IS well known to everybody who has taken the trouble to study the history of the great game that there is very little difference in the general character of those stock-market crises during which the great American public loses poise, money and temper in Wall Street. The lists of customers of commission houses appear to change about as often and quite as completely as the subscription lists of the juvenile weeklies. There is no mystery about this. The lists change because the customers lose money and quit. Wisdom comes after the folly.

The sucker always loses because he is a sucker. Strictly speaking, the game does not beat him. He beats himself. The only interesting part is that the sucker in Wall Street is apt to be a sucker only in Wall Street. At least ninety-nine per cent of the stock speculators classed under the head of the public belong to the genus sucker. They may and indeed they are apt to be men who have achieved success and wealth in their own business by not being suckers. And the reason they are not suckers in their own business is that they work intelligently, studying, weighing, analyzing conditions and taking business risks in a businesslike way. They may make their money calmly or enthusiastically, frowning or smiling, but they work for it. They do not deliberately bandage their eyes as they do when they play the other man's game. In Wall Street their motive, their outlook, their vision, their hopes all are different. In their own business, experience guides them. In Wall Street, greed and vanity prod them. Of all soul intoxicants, greed is the worst.

"Different kinds of animals," observed a Wall Street philosopher once, "succeed at various times. I have known bulls to make money. I have known bears to make money—at times. But I never knew a hog who made any money at any time in Wall Street."

The game does not beat the gamester in Wall Street. The gamester beats himself. Moreover, the Wall Street hog is not always an outsider. He is not always unfamiliar with the doings of the ticker. He may have the dope sheets for the last thirty-five years and yet he may make the same old mistake—the mistake of losing all by not wishing to make the mistake of losing a little—just as he has always made it.

Some months before the incident of the Wall Street man at the club I happened to meet an old friend. It was on Fifth Avenue just north of Forty-Second Street. I had known him for many years. He may not be the unluckiest man in the entire world, but he is the unluckiest person that I personally know. His hoodoo was a by-word in Wall Street when I worked there. I never knew him to have a regular business; but he has hung round brokers' offices and has had just enough brief ups to enable him to have a corresponding number of prolonged downs. Instead of securing a seaside hotel to manage or some other sure thing he married an invalid. He has been through booms and panics and when you see him read the tape you instantly realize that he is reading it like an open book—open at a page—in Sanskrit! Between his desire to gamble, the necessity of winning and the fear of losing he always goes broke. The combination plus the hoodoo is too much.

This time, to my surprise, he was another man. He was well dressed; courage and confidence radiated from him. When he walked—Fifth Avenue north of Forty-Second Street!—you felt he owned real estate in that block.

I marveled as we shook hands.

"I am very glad to see you," he told me. His manner reminded me of the unforgettable Jim Ham Lewis' gracious greetings.

"Please explain," I begged him.

"Explain what?"

"You!" I said. He stared at me. So I went on: "Your appearance. It is plain the hoodoo is off the job. How did you do it?"

"I do not know what you mean."

I knew he wished to be coaxed, so I looked significantly at the traffic policeman on the corner and I said: "Where did you get it? Whisper!"

He smiled the superior smile of all people who have not yet cashed in because it keeps going higher every day; and then he told me.

I knew the story by heart though I had never heard it from his lips. It was all about how clever he had been to see it—the great and only opportunity of a lifetime—and how he had seized it. On a shoe string, boldly borrowed for the occasion, he had risked his all as well as his trusting friend's ditto, on Crucible Steel. He recited the epic of how he had pushed his luck in the face of well-meant advice from pusillanimous souls. But above all how really conservatively he had operated all along. Even now he was not watching the tape; he was keeping his eyes unblinkingly fixed on basic conditions. He did not call himself a speculator. He was an investor who had not yet fully made up his mind.

"How much have you got?" I interrupted.

"Stock?"

"No; profits."

"A little over seven hundred thousand dollars," he said with the nonchalance of a man who is not overstating by more than twenty per cent.

"Like hell," I said; naturally.

He smiled forgivingly. "You forget that there never was such a market as this. In your time, when a bunch of manipulators ——" "I know," I cut in. The speech will make any man tired after the three hundred and fifty-seventh time. "Bill, who are your brokers?"

He told me. I knew them very well.

"Come in here," I said, and went into one of those chain cigar stores whose most useful function is to have public telephones. I called up the brokers and asked for one of the partners.

"Jones, I have just met Bill Hoodoo, who tells me he has made lots of money in your office. He's here with me. He says he has got ——"

"It may be a little less than I said," corrected Bill hastily.

"Tell Jones to answer my question," I said to Bill.

Bill obeyed by saying: "Jones, Lefèvre doesn't believe what I have told him about my profits, so I want you to answer whatever questions he asks you about me."

Bill stepped back and I asked: "Has Bill got over ten thousand dollars' profit in your office?"

"Over ten? He's got over half a million. Hold the wire. I'll tell you exactly, if you wait a minute."

"I won't wait a minute," I said to Jones. I then turned to Bill and said harshly, "Tell Jones immediately to sell everything you've got."

"Hang up! Hang up!" cried Bill, almost running out of the shop. I followed him.

I had lent him rent money, not once but scores of times in past years. He was born unlucky in everything, including looks. He will read this but I stand by my words. I told him as earnestly as I could: "Bill, I have known you for over twenty-five years and I know there is no suffering that poverty can cause that you have not felt. You have had thirty years of discomforts, of skimping and deprivation, besides all manner of humiliations. Your past has not spoiled your temper and I take off my hat to you for this. But now that you have a fortune within your grasp your failure to cash in will make you a downright criminal. You have no children; your needs are not extravagant; and moreover you have a wife who is an invalid ——"

"That's it. Now you listen to me. I bought five hundred Indiana Motors at 34. I made up my mind to get out at fifty. Well, my wife had a bad spell in the country and I went away to be with her. The stock was 41⅞. I left a selling order with my broker at the price I fixed when I bought it. The fellow who gave me the information told me that it would probably go to 60 but I thought I wouldn't hog it. My price was reached; in fact, they got 51½ for the stock. I made $8500."

"That was pretty nice," I said. "It showed sound thinking."

"Yes, but if I hadn't sold it I would have had, that very week, exactly ——"

"Enough!" I yelled. "That is all the selling tip a white man needs. It always is the advance agent of the slump. You slide out ——"

"Nix on the sliding. Do you think this is a baseball game?"

"Well, then, Bill, tell me exactly what you've got and I'll copper you. By going short of everything that you are long of I stand to make a fortune."

"You mean all right, but there has never been a bull market like this. Why, I have got a 110-point margin on one of my stocks. Now will you please tell me in plain English what in Hades is going to make that stock go down enough to wipe me? What?"

"You."

"I what?"

"You and the likes of you will make all stocks go down enough to wipe you out. You and the likes of you have always done that very thing."

"I never had anything like this," he denied. "In the old days nobody was ever heard of who had 110-point margin on anything. Why, I've got some Indefensible Steel. It cost me 68. It is now 189. I don't want congratulations, but you might also leave out the insults. After I got out of Indiana Motors I bought a call on Bull Motors and pulled out $38,000 in five days. I bought more calls and took a profit in all of $114,000. I've got some now that shows me more than that. If I sold everything out to-day it would be so close to $700,000 that I wouldn't run the chance of being run over by going across the street to cop the difference. For the first time in my life things are coming my way and I am here on the job with six pairs of woolen stockings on."

It was a desperate case. I asked him gently: "Old fellow, how much money would it take to content you? Answer me frankly."

"At first I thought $100,000 would be enough, but that was before I got on to the fact that these are only

(Continued on Page 40)

Skinner Makes it Fashionable

By Henry Irving Dodge

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

AT TWELVE o'clock midnight precisely, on the first of November, 1919, William Manning Skinner, junior partner of McLaughlin, Perkins & Co., resolved to set the town of Meadeville by the ears in a sensational way. Skinner designed doing this for purposes of his own. Meadeville was a suburban town of the highest class. It was made up of plutocrats, prigs, good people, snobs, mean people, new-rich, new-poor. One hundred per cent of the people of Meadeville were sincere at bottom, as all good Americans should be. One hundred per cent were more or less hypocritical, as all good Americans—and everybody else—should not be but are. In a word, the people of Meadeville were everyday human beings. They had their passions, good and bad, but mostly normal.

Just now the passion of the men was to make money. Just now the passion of the women was to spend money. In the present riot of gain and extravagance the people of Meadeville rivaled the Parisians in the time of John Law and the Great Mississippi Bubble. War graft and war extortion had made many of the Meadevilleites rich beyond the dreams even of an American. Men who had mowed their own lawns at most ungodly hours now rode in their own limousines at the same kind of hours. Instead of trundling coal scuttles they now trundled bulky wads, a pathetic fact due to a desire constantly to exhilarate themselves by the reminder of the possession of unaccustomed power and their emancipation from slavery.

The one great exception to the heterogeneous society of Meadeville was the Stephen Colbys. The Colbys had spent much of their time abroad. They knew their London, their Paris, their Vienna, their Cairo, their Shanghai and their Yokohama, an experience which left them gentle, quiet, sure of themselves and lovable New Yorkers. Though they had a large estate there, the Colbys were not socially of Meadeville. Livingston Meade, after whom the town was named, was Mrs. Colby's grandfather. She had married Stephen Colby, who was of her own set socially and financially, in New York. The Colby's intimate friends still lived on lower Fifth Avenue.

Few persons of Meadeville ever stuck their legs under the mahogany at family dinners at the Colbys', the rare exceptions being the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church and Mr. and Mrs. William Manning Skinner. Mrs. Colby had met Skinner at a church festival and had danced with him. It was the night Skinner had worn his first dress suit and was only a clerk. She'd had an affection for him ever since. Skinner was good-looking, original, clever. Honey was a Rutherford. Once admitted to the charmed circle, the Skinners had worn well. To both Stephen and his good lady the young man had been something of a problem at first. That was years ago. They observed him for a time, detected no sign of presumption and presently concluded that Skinner was not only a man of good blood but as near absolutely honest as anyone they'd ever known. After that they accepted him unreservedly.

Nor did Skinner capitalize his close friendship with the Colbys. He was the same good old Skinner he had been when he rode back and forth in the smoker with the other clerks. Once or twice shrewd adventurers had made Skinner very tempting offers to put them in touch with Stephen Colby in order to promote some philanthropic enterprise. But Skinner was a shrewd old mouse and avoided the bait.

"He has such faith in you, Skinner," one adventurer had urged, "that if you say the word he'll go in."

"That's just the trouble," said Skinner. "Nothing doing."

Because of their newly gotten fortunes a good many of the women of Meadeville had gone mad socially. They had always regarded social life as one long, money-spending, female-figure-exposing, diamond-exploiting carnival—the whole most enviable. But being posted only through the social columns of the papers they had come to put the decentest and quietest Americans in the aforesaid carnivalistic class. And now that they—the new-rich—had money they were going to have everything that their souls had longed for. Splendid mansions were built or old estates were refurbished; high-priced cars and high-priced chauffeurs to go with them obtained. Furs, feathers and other finery covered the precious persons of the plutocrats' wives and daughters. All this accomplished, but one thing remained to be bought—real social preferment. And this could only be got through the Colbys.

The good plutocrats of Meadeville found the atmosphere on The Hill quite prohibitively chilly. Quite logically then the keenest social rivalry developed as to which of the young matrons could either jump over or break down the Colby bars. Because of his intimacy with the Colbys some of the ingenious ones thought to use Skinner as the logical mount to carry them into the Colby inclosure, but again, nothing doing.

So much for Skinner. So much for the Colbys. So much for Meadeville.

Then why should the gentle, quiet, lovable and peace-loving William Manning Skinner precisely at twelve o'clock midnight on the first of November, 1919, resolve to set the good people of Meadeville by the ears in a sensational way? The whole thing came about in this way: On the afternoon of the first of November, 1919, the office force of McLaughlin, Perkins & Co., consisting of sixteen good men and true, who lived mostly in cheap apartments in Brooklyn and the Bronx, asked for another raise. Also why should the reasonable demand of these meek and modest men of Brooklyn and the Bronx prompt Skinner to resolve to cause an upheaval in the aristocratic Meadeville, a town in no way connected with, bearing on or in any sense responsible for the circumstances of the aforesaid meek and modest gentlemen? The same evening Skinner, having finished his second demi-tasse, looked across the table at his yellow-haired little wife.

"Honey," said he, "you keep all your tradesmen's bills, don't you?"

"Why, yes."

"Six months back?"

She nodded.

"I'd like you to let me see them, if you don't mind."

Presently Honey handed Skinner a sheaf of papers.

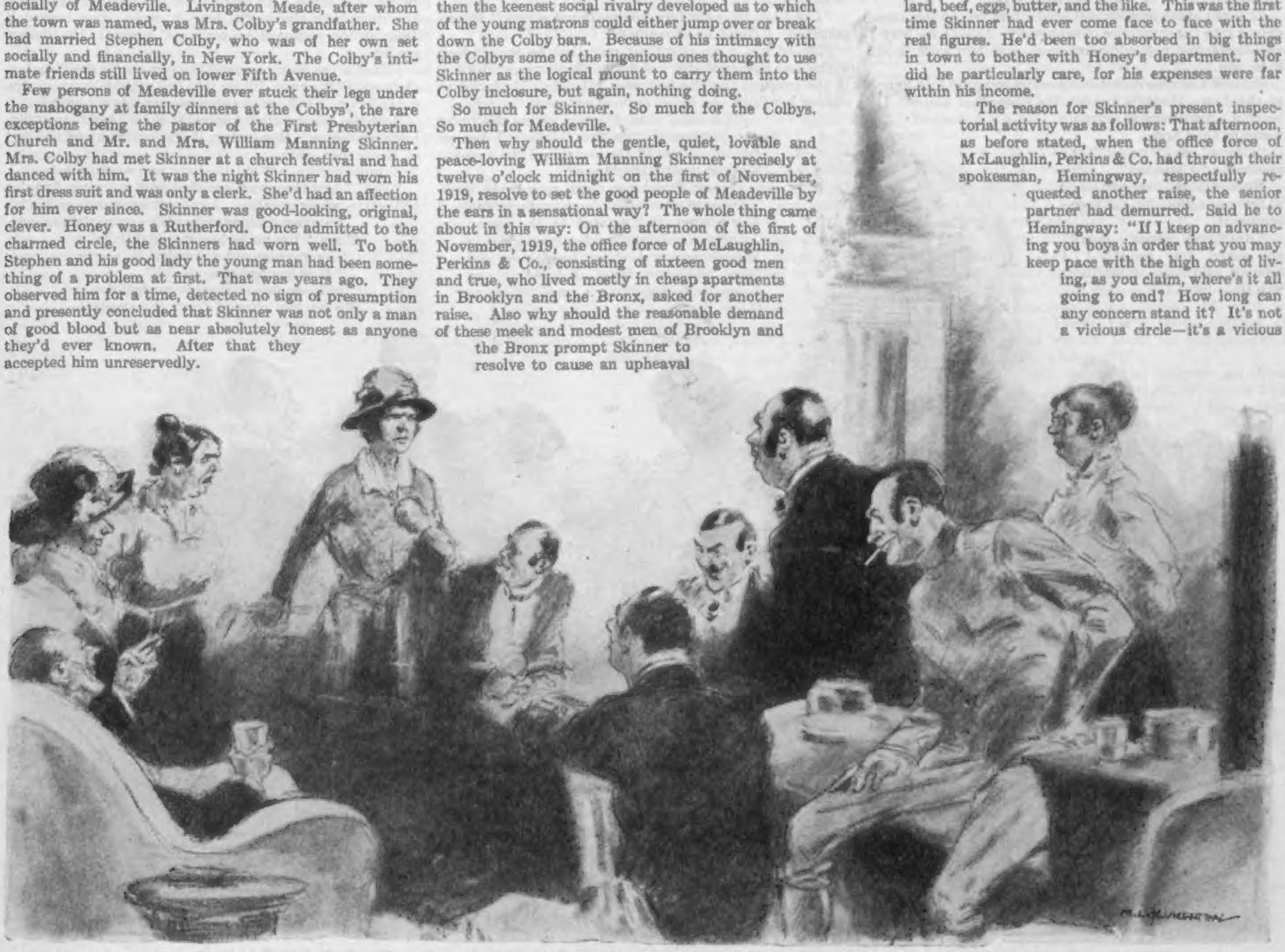
"Thanks," said he, rising. "I'm going to the library."

Honey seated herself again and toyed with her coffee spoon. She was perplexed, then a bit worried, then a little apprehensive. What did he want with those bills? Surely the figures were right! She'd gone over them herself. Had she been extravagant? Dearie had never questioned her judgment before. Of course he wasn't going to scold her, but he had a way of making reproachful remarks that she dreaded more than a scolding. She knew that the bills had been mounting in the last six months. That wasn't her fault. She hadn't bought anything more. She may have paid more.

For twenty minutes she sat there pondering, a bit perplexed, a bit worried, a little apprehensive. Once—her curiosity getting the better of her—she half rose. No, she'd wait. But why? What?

Meanwhile Skinner was assiduously making an investigation. He compared the total of each bill with that of the next, and so on, noting the more or less erratic increase over a period of months. Then he went back and examined each item in an effort to account for the increase—sugar, lard, beef, eggs, butter, and the like. This was the first time Skinner had ever come face to face with the real figures. He'd been too absorbed in big things in town to bother with Honey's department. Nor did he particularly care, for his expenses were far within his income.

The reason for Skinner's present inspectorial activity was as follows: That afternoon, as before stated, when the office force of McLaughlin, Perkins & Co. had through their spokesman, Hemingway, respectfully requested another raise, the senior partner had demurred. Said he to Hemingway: "If I keep on advancing you boys in order that you may keep pace with the high cost of living, as you claim, where's it all going to end? How long can any concern stand it? It's not a vicious circle—it's a vicious



"I Don't Like the Way You Talk, Mr. Binns." Mary Wouldn't Have Liked the Way He Talked If He'd Been an Angel

spiral standing on its point. It gets wider as you go up. No end in sight."

So senior partner and spokesman had argued pro and con. Presently McLaughlin offered the following compromise: "Instead of the definite sum you ask I'll raise you enough to cover the new increase in the cost of living."

It was agreed that Skinner should be umpire, an honor involving certain intricate research with endless ramifications and the determination of the relations of certain parts to and bearing upon the whole question, a job that neither McLaughlin nor Hemingway hankered for. So Skinner had undertaken the job with an outward show of cheerfulness and an inward metaphorical gnashing of teeth.

As Skinner went over the bills he grunted. McLaughlin and Hemingway must have had their tongues in their cheeks when they asked him to do it, even if he were an expert accountant.

"Strike an average," McLaughlin had said with a nonchalant waving of the hand—"just an average."

Skinner was good enough at straight business, but the figures before him indicated no mercantile principle on which he might base calculations. Casually his eye turned to the headings of the evening paper at the side of his desk.

CONGRESS GETS AFTER THE PROFITEERS

THE GOVERNOR APPOINTS A COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE

PROFESSOR A. W. FERGUSON TELLS HOW INDUSTRIAL TROUBLES MAY BE CORRECTED THROUGH REDUCING THE PRICE OF FOOD

"No wonder they can't get anywhere with such a proposition as that," Skinner thought. "I can't make head or tail out of even these little figures here."

He slapped the bunch of bills disgustedly.

It not being Skinner's nature to give up easily, he went at the figures again, pertinaciously, assiduously.

"Gosh!" he said, frowning and clenching his fists from time to time. "By gosh!"

Presently he pushed back from the desk, flung his feet across the corner of it and lighted a cigar.

"I'll put some professional accountant on the job, some delver into the mysteries of economics. I don't see why I should waste my gray matter on it. Let him work it out if he can."

Skinner's morose reflections were interrupted by a knock at the door—Honey's knock. He knew that knock. He loved it. And it was never more welcome than now.

"Come In, Honey!" he shouted. "Come in!"

Honey tiptoed over and stood at Skinner's shoulder, her brows puckered.

"Anything wrong, dear?" she asked very sweetly. "I haven't paid twice or anything like that, have I?"

"Not two times, but twice as much as you should," Skinner grunted. "That wasn't your fault, though."

"Whose then?"

"Partly mine—partly everybody's." Skinner shook his head. "It's the fault of the whole universe, I guess. It's a great big question and it's all scrambled up."

Honey's eyes went from the bills to the evening paper. Ah, there was a connection between Skinner's present activity and those awful headings—"Congress"—"The Governor"—"Professor Ferguson!" Suddenly she clapped her hands gleefully.

"Oh, I've got it!"

"Got what?" said Skinner, a bit irritated, a bit perplexed.

"You're going to solve the problem of the high cost of living. I'm so glad—oh, I'm so glad," she rattled on before Skinner could stop her. "Aren't you, you old dear?"

Skinner was silent.

"Aren't you, you old dear?" Honey insisted.

Skinner searched Honey's face for the playfully ironical smile he expected to find there. Skinner was suspicious. Honey had at times put one over on him. It had been her gentle way of taking him down a peg. Was she trying to do it now? No, she was serious.

"Aren't you, you old dear?"

"By gosh!" said Skinner. Then again, "By gosh!"

"I knew it," cried Honey delightedly. "I discovered your secret, didn't I?"

"Trust you for that!"

She settled herself on the arm of Skinner's chair and leaned cozily against his shoulder.

"Now, tell me just how you're going to do it."

Any man who had been less flattered by the unlimited confidence of his wife would have been flabbergasted. Skinner knew that she believed he could accomplish anything he might undertake. If there was one thing he valued above all others it was her supreme faith in his capacity for solving intricate and difficult problems—problems at which other men had notoriously failed. But there had come a time when Skinner realized it would be a hard job to live up to the faith he had built in Honey.

"I can tell by your face you've found a way," Honey persisted. "Don't be so modest."

Skinner was a conscientious man, but he was human withal—so human that it was very difficult to sacrifice any of the prestige that he had with his wife. He hated to shatter her faith—he hated even to agitate it.

"Uh-huh," said Skinner, giving the grunt an affirmative accent. "Uh-huh," he repeated. Thus on the impulse of the moment Skinner committed himself.

Honey threw her arms round his neck. "I'm so glad—so glad for everybody's sake." She pouted and pointed to the paper. "Those naughty old wiseacres down in Washington and those legislators and those professors have all tried it and failed, but you have a way of doing things."

Skinner took her hand and again looked into her eyes, arresting her speech. Was it possible she wasn't really acting? No, she wasn't.

Thought Skinner, "By gosh, I wonder if I haven't built her faith a step too high?"

"There, there, I'll let you alone now!" said Honey presently, slipping down from her perch. "Perhaps you haven't figured it all out yet."

"Not yet—not quite all," Skinner observed.

When Honey had gone Skinner went over the bills again and again and in an abstracted way read and reread the articles in the paper about what Congress and the governor and the various professors were doing about the high cost of living. Skinner often got things by letting his mind stay passive, by not trying to force things into it. So he sat there with perplexed eyes, smoked cigar after cigar, heard the clock strike ten, then eleven. Still no solution had come to him. Honey looked in at the door and said good night and Skinner got up and kissed her and then resumed his chair. He would stick it out. The thing had taken hold of him, fastened on him. He didn't think. He just pondered, let things drift through his mind, hoping that among them might come a suggestion. He even tried to lure suggestion by fixing his mind on the general philosophy of the situation.

"Capital and labor," he thought—"one always passing the buck to the other. Labor taking it out of capital by high wages and capital taking it out of the great middle classes by high prices. The two bossing the whole job, yet not amounting to more than ten per cent of the population of the country—not more than ten per cent. It's the consumer—the mild-mannered, acquiescent consumer—that's being plucked," Skinner concluded. Of course—that much was clear. But how could he get at the consumer—that was the question—get at him in a way that would make him sit up and take notice, do things.

Skinner frowned and reached for a fresh cigar. As he did so his eye fell on a small item in the paper. It lingered there. He sat a long time with the item before him and pondered in a more or less abstracted way. Suddenly he began to chuckle. He reached for the shears and clipped the item from the paper, read it again, then tucked it away in the corner of his waistcoat pocket. He slapped his leg.

"That's the way to stand the egg on its end," he exclaimed. "By gosh, I'll do it! It'll set this town by the ears all right. It'll make a sensation in this old burg."

And the clock struck twelve as if to accentuate Skinner's resolution. Remember, it was midnight on the first of November, 1919.

Skinner got up, put out the light and went to bed.

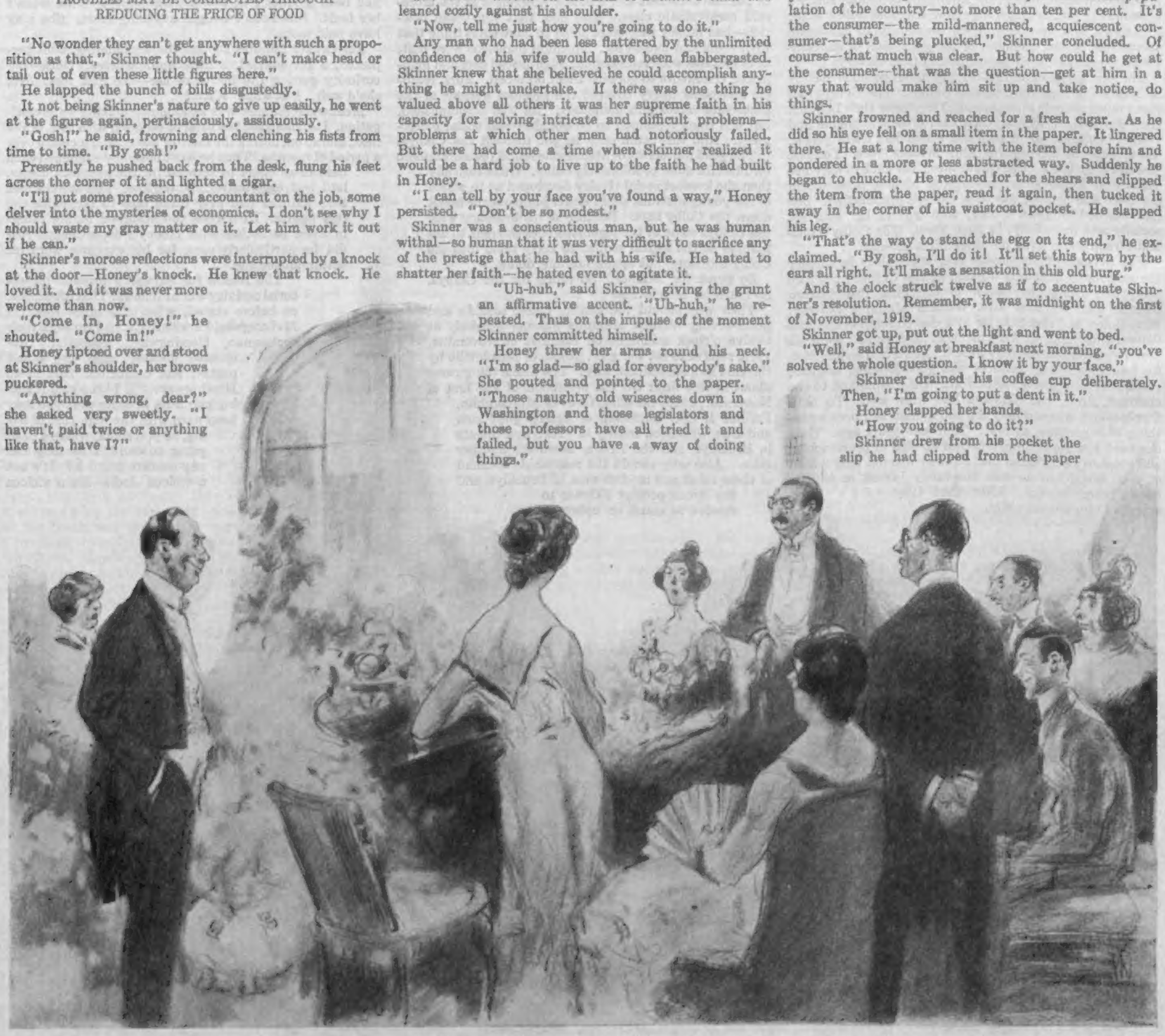
"Well," said Honey at breakfast next morning, "you've solved the whole question. I know it by your face."

Skinner drained his coffee cup deliberately. Then, "I'm going to put a dent in it."

Honey clapped her hands.

"How you going to do it?"

Skinner drew from his pocket the slip he had clipped from the paper



"Ladies and Gentlemen," Said She in a Voice Carefully Rehearsed for the Occasion, "I Have Asked You to Come Here To-Night to Take Up the Question of the High Cost

the night before and tossed it across the table. "There's the key."

Honey read the bit twice over and tossed it back.

"I can't make anything out of that."

Skinner replaced the slip in his pocket.

"I'm going to show you how an idea born of a mere suggestion such as that slip contains, an idea as thin and elusive as the most attenuated ether, can be made tangible enough to shake this whole community."

"You frighten me," she cried, her eyes wide.

"Do I?" said Skinner. "You just watch!" He pondered. "I'll let you in on the first step. This very evening things will begin to happen."

Honey laughed.

"Things usually do begin to happen in the evening."

"I'll be more definite then, you old doubting Thomas," said Skinner, a bit piqued. "This very evening a certain lady in Meadeville will call you up."

"Who?"

"I don't know."

"That doesn't mean anything. Certain ladies call me up every evening."

"To prove it"—Skinner drew a pad to him and scrawled a few lines, put it in an envelope and sealed it—"some woman'll call you up and give you the message I've written in there. You see if she doesn't."

"Are you going to see some woman and have her call me up?"

"I am not. I'm not going near any woman."

Honey reflected.

"That slip of paper hasn't anything to do with it?"

"It has everything to do with it."

Skinner didn't decide which of the Meadeville millionaires would be most available for his purpose until he was well on his way to town in the club car. It was the question that bothered him, for he had to reach the women through the men, a reversal of the usual diplomatic custom. There was Henderson. Henderson would be most sympathetic, for he was running a large establishment for the purpose of exploiting a wife and daughters. But he would not do. Mrs. Henderson stood in the way—too abrupt—no tact—sure to put her foot down on any suggestion the old man might make. He would like to have got Mrs. Henderson, for she was the most notorious spendthrift in Meadeville—best example. No, Henderson wouldn't do. Nor would Billings. Billings' wife was too much of an acquiescent gray mouse, colorless and not oversmart—no initiative. Morrisey was very rich—thanks to the war—but Mrs. M. was too uncouth—went about everything with a hammer and tongs—bragged about it. No, not Morrisey—couldn't hunt grizzlies with a brass band.

But there was Jenks—wiry, little, stubborn, cunning, sentimental Jenks. Skinner knew Jenks from the ground up; knew just what he'd do under certain circumstances. Mrs. Jenks was ambitious, Skinner reflected, even if she was superficial. She was attractive, but she was best of all a notorious fad chaser. Yes, Jenks was the man.

Presently Skinner walked the length of the car and dropped into the seat next to Jenks. After a few preliminary remarks about business Skinner pulled out his watch and in doing so dislodged the slip of paper from his pocket and it fluttered to the floor. Jenks picked it up.

"By jingo!" said Skinner, reaching for it. "I'm glad I didn't lose that. I clipped it from the Sun last night. Bully good suggestion—some society woman"—he stopped as if confused, then—"I mean—my wife and I were discussing it this morning."

Jenks read the item and Skinner watched the little man, for he knew he was nibbling at the bait.

Jenks passed the paper back without any comment, but Skinner noticed a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, the kind of twinkle he had often seen there when something was brewing in the little man's head. Presently Jenks asked the very question Skinner knew he would ask:

"Last evening's Sun, you say?"

Skinner nodded.

Presently Jenks chucked his paper aside and began to puff his cigar vigorously.

"Bull's-eye!" Skinner said to himself. "Bull's-eye!"

No sooner had Jenks reached his office than he sent his office boy for the Evening Sun of November first. When he received it he cut out the item Skinner had shown him and tucked it carefully away in the corner of his waistcoat pocket.

Then he called up Meadeville and told his wife he'd be home on the four-thirty and asked her to have an early dinner. As he hung up Jenks chuckled.

"This is the time I put one over on Skinner all right."

At the same moment almost Skinner in his office drew the slip of paper from his pocket, read it and chuckled.

"This is the time I put one over on Jenks all right, by making him think he's putting one over on me."

Skinner was so good-natured all the afternoon that when McLaughlin said, "What progress, Skinner?" Skinner said, "Fine! I've started putting a dent in it."

And McLaughlin, who above all things loved to put things off on Skinner, didn't question as to how he was doing it.

Jenks ate a light lunch in contemplation of an early dinner, but he had reckoned without his host—without his cook at least, for when he reached home Fanny's first words were: "Dick, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but just as soon as you phoned me I asked Nora if it would be convenient to have an early dinner and she said positively no, that she'd made arrangements for a later one and ——"

Jenks had something more important than an early dinner on his mind, but here was a chance to express his opinion of all servants and he did it vigorously, vitriolically, using epithets and characterizations that Fanny hadn't heard since she was a girl.

"But what's the big idea, Dick?" said Fanny.

Jenks took the slip of paper from his pocket.

"Read that."

"Well, what of it?" said Fanny presently.

"What of it?" cried Jenks. "I'm going to put one over on Skinner—that's what of it."

Fanny was puzzled, even as Honey had been that morning.

"I don't see the connection between this bit of paper and putting one over on Skinner."

"Don't?" cried Jenks. "Well, I'll tell you." He looked round. Then lowering his voice: "Skinner dropped this accidentally in the car this morning. I picked it up for him. He was mighty glad to get it back, but a bit confused. Kind of blurted out that he and Honey had been discussing it, then stopped and stammered, 'Great chance for some society woman.' I read between the lines."

Fanny's eyes showed a dawning light. She reread the slip.

Jenks watched her.

"See?" he cried. "Catch on?"

Fanny nodded.

"You don't want to lose any time. You want to have a big meeting here. Get ahead of the Skinners. Have it to-morrow night."

Fanny looked troubled.

"To-morrow night? That's Nora's night off, and Binns ——"

Jenks raised his clenched fists. "Nora be hanged!" Binns be hanged! Do we have to ask our servants whether we can have things in our own home? Can't have dinner to-night—can't have a meeting to-morrow night! I'll bring a carload of servants from New York." He stamped up and down. "Send for Binns. I'll tell him."

Fanny raised her hands.

"Oh, please, please don't, Dick! You can't tell what might happen. Binns might get angry."

"I know what'd happen if he should get mad before me. You go on. Phone the Skinners—phone 'em at once. That'll head 'em off, show 'em you thought of it first—prior right, you know."

When Skinner got home that night Honey's first words were, "Mrs. Jenks called me up."

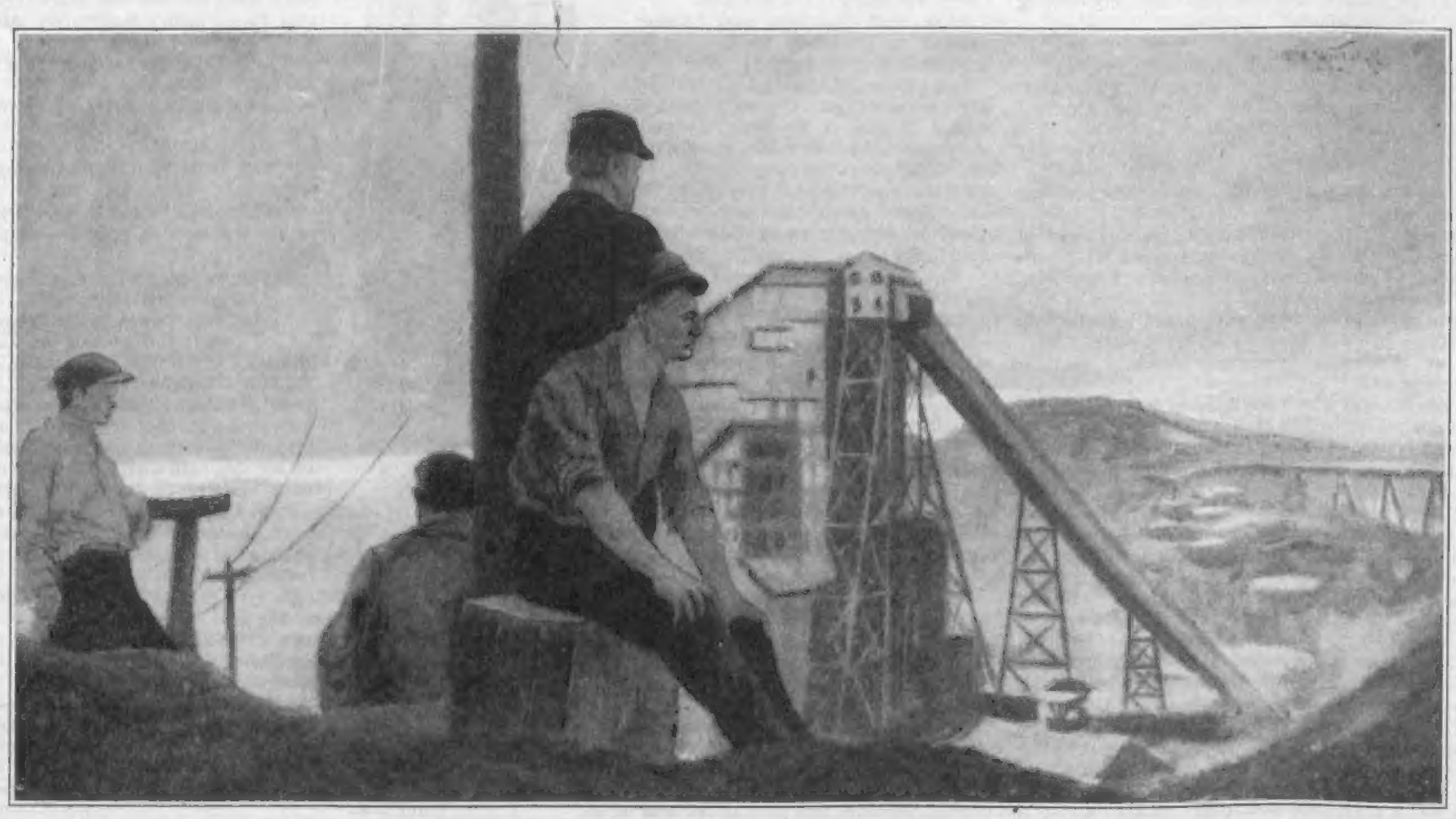
(Continued on Page 143)

"I Pay My Butler a Hundred and Fifty. I Must, You Know, for He's Perfectly Indispensable".

of Living—a Question in Which We Are All Deeply Interested. I Am Not Going to Make a Speech. This is a General Forum. The Meeting is Now Open to Everybody"

Views of a Layman on Bolshevism

Face to Face With Communism



By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

DECORATIONS BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

EVERY man in Europe to-day must stand up and be counted; he must classify himself and be classified. It will be the turn of Americans to-morrow. Where does each of us stand? Not in an academic question; in a practical problem. Americans cannot drift. We must think to the bottom of this question and take a stand. Confusion in the individual and in society nullifies the impulse of effort. Indifference is worse. It will not do for a group of anti-Bolshevists to contend with the Bolshevists while the mass of men look on as though they were not concerned in the outcome. There are no spectators in this game—it is not a private contest, it is a public conflict.

The European is two generations ahead of us in the study of socialism. When the writer was a student in Germany thirty years ago the majority of students were socialists, including even the younger officers. One believed in socialism just as one believed in Wagnerianism. It was an esoteric cult that had nothing to do with life. Our youth is in that situation to-day. But in the meantime the world has moved to the point where socialism has something to do with life. Now that it has become for Europeans a practical problem men are not content with phrases of systematic writers. It is not enough for the men of Europe to read that "Capital represents the surplus value of labor" or that "The proletariat transforms into public property the means of production now in the hands of the middle class." They must secure a more homely definition of the question. And they proceed to define the sources of wealth as they observe them in daily life. The list of sources of wealth runs as follows in a discussion of economics the writer saw in Switzerland:

Grants by the state.
Exploitation of natural resources—coal, petroleum, iron, copper, salt, water power.
Exploitation of producer.
Exploitation of consumer.
Exploitation of labor.
Unearned increment.
Inventions, discoveries.
Efficiency, enterprise, administration, organization.
Thrift.

Illustrations of each of these occur to every man. Provisions for the control of grants by the state and of the exploitation of natural resources were prominent planks in the platform of the Progressive Party. To bear the grain market is exploitation of the producer. Cornering wheat is exploitation of the consumer. Overwork and underpay are exploitation of labor. Advance of value of vacant lots in a city is unearned increment. Speculation falls under one or several of the first six. It is clear that the first six are of a different order from the last three. The first six contain unjust practices that have resulted in unequal distribution of wealth. But on analysis each one must realize that the men who accumulated wealth under the first six methods must have also used the last three or they could not have been successful and could not have retained their accumulations. From such a simple tabulation of the sources of wealth each one sees that the problem is to curtail or abolish the first six, while retaining and enlarging the last three. But no proposed changes in social organization that will jeopardize the last three in order to eliminate the first six are safe moves for producer, worker or consumer.

The Aim of Organized Society

IN THE last three sources of accumulation of wealth are further qualities that cannot be tabulated. The play impulse, ambition to achieve technical distinction, the joy of accomplishment, the instinct of craftsmanship, pride in family name in industry, the sport of leadership, the lure of chance, the sense of elation at undertakings that face great obstacles, love of power and pride in superiority—these all operate as well as desire for financial gain, and often to a much greater extent. Rarely have great fortunes been accumulated as the reward of love of wealth, pride of station or lust for luxury.

The saving impulse springs primarily from the homing instinct. In Africa to-day are two kinds of forest savages—those who use the land and those who make it their own. We had the two types of Indians in North America. The homing instinct of animals may not extend beyond the offspring of one season. The primitive homing instinct of the savage was not concerned with the second generation. As mankind has developed, the homing instinct has evolved and expanded beyond any relation to the family life. One works for self, for family, for society, for the state, for the present and for future generations. The accumulations that represent the results of work are material, cultural, ethical and spiritual. From the humblest wage to the highest accomplishment in knowledge the instinct of accumulation is operative, though the motive is often lost in the result.

The purpose of the organization of society is to attain the largest production and accumulation of material, æsthetic, ethical and intellectual stores. How is this best accomplished—under the system of capitalism or of communism? Under capitalism mankind has produced much. Could not more have been attained if the operations of capitalistic society had been conducted more intelligently? Does communism offer greater production and accumulation? Are the deficiencies of capitalism essential faults or results of misapplication? Capitalism means earning, spending, saving, accumulation and bequeathment by the individual. Communism means earning, spending, saving, accumulation and bequeathment by a collection of individuals. Capitalism is a long-tried system with known defects. Communism is an untried system of unknown potential.

In Europe to-day every man asks himself the question: Is the system of capitalism fundamentally right or wrong? Those who answer Right are capitalists; those who answer Wrong are socialists in the broad sense. Those who answer that the system of capitalism is wrong must be classified on the basis of the answer to the next question: If you consider the system of capitalism fundamentally wrong how do you propose to introduce communism? The answers will classify them into socialists by political action, by evolution and by revolution. According to the laws of the country and the spirits of our institutions socialists who employ the method of the ballot or who strive to attain evolution in society by education are within the law and are free to work for the orderly realization of their views. Revolutionists are without the law and cannot be tolerated in an orderly state. There can be no compromise on this point.

Those who believe that the system of capitalism is fundamentally right must answer another question: Is the system right qualitatively and quantitatively? In other words, is the system right, but the execution, the practice, right or wrong? There will be few to answer that the practice is right, few who believe that the results of the labors of society under the system of capitalism have been or are equitably divided. But do not the experiences of the world indicate the causes for the inequality in division of the earnings and accumulations of mankind? Are not the abuses capable of legal or social control? Are not the ways and means in our possession for the reform of capitalism to whatever extent needed so that individualism and the qualities of initiative, application, efficiency, thrift, craftsmanship and acquisition shall be retained? Is it not possible for men to work for profits, to save out of income, to accumulate, to reinvest and to bequeath without such inequality between men and men as to inflict want, hunger, limitation of opportunity, degradation and suffering? The system of capitalism is the system of competition. Competition brings out leadership, develops initiative, evolves character and secures a field of action for talent. Free competition is a barrier to class distinction. Competition, however, is hard upon the weak and inefficient. Is it not possible to protect the weak and yet afford opportunity to the strong? Must not every believer in capitalism pledge himself to continuation in the reform of capitalistic society?

Three Phases of the Cryptic Marx

TO THIS it may be rejoined that all the traits named as attributes of individualism and conceded to be invaluable to society may be developed and employed in communism; that what is really under discussion is not the traits but the motive power—in the one case altruism, in the other egoism. But this is begging the question. We are not an essentially altruistic race, we are biologically an acquisitive race. Though we may be in part the product of our immediate environment, in larger part society is the product of our qualities of mind, heart and body. The world has been brought to its present position of production by egoism; there is little reason to suppose that it can now be carried from this point forward by altruism. And there is no evidence that altruism exists in sufficient quality and quantity to operate as the motive power of society.

The discussions of Bolshevism have served to bring into current use the name of Karl Marx. One used to see the name only in book reviews; now one sees it on the editorial page and in news items. In certain circles it is taken for granted that the answer "Marx said it" closes the discussion. There are two reasons for this: One is that Marx was not a clear writer; and from such authors quotations are likely to be regarded as esoteric. The second lies in the nature of the publications of Marx. He issued one volume of the work on Capital. The three others were issued after his death by Engels, who was a sort of Boswell to Marx's Johnson. The arrangement of material was neither logical nor chronological; and from isolated phrases one can adduce support for almost any proposition.

There are three ways of reading Marx, all frequently practiced: To discover verbal justification for communism and Bolshevism; to provide material for sophomoric orations on the rostrum, in the parlor and at the dinner table; to determine to what extent the theories of Marx apply in the complex specialization of modern industrial life. The last way of reading Marx is seldom employed by those who are talking Marxianism to-day. Marx lived through three stages in his own contemplations. Marxianism has differentiated into three programs, each of which was at one time the platform of the author himself. Marx was in youth revolutionary; political in the years of transition; and evolutionary in the period of maturity. It was partly a question of theory but largely one of method; his views represented not only ideas on society but also convictions as to the qualities and limitations of human nature.

The political socialists are represented by the Marxians of the Social Democratic Party of Germany, who, drawing some of their ideas of political maneuvering from Lassalle, have sought to attain the program of socialism through the ballot. We have such socialists with us, but their voice is drowned in the clamor of the extremists. The evolutionary socialists, to which group belong all traditional German students of Marx like Kautsky, teach that mankind must be prepared for socialism, that institutions cannot be socialized until human beings are socialized, that one cannot destroy a human machinery without replacing it with a more efficient human machinery. A system based on universal altruism cannot be operated until human nature has been recast from the mold of centuries; people cannot operate collectivistically so long as they think individualistically. They regard institutions from the viewpoint of human nature as it is, not as they may hope it may become; as a class human beings learn more by habituation than by precept or ratiocination. We cannot repeal laws against theft until the possibility of larceny has disappeared from our range of actions. Even in the program of the political socialists the necessity of step-by-step changes through education is illustrated in the mildest form of socialism, state ownership, as developed in Germany and New Zealand.

The revolutionary socialists, the communists by direct action, believe in abolishing capitalism, ownership of property, inheritance of possessions and the wage system of labor and capital, through forceful transformation of the institutions of society from the outside. The revolutionists make no pretense that mankind is prepared for this change. They believe that the proletariat have the physical power to effect the transformation and that the end justifies the means in any way, time or place. The phrase "dictatorship of the proletariat" was snatched out of context from the writings of Marx, and, as Kautsky has shown in his brochure Dictatorship and Democracy, is out of harmony with the constructive views of Marx. Marx had opposed revolutionary socialism as early as in 1850; the Paris Commune of '71 took the last trace of revolution out of Marx. The Bolshevists speak the words of Marx, but the practice is that of Babeuf. This is not the first time that Marxianism has confronted Russianism; it once happened in the flesh, in a meeting between Marx and Bakunin, and the argument was a pure exposition of evolution versus revolution in socialism, and Marx predicted what has happened in Russia.

The Mild, Moderate and Radical Groups

BUT the direct action, revolutionary communists are not a unit among themselves as to views and methods. One of the innumerable phrase-makers has said: "Revolution is only evolution plus an 'r'"; the truth is that evolution is revolution minus the "r" and minus a great deal more. The mildest group believe in retaining the methods and machinery of capitalism and in making compensation for confiscation of private property. The next group would continue to make use of the methods and machinery of capitalism, but would not make compensation for confiscation of private property. The most radical communists proceed on the theory that to attain community interest and collectivistic participation of all individuals in society it is necessary to destroy every vestige of private ownership, methods and machinery of capitalism. There must be much destruction of property, houses, tools, equipment and of life before the appurtenances as well as the consciousness of individualism are eradicated. Lenine appears to stand with the middle group; with the first group, indeed, as far as foreign capital is concerned. But the practice in Russia has been to a marked extent that of the third group. We shall see later that communism cannot attempt to operate without using the methods of capitalism; indeed these are carried to an extreme.

The socialists of all three groups obviously agree that the affairs of mankind can be run on altruism, without individualism. They differ as to the time and method. The socialist by political action believes that institutions, one by one, can be transferred to collective administration.

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BENNY AND HER FAMILEE

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

A LOWER HORSEHEAD granger and his eighteen-year-old son were enjoying the hospitality of the Box Elder stage station on this occasion. They had just triumphantly driven into the station corral three mares and the same number of colts, their own property, recovered after three weeks' absence from a wonted range well within the borders of the neighboring Indian reservation and in the possession of a somewhat corroded bronze antique named Yellow Porcupine. There was a little romance about this, which the granger related to the stock tender and his crony, the old bullwhacker, as he ate.

Mr. Porcupine, officially questioned hadanswered and proved by competent witnesses that the mares had been presented to him in accordance with tribal custom by his then prospective and very recently actual son-in-law, Joseph Comes-a-Running. Joseph's testimony had not been given, he having retired before the advance of a couple of Indian police with the celerity of movement that had obtained for him his aboriginal agnomen. His new squaw, née Porcupine, had accompanied him, carrying one of the guns and a fair share of the ammunition. They had left a hot trail, but the two dusky constables evidently considered it too hot to be picked up without disagreeable consequences, and so reported.

Harmon and a Couple of Deputies Happened Along Kind of All at Once and Unexpected and Asked Them to Put Up Their Hands

It then appeared that the courtship of Joseph Comes-a-Running had at first been frowned upon by the head of the Porcupine family, who had no ear for music, and when Joseph persisted in playing his lover's flute round the tepee came out during a serenade and dragged his daughter withindoors by one of her braids. He then informed Joseph that the customary present of ponies would have to be made before any matrimonial proposals could be even considered. Joseph had no horses, only the one he rode and needed for his own use, but being deeply enamored and of an enterprising disposition he reverted to the practice of his wild free forefathers and when the moon was right rode down to Lower Horsehead and rustled them. All objections being thus removed, the wedding took place, the granger and his son arriving just at the end of the festivities.

"I told the agent, John Brennan, that as far as I was concerned he could charge Joe and Mrs. Comes-a-Running up to profit and loss on the agency books," the granger concluded. "I'd got my horses and I didn't want no bloodshed nor trouble capturing the happy pair. I'd been young myself. I guess John took the same view. He's got a feeling heart, has John, and he wouldn't bust up no honeymoon, even an Injun one. An all-round man, John is. I guess he'll let 'em down easy."

The stock tender emptied a second panful of fried bacon and grease into the stoneware bowl before his famished guests, and then having also replenished the bread plate and pushed the potatoes within easy reach he seated himself beside the old bullwhacker and wiped his heated brow.

"You take it mighty easy yourself," he observed. "I'd cinch the red son of a gun."

The granger explained. He was by no means in favor of a too lenient treatment of Indians who rustled horses from their paleface neighbors, but this here was different. This here Joe Comes-a-Running was a right clever Injun. He had stopped at the ranch more than once and had showed a liberal disposition in the barter of certain *wakopomini* truck—buffalo robes and tanned buckskin; also flour, which might or might not have been government flour. He had also sold the granger a pony or two at a reasonable price, and when he played monte, as he invariably did, he had paid his losses like a dead game sport and a gentleman. Yes, sir!

"And I reckon maybe he knew I'd guess where them mares had got to and would come after them," he continued, "knowing I knew the circumstances. He may have allowed in his simple untutored mind that he was just a-borrowing them from me.

"Me, I'm like Gid here and John Brennan," said the old bullwhacker. "I've got a feeling heart and there ain't nothing it feels for more than a young fellow sparking a girl whose parents regards her in the light of an investment. Old Dave Pirbright told me once that he'd raised children and he'd raised hogs—and there was a darned sight more money in hogs. I claim that ain't no way to look at it—and Dave lied. Take his girl Abilene, for instance. Hank, how much do you reckon Abilene Pirbright netted the old man, from the age of sixteen to twenty—counting day's wages at a dollar and a half and not including the eating tobacco and sundries that he got throwed in?"

He addressed himself to the stock tender, who considered the question thoughtfully for some moments and then replied that he didn't know Abilene and wasn't acquainted with nobody of the name of Pirbright, in view of which he wasn't issuing no estimates nor statistics on such matters. Whereupon the bullwhacker resumed his narrative:

'Twould have boughtarightsmart drove of hogs, anyway. And Abilene was just one. There was Eudora and Sacora and Magdalena and Belle, besides her, and then there was the boys: young Dave, Mitchell, Crawford, Bill and Valentine. I own up them boys wasn't no bonanza, but most boys ain't. Yes, sir, gentlemen, old Dave wasn't lying when he said he'd raised children. He had raised them all over Texas and New Mexico and Nebraska before ever he struck Dakota and he named them mostly after places he'd been at. He had them all with him at his ranch in the Pass Creek Valley, all but Belle and Sacora and a few he'd shed here and there. Belle married Tracy O'Neill, a young lawyer in Blueblanket, and Sacora was wooed and won by Pete Kellogg, who used to ride for the Circle Bar when Lou Green run it. Pete took up a homestead in the valley alongside of the old man's—and lived to regret it. But it was sure convenient for Dave.

In them days I was proprietor of Hunt's old livery in Blueblanket, and like it always was wherever I've been my society and my advice was a considerable sought after. Besides the prominent citizens of Blueblanket, there was the boys that rode in from the ranches seeking innocent recreation, who would always linger a spell if I happened to be in the mood for talking. Simple as what their lives was, they had their little problems that needed the voice of experience to settle and I never held out on them. One young man took a particular shine to me, by name Benjamin Franklin Tucker, working for the Lazy X then. He was a right nice boy—good-looking, able-bodied and cheerful, with a sensible streak in him, which ain't common. One time when the Lazy X boys got paid off he trailed along with them same as usual, but after he'd left his horse and gun with me according to custom he pulled out his wallet and asked me if I wouldn't take charge of that too.

"A man told me a right curious thing the other day," he says. "He allowed that if you didn't have no money you wasn't not nearly so apt to spend it foolishly. Seemed to me that sounded mighty reasonable when I come to think it over. What's your opinion, Mr. Stegg?"

I told him that according to my experience it was true talk. The only other way I knew to keep from prodigal disbursements was to be where there was nothing at to buy, contrary to Blueblanket and similar to Sahara.

"I believe it," says he, "which being thus, I have held out what I deem to be all I need for to revel on in a moderate way, drinking only one glass at a time and stringing

the time out. I've also allowed myself a couple of cases to toss carelessly on some number that appeals to me. If I'm lucky them two cases will increase and multiply and by staying with the game a little longer I win as much as if I had started with a hundred. An hour or so pleasantly occupied won't make no particular difference. On the other hand, if I lose I wouldn't get no more satisfaction if it was more than two dollars that I lose -and the agony wouldn't be prolonged. Does that sound like good hard horse sense to you, or does it impress you as the mad ravings of delirium?"

"Babes and sucklings couldn't improve on that for a scheme," I told him, and he went away satisfied and didn't come back until a little past eleven. I had shut the doors and put the bar up, so I let him pound and holler until the window pane in the side office where I slept fell in on me in several pieces. Then I got up. It was him that was a-laughing, not me.

"I thought that would wake you," he says, laughing heartier than ever as I showed my face at the broken window. "I just naturally figured that you would hear that and wonder what it was and get up to see."

"You've got a wonderful mind and you sure figured it out to a dot," I says. "I reckon you done some calculating on my meek and patient disposition, too, but if you don't quit that braying and move away from here I'll open the door and show you just where you've got your figures wrong."

"Don't talk to me in that unkind way or you'll make me cry," says he. "Heaven is my witness, I feel bad enough as it is, having to disaccommodate you this-a-way, but the fact is I've got a pressing need of that money I left with you this evening. If you'll be so kind as to hand it out to me through the window, taking care not to cut yourself on the broken glass, I'll go away and not pester you no more."

I told him there was an automatic time lock on the safe and it wouldn't open for nothing but dynamite until six o'clock A. M. He studied on that a minute or two and then asked where a man could skirmish round and get a little dynamite. I told him where to go to, but he seen objections to going there. He was a-suffering bad enough with his thirst here and now and he had heard tell that you couldn't even get water in them lower regions.

"I'm a-going to hang on to that trust fund anyway," I says gentle but real firm. "I agreed so to do," I says, "and I'm a man that sticks to his agreement—and I know that you are too, Benny. I've got too good an opinion of you to think otherwise. I know the strength of mind you've got, drunk or sober, and while you may be sore tempted to blow all them easy-earned wages in righteous living you'd let your parched tongue cleave to the bosom of your shirt afore you'd give in. You'd scorn to go back on your word. You're too much of a man, too much of a high-toned gentleman, too much of a dead-game sport, too square, too honest, too sensible."

"That's right," he says. "That's me. If you put just that description on a bill and offered a small reward for my apprehension you wouldn't need no name nor no aliases. Anybody who was acquainted with my character would arrest me on sight. But, Mr. Stegg, sir, I don't aim to spend all that money. No, indeedy! Just one teenty tinety drink and I'll tell the boys good night."

"How many of the boys are they?" I asked him, and he told me that there was two of each and the two Mike Morans behind the bar the last time he looked at them. I told him that with drinks two for two bits a dollar would cover the duplicate crowd, for which I would loan him a dollar from my own private purse. After thinking that over for a spell he agreed it was a fair proposition and took the dollar and went away.

It was a couple of hours before I heard him outside the window again, singing that the horn of the hunter was heard on the hill and the lark from her light wing the bright dew was shaking and did I slumbrest me still and a mess of stuff like that. When he found I'd quit slumbering he told me that he wanted that money he'd intrusted me with and wanted it with interest to date and no foolishness, if it wasn't troubling me too much. Then he said that he had started to make his application earlier in the evening, but on the way from Mike's he had sat down to rest and must have closed his eyes for a minute or two, because the first he knew a cow was a-licking one of his ears and he noticed that his other ear was on the ground.

Well, it was the same thing over again. I finally got him to take another dollar and he went away singing about Bob Ford, the dirty coward, who shot Mr. Howard and laid Jesse James in his grave. He might have stopped on his way back to rest again or he might have got safely to Mike's with his dollar and squandered it, but whatever, I didn't see no more of him until near noon the next day, when he come into the stable accompanied by old man R. E. Morse.

"If you don't feel no better than you look I'm right sorry for you, Benny," I says pityingly.

"If I looked like I feel you'd have screamed at the sight of me and run and hid," he says. "Mr. Stegg," says he, "I ain't got no clear untrammeled recollections of the transpirations of the night, no more'n I must have let my sociable nature get away with my temperance principles, but I seem to call to mind that I made a few unseasonable visits on you and probably misconducted myself in some way. I'd like to set some place where a cool breeze will hit my hot blushes and have you tell the story of my shame, if you don't mind, sir."

I upended a bucket in the doorway alongside of my chair for him to set on and I related his misdoings to him then and there. If he blushed his boots hid it, but he looked real sorry until I told him that I'd got his money for him intack, excepting for deductions for damages and cash advanced.

"It's more than I deserve," he says. "Far, far more than I deserve and a heap more than I expected. I had a haunting fear that I had blowed the whole pile, and here I am, eased back only a couple of cases and the price of a measly little window, and the way clear before me to the cattle on a thousand hills, to say nothing of them that may stray into the gulches, and only referring to a lovely and accomplished wife and a large and interesting family of assorted sexes. All this I owe to your friendly firmness, Mr. Stegg, sir, and I'll never forget it. When in the days to come you grow old and feeble and unequal to hard labor there will always be a warm corner for you by my kitchen fire—if you can get along with the help—and probably a little better quality of grub than you have ever been used to. Of course if you feel you'd be more independent doing a few light chores round the place to sort of help pay for your board I wouldn't want to stand in the way of your doing it, but I wouldn't ever require it of you, unless there

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Benny Stopped Short in His Tracks and Looked at Him—Looked at Him Like I Don't Want Nobody to Look at Me. "I Reckon You Know Why," He Says

JAZZING THE DOLLAR

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

WHEN I was sixteen somebody—a wealthy aunt, I think—gave me a pair of silk stockings. The awed excitement incident to the receipt of that princessly gift is an emotion which remains a keen memory that time cannot dim, even though much hosiery has gone over the gate since. Not that I am exactly given to jumping gates, but you understand me.

I mean that when I received that present—black, double toe and reënforced heel, one-dollar-fifty, pure thread-silk guaranteed—I was in the habit of wearing lisle, four for a dollar, or six for a dollar-twenty-five; and it didn't mean that I had no class either. It merely meant that nobody living a block off Fifth Avenue either way had more than one pair of silk until they bought their trousseau, or—if out of luck—at any rate until they were quite old enough to buy one; and even then silk hose was something to be used for dress occasions only. And we were well-to-do bourgeoise at that; only, of course, in those days we didn't know it, and classed ourselves as brainworkers or professionals, if indeed we classed ourselves at all, which is doubtful, for we were an American family; and, believe me, classing themselves, unless as swells or multimillionaires, is the one thing Americans refuse to do for fear the label will stick.

But since those good old days when people wore lisle unashamed something has happened to the world; and that terrific, stupendous thing is not, after all, the world war, organized labor, Bolshevism or woman suffrage, but the infinitely more far-reaching catastrophe of jazz.

The Jazz Germ Gets Father

IF BY chance I could come upon the bright individual who invented jazz what I would do to him would be justifiable homicide; and something tells me that canning the Kaiser didn't begin to have the effect upon the freedom of the world that getting this jazz bird would accomplish. There is a subtle, bewitching, insidious poison about the word which has infected the country at large. While its dictionary meaning was "to contort the body to syncopated music; to wiggle, to writhe; see CABARET," I should worry about it. But when it became a common verb and then an adjective it took an insidious hold upon the whole United States and Allied countries and has made us crazy in the head. Here is an example of what I mean:

An honest and conscientious burgher in Connecticut had run and is running a little clothing shop on a main thoroughfare, where a pretty fair line of stuff was offered at pretty fair prices. The store was a practical one, with lots of cardboard boxes on the shelves, a few glass counter show cases, a cheval glass in a light-oak frame at the rear where you could see the bottom of your skirt or your new shoes; and the windows were stacked with assorted articles, mentionable and unmentionable, bearing readable prices and alluring remarks such as "good value," "snappy," "special offering," and so on. The proprietor used to clear a couple of thousand a year and live on it well enough. But he had a daughter and when she grew to the modern age of maturity—seventeen or so—she came down with a terrible attack of jazz. I believe she caught it on a visit to New York, but it may only have been at the movies or at some local cabaret. And after the germ got a good hold what didn't she do to papa!

Wreck him? Ruin his business? Not on your life! She made him! By some process of persuasion with which we are not directly concerned she induced him to paint the interior of the store pale gray, hide everything in the shop except two hats and a yellow silk scarf, and quadruple the price on all their stock. And stuff began to turn over like a sleeper who has eaten a Welsh rabbit without beer.

Why? Because the place was all jazzed up, of course, and people will pay for jazz. Indeed there is only one other thing on which they seem to spend their money with equal pleasure, and that is hokum. The ex-errand-daughter understood both, and now papa has two installments paid on an automobile and only two thousand nine hundred dollars to take up on three thousand dollars' worth of Victory Bonds, and they all wear silk hosiery every day. Whereas before this he merely had all his bills paid and four hundred dollars in the savings bank. And jazz did it.

Believe me, for a nonresistance record jazz has it all over that stale old-timer Moloch!

Then there is another phase of the increased cost of living or the cost of increased living, as you choose. Let me again revert to my childhood. A year before I received that pair of silk stockings from my grandmother I had taken over the duties of housekeeper for our little family of five, including the general houseworker. And my father allowed me fifteen dollars a week to do it on. This bought us everything: Kindling wood, that came in neat little bundles presumably for the greater convenience of the janitor, who always got away with one or two on the way up—indeed, in those days we always allowed about thirty-three and a third off for janitor on the year's expenses. Well, anyhow, with that money I bought the kindling wood, kerosene for the lamps, milk, ice and all the food we could eat. Better still, I also managed regularly to hock anywhere from a dollar to a dollar and a half for personal though unrecorded expenses out of that same fifteen. But, of course, jazz had not as yet been invented and we ate at home. We had no German-silver restaurant standards or cabaret morality.

Before They Broadwayized America

THEY seem like a half-remembered dream, do the prices of those days. And yet well do I remember the old oaken bakery where I used to get the bulk of our desserts. That was no dream, for gosh! I seem to taste them yet, those cream-filled, heavily iced Napoleons, five inches long and two inches wide at two for five cents! Also those ebon éclairs covered with chocolate—not delicately smeared with it, but covered—at the same innocuous, unobtrusive sum per two!

Ah! for those almond squares with jelly in the middle, those crisp macaroons with cherry centers, large and carelessly shaped at ten cents a dozen! Ye gods! Oh, *dolce far niente!* Oh, boy!

But, of course, that was long before the intelligent public came to realize that a cold spoonful of scrambled egg at twelve o'clock at night and a dollar a portion was the true standard of high living. Curses on the bird who thought his life's work was to Broadwayize America!

Listen! Eggs in that year of grease were twenty-eight cents a dozen. That was for the kind the baby and the servants demand. For the lesser grades, twenty-four, twenty-two and even eighteen cents was enough. I remember it well because the subsequent raise to thirty cents cut into my little graft considerably. And even if I didn't remember, I still have my little account books with it all jotted down. Just to make you thoroughly miserable let me quote a few of what upon my word of honor once

seemed to me to be outrageous prices. They are from an account book dated 1906.

The Grocer		The Butcher	
6 Oranges	$ .15	3½ Pounds porterhouse steak	$ .74
5 Pounds granulated sugar	.30	2 Pounds bacon, sliced	.36
5 Pounds rice	.25	5 Pound roasting chicken	1.40
2 Quarts potatoes	.08		

I saw a roasting chicken the other day. I took a good look at it too. A steel worker, who I am proud to say also deals at our butcher's, was buying it for his Sunday dinner. And I have no doubt but that all the well-known capitalists have roasting chicken on Sundays to smell of, if not to eat, as, of course, I am aware that capitalists universally suffer from dyspepsia as the result of their long and strenuous oppression of labor or something. But us plain persons of to-day know as much about chicken as we do about mother's milk. We have been told we ought to be grateful for the fact that we once had it.

And now, of course, the rising generation is teaching us to prefer a potpourri of gilt molding, black-faced comedians and artificial palm trees to anything so dully utilitarian as food. Believe me, bo, the only way to be satisfied with a 1920 menu is to realize that your weight is increasing too rapidly for your age. I mean personal, not historical age. And Old Man Jazz is again responsible. The attorney for the defense might here object, were this a court of law, and assert that the defendant has turned the minds of his followers to things spiritual—no pun on prohibition intended. And we unhesitatingly admit that he has accomplished a singular triumph for mind over matter; or of fervored imagination over a proper use of the common necessities of life, according to your own denomination.

O Tempora!

LET us revert once yet again to the long-past era when my Cousin Amy gave me those silk stockings. At that period of the world's innocence we had, as I casually hinted in passing—knowing full well how the reference would rouse the pangs of sweet memory in the breasts of my readers—we had, I say, a general houseworker.

Somehow as I write that sentence it seems sufficient in itself. How can one enlarge upon a statement at once so simple and so stupendous? It is almost like trying to jazz up "United we stand, divided we fall!" Or like trying to paint the lily, which is a mighty good simile for something which can't be done—no, not even after a priming coat of shellac, because lilies won't take shellac in the first place.

Well, anyway, so much has been so well said on the servant question by one of my beloved rivals that I shall not treat it as a question at all but merely as a memory. And after all, that is really what it is. Well, as I was saying when I so crudely interrupted myself, in the days when my older sister gave me those silk stockings we had a general houseworker. Or houseworkers, because after all, even in that perfect period, they seldom lasted over, say, two years. We used to pick 'em green and by the time they were ripe they either married the iceman—I expect he was a Mormon though I only knew him by voice, for though we had a speaking acquaintance it was from opposite ends of the dumb-waiter—well, she either married him or was ready for the market, as it were, some special talent having developed under my mother's careful training; and she would depart to become a cook, a waitress or a lady coal-heaver; or perhaps to break dishes in a form of vaudeville act then extremely popular on the big time, according to how her especial gift lay.

And then we would go down to the immigrant corral and choose another sound one that looked as if it would break in nicely. We would drive her home, bundle, shawl, cooties and all; fumigate her, and in about three weeks she would be doing our cooking, chamber work, laundry, scrubbing, waiting, polishing the shoes, taking care of the baby and saying "Thanks" every Saturday when she received her five dollars in time to pay it to the insurance hound.

The last time I advertised for a girl I drew two of them. They came in a taxi which they told to wait, and so naturally they did not stay long. You know how it is yourself. They explained that they only hunted in couples and that I could have the two of them without washing, for a hundred a month. Of course the "without washing" was a consideration, as I would have hated to wash them and they apparently expected me to do everything else for them. Our conference ended much as if it had been held by a bunch of laborers and capitalists. In other words, it broke up without any agreement having been reached. And the taxi driver got down and opened the door for them. I suppose they had tipped him liberally in advance. Or perhaps they all belonged to the same gang of crooks.

I may say in concluding this painful section of my essay that in the end I acquired a colored lady who, at sixty dollars a month, assured me that she neither gave nor asked for references. And on thinking it over perhaps that was fair enough. If in the past our servants had demanded references from former employers as to how great our tyranny was—whether we fed them real workwomen's food, gave them a room fit for human habitation, and addressed our speech to them as if they were semi-intelligent animals, perhaps we, the mighty employing class, would have realized their value in time and the servant girl would not have seen the superior advantages of factory life. Undoubtedly we are somewhat to blame for our present plight, and even now only the very few offer really decent conditions to domestic help.

But jazz is also to blame. He—she—It has carried the domestic far, far from the condition which gave the creature its name. When that name was invented there was still something domestic about a home. People actually thought a home an attractive, desirable place where certain pleasing activities went on. Whereas now, of course, they know that an evening at home is a deadly bore and that the hours after work should be spent in a café or movie or a theater in order that one may be thoroughly jazzed up for the next day's toil.

If only Old Man Jazz would die, perhaps people would be forced into a little reading and other constructive pursuits. And gosh, how surprised they would be at the pleasure they'd get!

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So much for servants! Far be it from me to try to stand in the way of their bettering themselves. Only, of course, I would try to stand in their way if I thought I could accomplish it, and how I wish the days of slavery were back again!

And come to think of it, slavery does still exist. For there is no freedom except it be in a man's soul, and most of our souls are sold to Jazz, who has developed a string of first-class agents who stalk forth across the financial world under the name of installment-plan men. This new link in the chain of inflated credits could never have come into existence without the assistance of the Jazz idea. Occasionally it is true, the theory of deferred payments is sound enough. But when you come to the vast bulk of the bourgeoisie and the proletariat you've simply got a big bunch of suckers mortgaging their futures for a lot of junk they don't need.

In order to be explicit I shall again have to delve into the past—back to the time my school-teacher gave me those—you know—silk ones. In those days we used to buy our furniture a little at a time, as we could pay for it. Of course occasionally we would get a piece and charge it, and be dunned for it in due course. But everybody takes a sporting chance now and then, and did even in those perfect times, which always are and always will be so much better than the times on hand. Well, anyway, when we bought a piece of new furniture—for we didn't know then that our old things were antiques—when we bought some one piece to improve and beautify our home and add to the comfort of it we paid for it. At least that was our ultimate intent unless we were professional crooks.

Soapiana

IN MY youth the only way anybody got furniture free was by dealing where they gave stamps or by saving enough wrappers off of soap. I got a desk thus, once, when I was about sixteen. It was a soap desk, which goes to point out one of the advantages of the obsolete custom of having your laundry done at home. No modern household would consume that much soap in a generation. But then, it must be admitted that no modern household would be willing to harbor that desk either, though we thought it a wonder at the time. It was a wonder; I still admit that. It was light oak, brilliantly varnished and further embellished with groups of what I think were sculptured angleworms glued to every available surface. But it ought to have been a good desk; it cost five thousand soap wrappers. And the soap, at three cents a cake, would have been consumed by us, wrapper or none. I suppose that the soap manufacturer could either have produced the soap for two cents or else that he counted on very few families being as clean as ours. How could he know we are of English descent? Well, anyway, that desk is the only concrete instance of beating the furniture game during the Lisle Stocking Period which I am able to cite.

We had set up housekeeping—so I am told on authority drawn from sources which we believe to be reliable, as it says on the bottom of the stock prospectus, for, of course, I was not yet born when my father and mother set up housekeeping—at any rate we, or rather they, set up housekeeping with an old set of upholstered furniture that grandma had in storage, some china that was a wedding present, six ice-water pitchers derived from the same source, a bed that had been my mother's mother's, and whatever else they could pry loose from their respective families, plus what extra odd pieces to fill out that the money present from Great-uncle Judson would purchase. I guess it made a sort of skimpy start and maybe the things looked rather odd and ill-assorted and certainly it was far from being the equipment of their hearts' desire. But they were young people starting out in life, and nothing better was expected either of or by them.

Most of the stuff they had was good and substantial, and if here and there a chair or handy table was cheap and poorly made it was bought with the idea of replacing it

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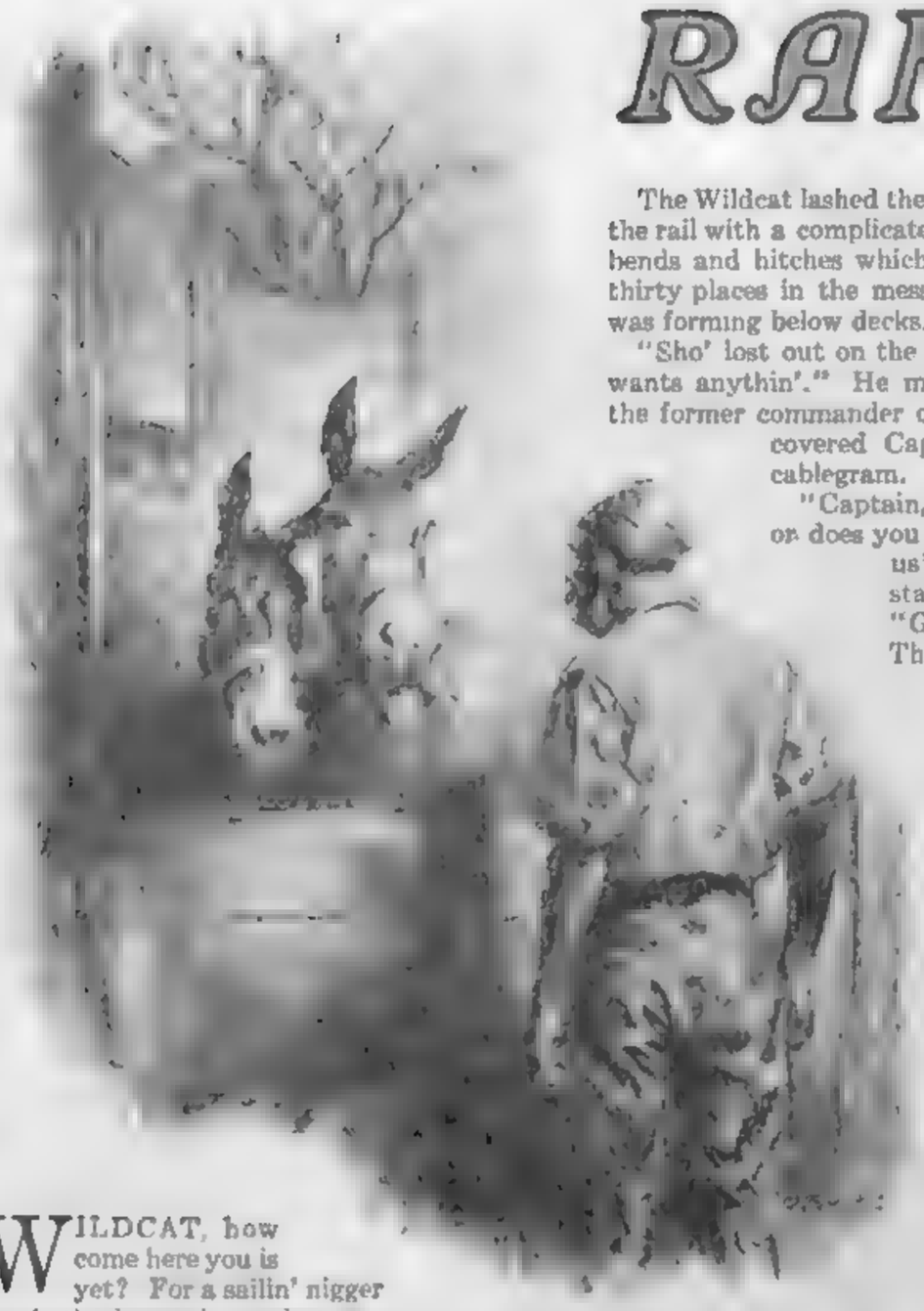
RAMBLE GAMBLE

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD



"Mules, You an' Me is the Fire Department Wid a Red Wagon Hitched Onto Us. Come Over Here"

WILDCAT, how come here you is yet? For a sailin' nigger you is the hangin'-roundest one I ever see." A member of the Fust Service Battalion, A. E. F., spoke loudly from the Bordeaux docks to his ex-associate. The Four-leaved Wildcat, armed with his discharge papers and homeward bound, was draped loosely over the inboard rail of a steamer which lay alongside the dock.

"Boy, it takes a week to get dis ol' boat's insides hot," the Wildcat called back, shifting languorously from one foot to the other. "When she does begin steamin' we lands in Memphis next day."

"Tell the folks howdy when you sees 'em in Memphis. You sure is got a drag—all us does is sweat and carry things round de docks here whilst you plays in de big money."

"Me and Lily lays right with Lady Luck," the Wildcat explained. "All us does f'm now on is to eat heavy an' sleep day an' night."

Lily, the goat ex-mascot of the Fust Service Battalion, munched thoughtfully on a cigar ration which the Wildcat had issued, and said nothing. The call of a bugle floated up from an open hatch. "Lily, 'at's mess call. I ties you heah till I 'sorbs my rations."

The Wildcat lashed the mascot to the rail with a complicated series of bends and hitches which cost him thirty places in the mess line that was forming below decks.

"Sho' lost out on the fust table. Might as well see if ol' captain wants anythin'." He made his way to the stateroom occupied by the former commander of the Fust Service Battalion, where he discovered Captain Jack deep in the composition of a cablegram.

"Captain, does I bring you a snack of lunch here, or does you plan to eat out in de main cabin? Fo' long us'll be eatin' at home. Sure feels noble startin'."

"Get out of here and leave me alone."

The captain plunged back into his cablegram. It was addressed to a girl whose father's name was on the lips of every city editor in the United States. To the captain this girl meant life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. The captain's one concern at the moment was to tame his cablegram down so that plain English might convey a message for which there had been no words at the hour of his departure—months and years and centuries—or was it perhaps eons?—before. As far as the captain was concerned, the Wildcat was almost superfluous.

"Get out of here and leave me alone," the captain repeated.

"Captain, yessuh."

The Wildcat stumbled down another flight of iron stairs and elbowed his way into a place at the dining table in the mess hall.

"Boy, stand back! My appetite aches!"

He wedged himself in between two of his kind who were engaged in cutting down the starvation handicap as much as possible while opportunity offered.

"Pass 'at meat! I aims to line myself complete with meat, an' inside de meat I builds me a fillin' of potatoes, an' inside de potatoes I yearns to 'cumulate me some mo' meat."

"Yearn a lot—the yearnin's free! Is you as good at eatin' as you is at talkin' you gets the belt."

The Wildcat grunted and for a little while his entire vocabulary consisted of grunts. After five minutes' strenuous exertion his jaws slowed up enough to let him speak a few words to various companions about him. He selected a victim across the table who for the moment was speechless with potatoes.

"Gizzard Buster, one more li'l' meal like this an' yo' mil'tary bearin' will be draggin' de ground. You sho' surrounds yo' groceries noble—call me champion ration ketcher! Ise champion in some things, but I bows low to you when it comes to eatin' heavy."

A brunette orderly considerably puffed up under an assortment of side arms entered the mess hall.

"'Tenshun!" he called.

Nobody paid any attention to him.

"When I eats I aims to let nobody 'fluence me."

The Wildcat continued diligently.

"'Tenshun!" the orderly yelled again.

The Wildcat sat up and looked round.

"Boy, on your way! Look out 'at automatic don't blow up an' tear a ham offen you."

The Wildcat supplemented his oration with a tense whisper, "White man!" And then in a voice as loud as the included groceries would permit he augmented the orderly's command with one of his own:

"Come to 'tenshun there! Don't you see 'at officeh?"

The aggregation stopped eating.

"Ain't no officer! Ain't got no backin'-up strap to his Sam Browne belt."

The Y. M. C. A. white man began to speak.

"At seven o'clock to-night," he said, "there will be preaching on the forward deck. The subject will be Polygamy versus Monogamy."

He left the mess room. The Wildcat addressed his companions:

"What us needs is mo' gin 'stead of so much preachin'. Wish't I wuz in Memphis. All us gits out of dis polyg'my-monotony business is big words. What 'at boy mean, polyg'my?"

A boy farther down the line, who had been exposed to some schooling, spoke up:

"Wildcat, polyg'my means, does you go to jail to keep three or four wild women f'm claimin' yo' remains, or does you let a couple mo' of 'em carve you up 'count they's yo' next of kin?"

"No woman claims me. Only next of kin I got is fo' dollahs I owes Miss Cuspidora Lee at de boa'din' house in Memphis."

The Wildcat got up from the table. He put a couple of boiled potatoes in his shirt pocket.

"Spectin' a hard winter?" one of his companions asked.

"Feedin' my mascot—that goat, Lily, what brung me luck."

"How come?"

"Boy, ever since Ise at de other end of de rope what's round Lily's neck me an' Lady Luck's been married."

"Wildcat, I got some divorcin' dice. Does you crave action?"

The Wildcat looked at the owner of the dice.

"Don't start sarcastin' me. Ah cleans you beggin' in fo' passes after Ah feeds Lily. 'All Ah says, does anybody crave a ride to the poorhouse Ah meets 'em in de cellar below in five minutes."

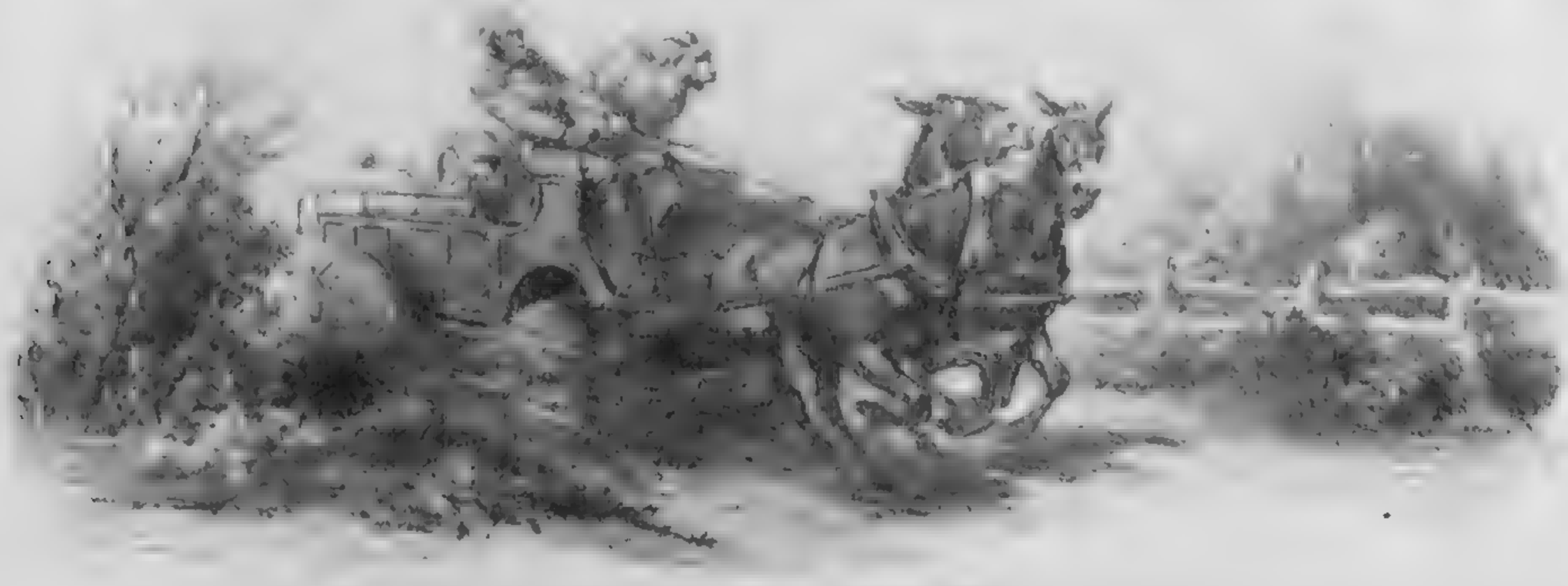
The Wildcat went above and fed the goat, Lily, the boiled potato with his right hand while he caressed her gently between the horns with his left.

"Lily," he said aloud, "stan' by me! In five minutes the li'l' gallopers begins to ramble. Ah aims to collect heavy."

The Wildcat's captain stepped up beside him. In Captain Jack's eyes was a far-away look.

"Son," he said, "get me a pair of dice."

"Captain, yessuh." The Wildcat dived downward as if to curry a flea bite on his left ankle and came to the surface with a pair of dice in his right hand. "Captain, suh, here dey is, steamed up fo' action."



Ben Hur, Paul Revere and Mazeppa Were as Good as Left at the Post When the Cyclone Hit San Pardon

In the shock of surprise which followed the captain's demand the Wildcat forgot that the impending financial battle would find him unarmed. The captain took the dice and went to his stateroom, where presently he began reading the upturned faces of the dice in an attempt to discover in the law of averages whether she loved him or she loved him not. Three thousand miles to the west the she girl was writing a radiogram which would have cleared up the subject in the captain's mind if he could have read it at the moment.

Three decks down the Wildcat explored himself and produced forty dollars in greenbacks.

"Hogface," he said, "where at's de bones?"

The Wildcat reached for the dice.

"Shoots a dollah—cash, rally round! Readin' class, read 'em. They says seven. Ah lets it lay. Whuf! Ah heads for seven, but Ah swerves to eight. Dice, Ah marks you duty. Ise a eighter f'm Decatur. Fo' an' fo'. At ease—you loses! Ah lets it lay. Hogface, shower down yo' money. Whang—she reads eleven! Hogface, feel the knife. Ah lets it lay. Persimmon money, the frost'll git you when the panic comes. Ah th'ows hard times! As you wuz! And Ah nines."

"Slow death."

"Nine Ah craves! Bones, git right! Pair o' dice! Paradise means hell fo' you! Ah eights! Come, great deliverer!"

"Wildcat, you is dead. Yo' tombstone reads seven. Hand me 'em bones."

Liver Lip, the next in the circle, slammed a pair of sinful cubes. "Here's whah Ah starts! Reads five! Ah's alive! Wham!"

"Reads seven! Ah views the remains!"

The Wildcat's fingers itched to regain the dice.

"You sure slings painful bones, but you pains yo'self. Han' dem babies to Pink Eye."

Pink Eye died sudden.

The Wildcat glanced sideways as he reached for the dice, approximating the roll of money which Hogface held in his left hand.

"Shoots twenty! Hogface, Ah needs action! Cover twenty! Nigger, at rest! Dey reads seven! Money, at ease! Shoots fo'ty! Shoots fo'ty! Shoots fo'ty! Century plant growed up an' fell over whilst Ah waits f'r action."

Hogface peeled forty dollars from his roll. The Wildcat rubbed the dice on the back of his head and lifted them high in the air.

"Lady Luck, at yo' feet! Whang! An' Ah reads six. Frogskin money, you gits a furlough. Wham! Lady Luck, Ah kneels befo' you. Fo' an' one is five. Nigger, taste de quinine. Whuf! Lady Luck, I bows low."

Having posed the Wildcat at her feet, kneeling before her and bowing low, Lady Luck put on a pair of hobnailed marching shoes. She sneaked round behind the Wildcat and aimed a TNT kick at him. Lady Luck's foot landed heavy. Financially speaking, the Wildcat's remains were spattered all over the scenery. He read his doom in the seven black dots that lay on the face of the dice. He staggered painfully to his feet. Once on his feet, he began to haul in his lower jaw, which had sagged something less than a foot.

"Where at is you goin'?"

The Wildcat had started for the stairway.

"I aims to throw 'at mascot overboa'd."

"You has a dollar yet—see kin you build it up."

Hogface, wise to his peculiar cubes, which he had introduced, craved a hundred per cent catastrophe for his opponent.

"Pair o' dice is hell fo' me, is it?" he taunted. "Wildcat, I say you got a spoonful of brimstone. Shoots a dollar."

The Wildcat covered the bet with his last dollar bill.

"Let 'em ramble." Hogface launched a pair of fives into a waiting world and thereafter, for what seemed centuries to the Wildcat, the galloping dominoes refused to speak. Seven, eleven and ten seemed lost beyond recall. The Wildcat began to squirm round on the hooks of suspense. Presently he itched. Itching, he scratched.

""Tenshun!"

In the bulkhead door stood a medical officer with gold leaves on his shoulders and a couple of snakes biting each other pinned to his collar. The Wildcat struggled to his feet. He grabbed the dice—neglecting, however, to accumulate the dollar bills whose ownership was not yet established.

The officer pointed to the Wildcat.

"You boy, come here."

"Gin'ral, yessuh."

The Wildcat came to attention in front of the medical officer.

"Did I see you scratching yourself just now?"

"Gin'ral, mebbe Ah scratched some."

The "general" wrote briefly on a pad, which he produced from a pocket of his blouse.

"Report to the commanding officer of the delousing plant at once."

"Me!"

"Lily's at Pay Day! Git a Bayonet and Empty That Gent!"

The Wildcat's lower jaw stayed down.

The medical officer having gratified his official appetite wasted a moment on his latest victim.

"I mean you! Anybody that's as far from lonesome externally as you seem to be sure needs another trip through the mill."

"Gin'ral, suh, Ah read mah shirt only dis mawnin'—they wasn't nothin' theh 'ceptin' some lint."

The "general's" manner changed.

"Don't talk back! Get ashore before I put you in irons!"

The irons business sounded far from noble. The Wildcat clambered up the stairway and walked over to where Lily was tied to the rail. Several members of the Fust Service Battalion working on the dock below spotted the Wildcat. The Backslid Baptist called up at him, "Boy, ain't yo' gone yet?"

The Wildcat started down the gangplank leading Lily.

"How come you unloadin'?"

The Wildcat started a complicated explanation to a group which gathered round him. After the third false start he was interrupted:

"Wildcat, once you was a sergeant and they redoosted you. Once Ah figgered you was de' biggest liar in de world. Now I knows you is. You an' yo' 'ficial business! You's been washed ashore."

The Wildcat looked at his companions.

"Mebbe you is right." He started away.

"Where at is you headed fo'?"

The Wildcat took up the slack end of Lily's tow line.

"Lily, head round heah! Me? Doctor says Ise 'fested. Right now Ah aims to ketch up 'ith Lady Luck and beat 'at woman to death."

He started away from the docks along the road that would presently lead up the hill to the delousing plant at Genicart. Late that night the adjutant at the receiving camp directed the Wildcat to report to some place or other which the Wildcat forgot. He saluted and shambled out of the office where the mascot waited him.

"Lily, us heads back for St.-Sulpice, where de old gang is. What us needs is to get attached fo' rations an' six blankets and all de sleep what is."

At midnight the Texan, carrying the Wildcat's Captain Jack, the victorious Hogface and the Wildcat's forty dollars, cleared on the ebb tide for Pauillac, the mouth of the Gironde and the jump across the Atlantic. Before the ship had fairly started downstream a radiogram was received on board for Captain Jack. That officer was at the moment several dollars under the surface of a sea of poker. One of the stewards handed Captain Jack the message. He read it hastily and turned to an officer seated near him.

"Play my hand," he said. "I'm done."

He walked quickly to his stateroom. He laid the message on his locker and began to buckle the straps about a suitcase which lay open on the floor. He glanced at the message:

> Sailing to-day with papa.
> Peace Congress, Paris.

Captain Jack locked his suitcase. He picked up the message and left the stateroom. He made his way to the office of the ship's surgeon, where he found that officer engaged in mixing himself an invigorating drink.

"I have yellow fever, smallpox and bubonic plague," Captain Jack stated. "I want an order putting me ashore with the mail boat at Pauillac. I prefer to die in France. I love France."

The ship's surgeon looked at him.

"Mix yourself a drink. You are also mentally unbalanced."

"Surge, besides those other diseases," Captain Jack said, "I have heart disease." He showed the ship's surgeon the radiogram. "Papa is the biggest professional senator in the known world. He will stay in Paris until the show finishes. Dead or alive, I propose to meet papa in Paris and relieve him of all responsibility as far as his daughter is concerned. Will you or will you not put me and my heart disease ashore at Pauillac?"

The surgeon looked at him.

"I'm not a reserve officer. I never take chances. I will not put you ashore at Pauillac."

Captain Jack hesitated a moment.

"All I can say is that you are a fine naval ——"

"However," the surgeon interrupted, "if you care to go ashore for me officially to get me one thousand shots of flu dope from the naval station I will give you a clearance—and may God have mercy on my soul!"

Captain Jack held out his hand. "Surge, I'll say you're a regular navy man. Orders is orders. Write one quick so I can carry the document in my hand."

The surgeon summoned a messenger and pretty soon Captain Jack was the possessor of an order which authorized him to go ashore at Pauillac. In the cold dawn he clambered down the ship's side and boarded the navy yawl which lay alongside. Twenty minutes later he was lost in the jungles of the A. E. F.

The Wildcat attached himself and Lily for rations several times at various camps while he was covering the twenty miles between the Bordeaux docks and St.-Sulpice. For the first few days his presence at St.-Sulpice was not officially noted. Most of the time he spent hanging round the kitchen. Reveille and taps, drills, formations and inspections meant nothing to him.

"Sure is de grandes' Army Ah ever see."

For a while he was so busy eating that he hardly had time to sleep, and then there came a time when he was so

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DETAILS OF A DÉBÂCLE

By Samuel G. Blythe

Hell hath no fury like a Senate scorned.
—Proverbs of Politics.

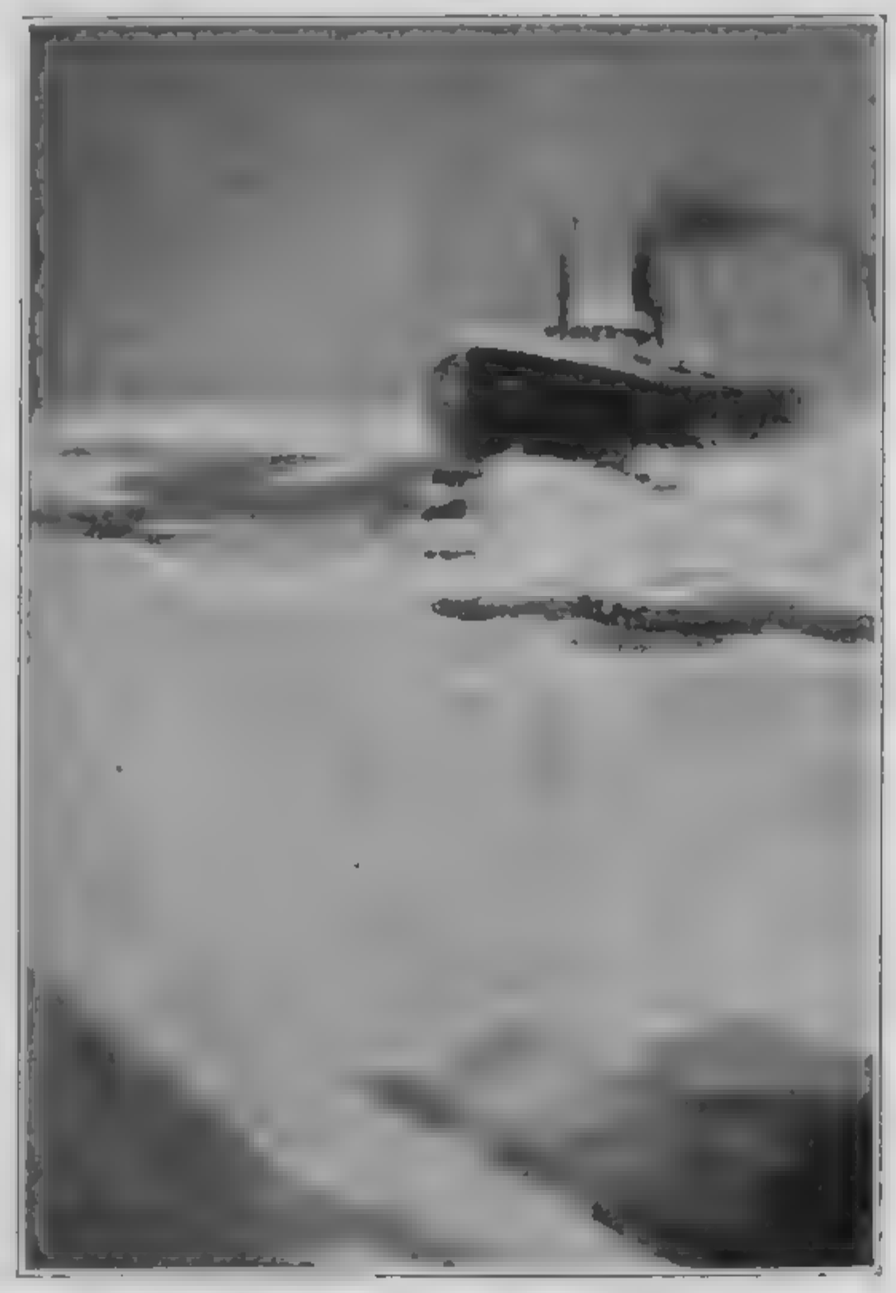
TO BE precise, forty-two thousand six hundred and thirteen and three-quarters columns of explanation, exultation, exposition, exclamation, exegesis, expatiation and explication concerning the business have been published since the peace treaty and the League of Nations sank into a state of coma in the Senate of the United States in mid-November last, and further adventure into print over the matter might be held quite reasonably to be superfluous were it not for the circumstance that in this deluge of description and definition small attention has been paid to the chief determining factor in what happened—that is, the human factor.

We have had the partisan reasons, the political reasons, the patriotic—a great many of those—reasons, and dozens of other reasons; but scant heed has been given to the human-nature reasons, and those are the most important reasons of all. The tendency of the comment and criticism has been to discussion in governmental and international and parliamentary and legislative terms; all well enough in their ways, but subordinate because what happened to the treaty and the League of Nations happened primarily not for any cause based on statesmanship or the lack of it or the practice of it, but because Woodrow Wilson is the sort of man he is, and because the senators of the United States are the sorts of men they are—diversely human beings in many ways, but subject to impulses and reactions that have been common to man since he first began to walk erect.

Senate vs. President

THE situation that culminated in the November defeat of the treaty had its origin not when the President sent the treaty to the Senate, nor when he negotiated it, nor when we entered the war and became a party to the eventual ending of the war, but when the fathers wrote the Constitution of the United States and in that Constitution set forth the doctrine that the three branches of the Government—the executive, legislative and judicial—are coördinate; established the checks and balances that exist, and specifically, in Article Two, Section Two, said, speaking of the powers and duties of the President: "He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the senators present concur." That was the beginning of it, and the end of it will be when the Constitution as it stands at present is abrogated, when, say, there ceases to be either a President or a Senate. There is nothing novel in the fight that has been waged between the President and the majority of the Senate. There have been many similar fights. The importance and interest in this present fight come from the greatness of the issues involved, and not from the hostility exhibited. That is old stuff.

Senates have been arrayed against Presidents and Presidents against Senates since we had either, and doubtless will continue to be so arrayed to the end of our governmental time. However, each antagonism has had its peculiarities, apart from the basic antagonism that has always risen from one of two causes: First, because a President tried to usurp some power of a Senate; second, because a Senate attempted the same thing with a President. That states it rather baldly, but is the essence of every conflict no matter how history may dilute the circumstance with explanation and discussion and interpretation.



Furthermore, each conflict has had for its impelling motive, its real basic reason, not affairs of state, not policy of government, not partisan advantage—though all of these have been important—but human nature.

The Conflict

WE HAVE a Government that is a trinity so far as constitutionally delegated powers are concerned; each third of equal power and responsibility in its appointed sphere. Quite naturally, and humanly, each third is jealous of its constitutional power and prerogatives. Quite naturally, and humanly, each third is in no way averse to extending both its power and influence at the expense of another third, and never has been, but resents bitterly any attempt to infringe upon its own status by either coördinate third—the judiciary discreetly and nondemonstratively, but firmly none the less; and the executive and the legislative branches openly and defiantly whenever time and circumstance are opportune. Therefore, when the time comes that a strong, stubborn and self-willed President is in opposition to a weak Congress the Executive assumes extra-presidential powers, and holds them. Conversely, when a weak President is opposed to a strong, stubborn Congress the Congress transcends its usual functions. The conflict is inevitable, because human nature is human nature. The presidential office brings to the man occupying it a sense of paramountcy that never fails to set him against his chief obstacle in attaining extra powers—the Congress; and the Congress is always in the attitude of offense and defense—offense to get and dictate more than it has, and defense lest what it has shall be infringed upon by the Executive.

There is nothing superhuman about a President of the United States—even the present one. Most of the greatness that comes to an American citizen who is made President comes from the greatness of the office in which he is placed rather than from his own intrinsic qualities. If the country is fortunate the President may measure up to the office. If the country is unfortunate he may pull the office down to him; but when he takes the place he is great, mostly, because he has the job, and not because the job has him. Similarly, the individuals who comprise Congress may be of meager caliber, but the Congress they comprise is a tremendous institution. Therefore the inevitable and basic conflict is between the institution of the Presidency and the institution of Congress, and the details of each separate conflict and the virulence of it and the progress of it depend on the personal characteristics and natural actions and reactions of the individual who happens to be President at the time of it, the same exemplifications of the individuals who happen, as members of the Congress, to be opposed or opposing.

It so happens that at the present time we have a President of certain marked, outstanding characteristics of temperament and mentality. It so happens we have a Congress, and particularly a Senate, of no decided characteristics of temperament and mentality, but nevertheless subject to the usual reactions when it comes to what the

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ABOUT PLAY PRODUCING

By David Belasco

"Time, time, time! . . .
An idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of Time, . .
Time, who is the nurse and breeder of all good. . . .
I will have more time to prepare me, or they
Shall beat out my brains with billets!"
Shakspere.

IT WAS said by the great American comedian Joseph Jefferson that before he gave his delightful performance of Bob Acres—when he revived The Rivals, at the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, September 15, 1880—he had rehearsed the fall with which he closed the second act of the comedy more than five hundred times, utilizing, as he drolly added, almost every piece of furniture he came near for weeks prior to the revival. As done by Jefferson before an audience, that fall had all the effect of absolute spontaneity, as though it had never been done before, and it was indescribably ludicrous. Indeed, his entire performance of Acres was a gem of histrionic art; a perfect mosaic of eccentric character detail and the minutiæ of comicality, to which nothing could have been added, from which nothing could have been taken away, without damage to the artistic fabric. To the very last, that impersonation of Acres was given with the same smooth fluency and the same invariable exactness with which a faultlessly jeweled and adjusted American watch keeps time.

Why was this so? Because not only did Jefferson revere his vocation and never palter with it but also because every detail of that performance had been devised, wrought out and perfected with the same assiduous care which the comedian had bestowed upon the single illustrative incident that I have specified. It is a paradox of acting that the effect of absolute spontaneity in stage art can be achieved only by indefatigable repetition during protracted rehearsal. The truth of this is conclusively proved by the fact that whenever a dramatic performance runs stale, loses its seeming spontaneity and animation, we restore and revivify it by a gruelingly hard rehearsal.

Lenore Ulric in The Son-Daughter

Success Built Upon Infinite Labor

THE same faultless technic, the same perfection of that art which conceals art and which comes and is sustained only by unremitting effort, was exhibited in an even more impressive manner—because exerted on an imaginative subject—by Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle. Moreover, what he required of himself he required also, to the limit of their capacities, of the players associated with him. The minutest detail—the length of a curl paper, the width of an old frayed string tie, the tapping on a floor with a woman's foot, the exact instant when an apparently accidental movement with a hand should cease or when an old cap should negligently slip from his grasp and fall—so engaged his anxious attention that he lost consciousness of all else when making his productions.

He told me that once, in London, just before he played the part there, he rehearsed Rip alone in his lodgings all night, oblivious of the flight of time, until he was interrupted in the morning by his landlady, who came to complain of his burning gas by daylight!

And as it was with Jefferson, so also has it been and ever must be with all truly great actors and directors of play producing. John Philip Kemble, for example, studied and rehearsed Hamlet for a period as long as that during which Jacob served for Rachel before he ventured to attempt public impersonation of the character. Edmund Kean studied and rehearsed Shylock for more than a decade before he perfected those innovations which so shocked his fellow players but which enabled him to give that electrical performance at old Drury which thrilled all London and which still is talked of where theatrical merchants most do congregate. Edwin Booth—the prince, the king, the emperor of American tragedians—laid aside the Tate-Kemble perversion of King Lear in 1860, and during the fifteen years that followed he devoted a great part of his time to forgetting that atrocity and to studying the sublime original of Shakspere and rehearsing and elaborating the heart-rending personation of the afflicted, piteous old monarch with which he won a new crown of loving admiration in New York. Henry Irving—our greatest exemplar in the art of play producing—studied Macbeth and experimented with its central character for thirteen years before he ventured to make his great revival of it in 1888, presenting himself as the fiend-driven Thane. And he told me that he studied Faust for five years and rehearsed it, in Wills' stage arrangement, with the complete cast, for thirteen months before he brought it out—to run for five hundred and eight performances! Augustin Daly worked on the actual production of The Taming of the Shrew for more than a year before setting it upon the stage. And so runneth the tale.

It was because those actors and play producers possessed, in addition to exceptional native faculty and ardent enthusiasm, infinite patience, capability of infinite labor and care, that in their day they were spoken great in mouths of wisest censure, and exercised an abiding, potently vital influence upon the theater and the noble art of acting of to-day—an influence destined to be felt in all the days to come.

A Motto for Every Producer

THAT, at any rate, is a conviction of mine; and I give it as my considerate judgment that more plays potentially excellent and valuable are ruined and lost because of the superficiality and flurry-hurry of contemporary authors and producers than by any—or, indeed, all—other causes. It may be a platitude to say that great things are made up of little things—but it certainly is a platitude that needs enforcement in the theater. There are scores—yes, and hundreds—of little things in every example of adequate play producing which not one person in five hundred consciously sees and estimates, but which every person in an audience feels and responds to. After all, the block of concrete which will outwear time is made up of countless impalpable grains of dust.

We must assuredly be fleet to catch success; the alluring but fugacious dollar is difficult to pocket; nevertheless, play producing is, *facile princeps*, the business in which to make speed slowly. Goethe, I think it was, who admonished us to work in art without haste and without rest. That certainly should be the law of every actor, still more of every manager engaging in the tempting of fortune by the producing of plays. Well might that terrible old buccaneer, Long John Silver, bewail as fatal "this same hurry and hurry and hurry." Many's the honest manager it has wrecked as well as pirates bold. I witnessed, only a few nights ago, the final performance in New York, after a deplorably short run, of a drama which I am confident could have been presented there to capacity houses—if only a little more time and care had been bestowed on its preparation and rehearsals. "Do not hurry, gentlemen," remarked one of the greatest surgeons to his assistants as he was about to begin a desperate operation to save life, "do not hurry; I have no time to lose." In the matter of play producing, which has been my business now for close on half a century, I say—and I'd like to say it through a megaphone—"Do not hurry, gentlemen, unless you are prepared to lose not only much money but also that immortal part of the poor showman, his artistic reputation."

Many thousands of persons throughout this country are kind enough to commend—often, I fear, beyond desert—the various productions which from time to time

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The Third Act of The Son-Daughter

WILD SHOTS AT GOLF

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

If He Was Married He Delivered His Monologue to His Wife

UPWARD of six hundred years ago a Scotch shepherd became extremely weary of the monotony which accompanies the chaperoning of sheep, whether they are Scotch sheep or whether they are sheep of unknown nationality. Because of the boredom of this Scotch shepherd, civilization is to-day blessed—or cursed—with the game of golf. There are rumors that the Dutch are responsible for golf, most of the rumors being based on the fact that primitive golf balls made of leather stuffed with feathers were imported into Scotland from Holland when the game was in its infancy—so much in its infancy that its devotees had not yet acquired the habit of absorbing a slug of Scotch whisky immediately after finishing a round and referring to the ceremony as the nineteenth hole. This ceremony, it is scarcely necessary for me to point out, will soon be as obsolete as golf balls made of leather stuffed with feathers. Nevertheless, the fact that golf balls were imported from Holland by the Scotch does not necessarily mean that the Dutch invented the game, any more than the manufacture in Newark, New Jersey, of furniture guaranteed to have come over in the Mayflower means that the Pilgrim Fathers were residents of Newark.

Identity of Father Unknown

I HAVE examined Holland rather minutely from the windows of railroad trains, and the country struck me as being one that might lead its inhabitants to invent a moist game like water polo, but that would discourage anything like golf, because of the danger that any ball which carried more than one hundred yards in any direction would fall into a canal and would have to be salvaged with a rowboat or a diver or both. So I prefer to disregard the rumors which place the burden of golf on the shoulders of the Dutch and to view the Scotch as the guilty parties.

The language of the game is obviously Scotch. One finds in constant use such golfing words as mashie, stymie, whisky, dormy, bogey and caddie. The student of languages will quickly recall that the "ie" ending is essentially Scotch, as is witnessed by the familiar Scotch words bonnie, kiltie, wee drappie, laddie, lassie, sweetie and sonsie. There is nothing Dutch about the game except the pants, and if that style of trousers is any proof that golf was invented in Holland, then the old-fashioned bloomers, which were worn by bicyclists of the so-called weaker sex some twenty years ago, indicate that the bicycle originated in Holland, which it didn't. The Dutch invented the canal boat, the Dutch oven and Holland gin—that I admit. But I refuse to go out of my way to convict them of originating golf. All the circumstantial evidence in the case points to the Scotch.

History has not favored us with the name of the Scotchman who invented golf. We know nothing about him except that he had looked at sheep and listened to sheep until the very thought of sheep nauseated him. When his nausea had become almost more than he could bear he distracted his mind by whacking at a white pebble with the curved end of his shepherd's crook. To make the distraction more complex he dug a hole in the ground and whacked the pebble toward the hole. That is all we know about the father of golf and the beginnings of the game.

That is to say, history has told us nothing else about the father of golf. But we can reconstruct him in our mind's eye to a certain extent. We can be almost certain that every day after he had whacked his white pebble along the ground and into the hole he hunted round until he found someone who couldn't escape and then delivered a monologue explaining, or purporting to explain, the exact manner in which the pebble was whacked, together with the number of whacks delivered and the number of whacks which might have been eliminated had it not been for circumstances over which he had no control. If he was married he delivered his monologue to his wife; and if he wasn't married he favored a friend with it; and if he had no friends and was unable to scrape up a chance acquaintance he told it to the sheep. Golfers are pretty much the same at all times and in all places, and as a rule they are not particularly interested in talking golf to a person who wants to hear what they have to say. They merely wish to tell their stories to any living organism, whether it be friend, wife or sheep.

It is odd, this golfer's passion for telling somebody what he did and how he did it. Nobody cares whether he got the seventh hole in three or five or seven or nineteen. The golfer, however, insists on telling all about it. He remembers exactly where his drive went, and the precise dimensions of the depression in which the ball came to rest, and the club with which he hacked it out, and the spot where it landed on the green, and the number of inches which it rolled after landing, and exactly how it curved first to the left and then to the right and then to the left again after being putted, and how it finally circled a worm cast as he had intended it should and vanished into the hole with a metallic plunk for a perfect three.

Now you know and I know that there is nothing whatever about these facts that would lead anyone to go without dinner or lose a train in order to listen to them. There is no more thrill to them than there would be to a page from a Maine Central time-table. Whenever I hear a golfer telling about the remarkable scores which he made at certain holes it is only with the greatest difficulty that I am able to refrain from expressing my entire lack of interest in his statements. I do refrain, however, partly because I am averse to hurting his feelings and partly because I wish to tell him a genuinely interesting bit of golf as soon as he has stopped talking.

Only recently, in playing the third hole at the Webhannet links—a very long hole which parallels the railroad track—I got off a pretty two-hundred-and-thirty-yard drive which stopped in a peculiarly shaped footprint that might have been made by one of the feet of a rapidly moving dining-room table. Nothing daunted by this mishap, I plowed into the ball with my mid-iron, removing a divot about the size of a derby hat and getting off another pretty shot which carried well over a hundred and ninety yards. The green was still too far away for me to use a mashie, and to complicate matters the green lay in a depression beyond and slightly to the left of a large grove of oak trees.

Without a moment's hesitation I again grasped my mid-iron, took careful aim at a four-foot opening between two of the oak trees and let fly. The ball passed through the opening, rolled gracefully down the slope, bounded lightly over eighteen or twenty worm casts and hit the cup for a three. It was a fine example of what complete confidence, coupled with scientific play, is capable of producing in golf. Ordinarily when I am not quite on my game I take from seven to seventeen strokes on that hole.

Demons of Memory on the Links

ON THE same round I would have scored an even eighty if I had got a three on the last hole. My caddie, however, moved as I was about to drive and the ball sliced into the rough. I found myself in a very bad lie, from which I extricated myself with difficulty only to land in a sand trap. After taking three shots in the trap I rolled into a ditch, eventually reaching the green in eleven. Worm casts caused three putts in succession to rim the hole and I finally went down in fifteen. The entire blame of course falls on the caddie for moving. Had it not been for that I would unquestionably have got a three. I mention these facts because they are genuinely interesting, but most golf conversation is decidedly the reverse.

Not only can golf monologues be uninteresting, but they can be interminable, for the true golfer never forgets a stroke. In the ordinary walks of life a golfer may be a very weak-minded person who is unable to remember his age at his last birthday without counting on his fingers and breathing heavily through his nose for ten or fifteen minutes, at the end of which time he is two years out of the way. He may be one of those strange creatures who go to a store in order to purchase something at the earnest request of a member of the family and find their minds a total blank when the moment of purchasing arrives. Was it a yeast cake? A pound of dog biscuit? A bottle of ink? They cannot remember! The interior of their heads is a mess, wholly incapable of coping with the problem.

But put such a man on golf links and he becomes a different person—a veritable demon of memory. In the course of two hours he may hit his ball one hundred times. Does he forget any of them? Not a one! He remembers every one of the hundred strokes. He remembers the club with which each one was made. He remembers exactly how the ball acted every time it was hit. If golf balls had the power of

Time After Time He Has Sighted Over the Top of His Ball, Studying Every Excrescence, Every Dip, Every Grass Blade, Every Undulation

speech he would remember every word that his ball uttered during the hundred strokes. Nor does time erase those strokes from the tablets of his memory. Four hours after making them he can tell anybody all about them, mentioning them in chronological order or going over them backward. Without a moment's hesitation he can tell precisely what happened on the ninth or eleventh or seventeenth hole. He remembers the strokes for days and for weeks. I have no doubt that there are golfers who carry their golf scores in their heads for years. These are the same men who cannot remember to post their wives' letters and who find extreme difficulty in recalling the size of their gloves and the date on which their life insurance falls due.

The weapons used by the original golfer were not such as to instill in his breast an overweening confidence. A shepherd's crook being upward of six feet long is not the most convenient thing in the world with which to execute difficult shots. Something tells me that when the father of golf had to play a long approach shot out of a difficult lie, he glanced guiltily over his shoulder to see whether the sheep were watching him, and then surreptitiously kicked his ball into a more favorable location. It is not my nature to cast aspersions on the honesty of golfers in this manner, for many years of golfing have convinced me that dishonesty at golf is as rare as dishonesty at cards.

On Being Off One's Game

IN THE case of the father of golf, however, I am convinced that if he had attempted to play a ball out of a cuppy lie with a six-foot club and had played it correctly he would either have knocked out most of his teeth with the handle or sprained his wrists when the head of his club hit the turf with a nerve-jarring thud. In either event the father of golf would probably have delivered himself of a few unctuous Scotch oaths and refused absolutely to waste any more of his time on fathering such an offensive game. He would have turned to tatting or mumble-the-peg or idiot's delight, or even to suicide, in order to distract his mind from the ennui of sheep herding, but golf would have perished fluently in its infancy. At any rate the original golfer used nothing but a shepherd's crook and he had no reason whatever to consider this instrument an effective or a reliable one. None the less, I state firmly and confidently that the first golfer, being a golfer, had such implicit faith in his club and in his native ability to whack the white pebble accurately that unless his score for a given number of holes was lower by at least two strokes than any score which he had hitherto made he proclaimed dejectedly that he was off his game.

He Tried Every Known Method of Putting, as Well as a Few Which He Originated Himself

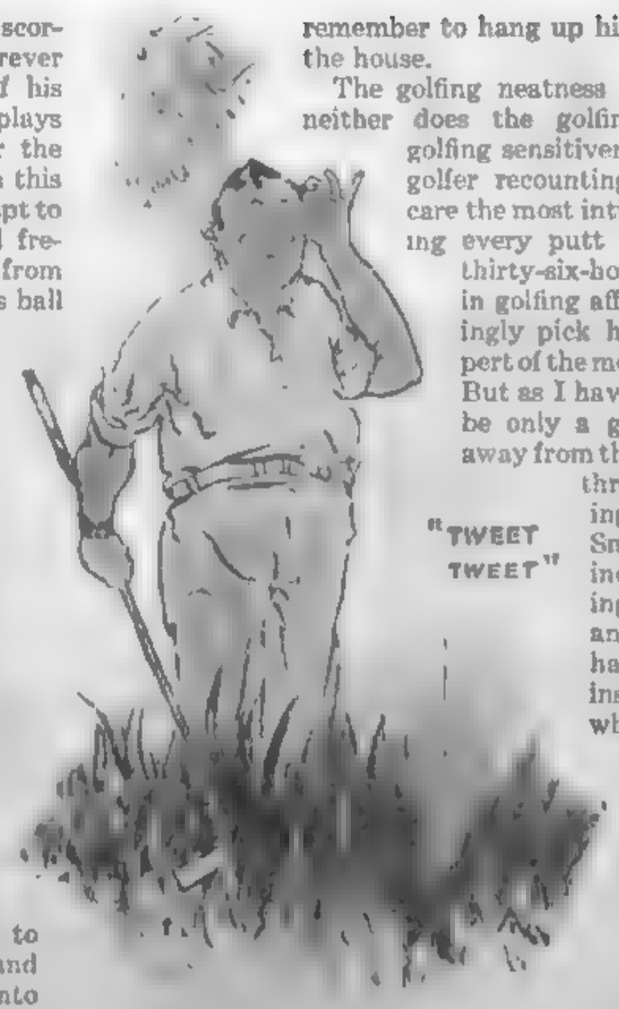
This theory of being off one's game, I take it, is one of the first attributes of a golfer. The idea, like Venus springing full-grown from the heel of Achilles or the ides of March or wherever it was that Venus sprang from, springs completely formed into every golfer's head at the same time that he starts to make his second round of the links.

Every five or six years one hears of a golfer who declares frankly that he made a particularly good score because he played about fifty per cent better than he ever played before, and also because he was so lucky that if he had fallen into a tar barrel he would have emerged with garments redolent of violet sachet. These people, however, usually meet an untimely end. They are either cut off in their prime by the Grim Reaper, or their bizarre and unreasonably frank views on various matters cause their relatives to apply for a conservator or something equally dampening. The ordinary golfer who by some hair-raising fluke has succeeded in scoring a three on a five-hundred-yard hole will forever after be off his game at that hole because of his inability to get another three. Every time he plays that hole he will tell his unfortunate partner the thrilling tale of how he once got a three on it. In this anxiety to duplicate the fatal three he will attempt to knock the ball into the next county and will frequently only succeed in barely getting it out from under his feet, and the things that he says to his ball under his breath will be so hectic that the recording angel will be forced to put in a requisition for an asbestos-paged record book.

Early in September, 1919, two golfers were shooting a friendly round at the Forest Hill Field Club of New Jersey. They were both good players and had reached the last hole with excellent scores. The first player adjusted the ball on the tee with the exquisite delicacy which characterizes that action on the part of all true golfers.

Students of human nature, if I may be permitted to digress for a moment, have frequently stated that a golfer's nature is disclosed by the manner in which he plays golf, but I wish to warn everyone not to accept a golfer's method of making a tee as indicative of his customs in the inner circles of the home. The majority of golfers select a dab of sand from the sand box with as much care as though they were going to take it home with them as a rare and precious souvenir. They mold it into shape with fingers as gentle, as the saying goes, as a woman's, and in this there lurks another germ of wonderment, for the woman golfer is very apt to take a gob of sand from the sand box and slap it down on the tee with much the same gentleness and delicacy that the hero of a movie comedy displays in planting a lemon-meringue pie against the features of the assistant hero. However, the male golfer molds his tee into shape with fingers as gentle as a woman's, and then he places his ball very softly on the apex, and then as like as not he crouches until he is on his hands and knees, so that he can brush all the loose particles of sand and the errant grass blades from the ground in the neighborhood of his ball with the palm of his hand.

One who had heard that a man's nature is disclosed by his manner of playing golf would be greatly impressed by such actions and would be inclined to think that a man who displayed such extreme meticulosity in the placing of a golf ball would be one who invariably was as neat as a pin or as an entire paper of pins about his personal belongings and his home life. One would visualize him as always having a place for everything and as spending most of his leisure hours in assuring himself that everything was in it. But if one visualized him so, one's visualizer might not be working properly, for the golfer who would suffer untold anguish if a crumb of sand on the tee were displaced is very apt to be a man who in private life throws his trousers on the floor when he disrobes for the evening and who cannot for the life of him remember to hang up his hat when he enters the house.



They Might Equip Each Golfer With a Sensitized Instrument Which Would Ring Melodiously When it Came in Range of a Lost Ball

The golfing neatness proves nothing, and neither does the golfing memory nor the golfing sensitiveness. After hearing a golfer recounting with the minutest care the most intimate details concerning every putt which he made in a thirty-six-hole match one unskilled in golfing affairs would unhesitatingly pick him as a memory expert of the most accomplished sort. But as I have pointed out, it may be only a golfing memory; and away from the links this same man, three seconds after being introduced to Mr. Smith, will be totally incapable of remembering Mr. Smith's name and will, in fact, have a hazy idea that it is Robinson Fitzgerald or Terwhilliger.

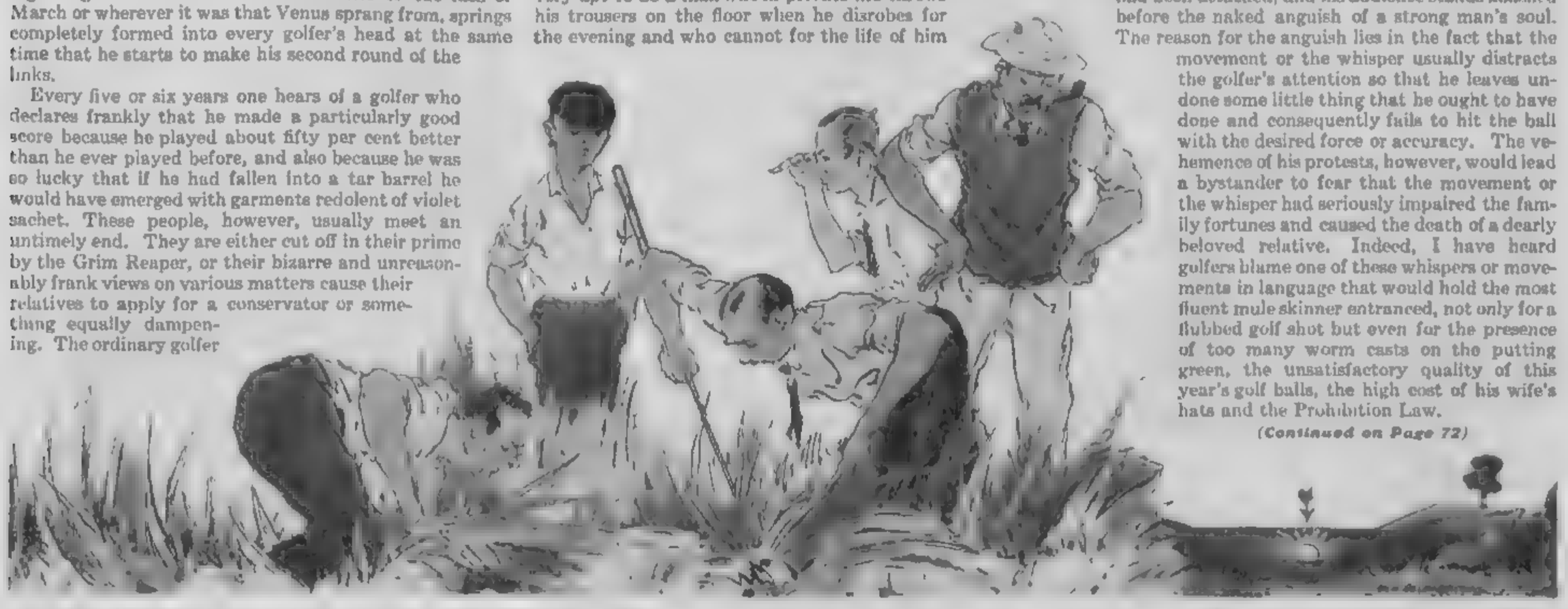
"TWEET TWEET"

As for the golfing sensitiveness, it is of such nature that the famed sensitive plant by comparison is a coarse and calloused organism. The sensitive plant curls up at a touch, but it requires a touch. One must go up to it and stick a finger against it. The golfer on the contrary does not need to be touched. The merest whisper from a person fifteen feet away, or the slightest movement on the part of someone at an even greater distance, is sufficient to affect a golfer more poignantly than the kick of a mule would affect a sensitive plant. When a golfer is about to make a shot all activity must cease. Cigars and cigarettes must be hidden, lest the rising smoke offend the player. Caddies must remain in a state of suspended animation; the player's partner and opponents are expected to cease breathing; and feathered songsters daring to warble their native wood notes wild in too close proximity to the player are frequently chased to other and more distant warbling grounds. He who dares to move or to whisper is favored with black scowls and glances of bitter hate and loathing which could scarcely contain more contempt if the recipient had been guilty of murdering a little baby for the corals on its neck.

Whispers That Cause Anguish

OCCASIONALLY a golfer who has less perfect control over his emotions than the average will uncover his inmost thoughts to the person who has moved or whispered at the moment when he was about to hit the ball. When this occurs the hearer realizes that golfers can indeed be stirred to the depths of their being by so small a thing as the flicker of an eyelash or the infinitesimal wag of a tongue. When a golfer speaks his mind on such an occasion he could not display more agony of spirit if the honor of his home had been attacked, and his audience stands abashed before the naked anguish of a strong man's soul. The reason for the anguish lies in the fact that the movement or the whisper usually distracts the golfer's attention so that he leaves undone some little thing that he ought to have done and consequently fails to hit the ball with the desired force or accuracy. The vehemence of his protests, however, would lead a bystander to fear that the movement or the whisper had seriously impaired the family fortunes and caused the death of a dearly beloved relative. Indeed, I have heard golfers blame one of these whispers or movements in language that would hold the most fluent mule skinner entranced, not only for a flubbed golf shot but even for the presence of too many worm casts on the putting green, the unsatisfactory quality of this year's golf balls, the high cost of his wife's hats and the Prohibition Law.

(Continued on Page 72)



At the Present Time, When the Need of Economy is So Imperative, it Seems an Almost Criminal Waste to Permit the Golf Ball to Lose Itself With Such Extreme Abandon and Success

BILL'S PHANTASM

"I Want to Ask You a Question Now About a Matter That is of Great Controversial Interest in Many Similar Cases"

By ALFRED NOYES

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

THE married life of a sailor is often a succession of surprises. His arrivals and departures are ruled by the weather, and long absences lend new faces to the most familiar household gods. He leaves his newly wedded wife, a lonely girlish figure, waving her lily hand from a tarry wharf in the affecting style of the best ballads, and he returns to find a buxom young matron, comparatively uninterested in him and strongly supported by twins. He can wake few chords of memory in his offspring. They regard him as a stranger and they squint and scream at his uncouth advances.

The adage that gives the sailor a wife in every port is a very shallow one and very inadequate as an attempt to suggest his possibilities of adventure. There is a wider range for comedy and tragedy in his home affairs and a richer field there for the psychologist than could be found in any insubstantial isles of Circe. The face that meets the returning sailor is never quite the one that he left behind him.

Consider, moreover, the complicated lot of a mariner who discovers in himself after marriage an unsuspected streak of uxoriousness. Let his wife be fair to look upon. Grill him for a long sea voyage over the slow fires of jealousy. The result occasionally will be one of those tragedies that delight the Sunday newspaper. As a rule the result is comedy—and for anything we are likely to receive in the shape of comedy nowadays may the Lord make us most truly thankful. But there will be no wedded peace till that tormented wanderer abandons the sea for a cozy tobacconist's shop and takes to smoking his own best Virginia behind the counter.

Bill Hutchins, the mate of the Susanna, had endured some of these mental discomforts for nearly five years now. He was fortunate in that the Susanna, being a steam trawler, made short voyages. He was not often away from home for more than three weeks at a time. But he was unfortunate in the skipper.

Joseph Morgan, or Cap'n Joe, as he was called by his friends, was a gap-toothed, a gray-bearded misogynist with a sardonic tongue and little malicious eyes that bored into his victims like gimlets. He had observed the anxieties of the mate, and on every voyage he had taken a fiendish delight almost worthy of his piratical appearance in stimulating them. On this last voyage he had surpassed himself. He had behaved like an Old Man of the Sea possessed with the spirit of Iago.

"You're in an 'urry to get 'ome, I can see, Bill," he said on the night before their return. "It's very natural, but I don't see what you've got to worry about, a young 'andsome chap like you. Besides, you've only been married a short time and it's very seldom anything goes wrong under three years. Let's see, is it three? No, it's five years you been married, Bill, ain't it? Longer than I thought. Well, you ain't got nothing to worry about, anyway. It would take a long time to get tired of a chap like you. You're too modest, Bill."

The two men stood in the warm shelter of the funnel. The crew was hauling the nets and the fish leaped and glittered along the dark mounded water like fragments of the moon caught in a mesh of shadows.

"Of course a seaman never really knows what kind of a woman he's married," Cap'n Joe continued, "and he can't tell what may be going on at 'ome. It 'as its advantages and its disadvantages. If she's a bad-tempered woman he may just miss the 'ot end of the poker. But then again, supposing she's an angel, he don't see her little white wings unfolding; and of course it's no satisfaction to an 'usband to know that other folks may be using her feathers for pipe cleaners."

"Don't you worry about that," said Bill sullenly. "My wife ain't that sort of a woman, and I'll thank you not to blacken 'er blurry character."

"You're too sensitive, Bill. Feathers was what I said, and the illusion was to angels. I didn't mention nobody's wife in particular, so how can I be blackening 'er blurry character? I was only suggesting that a sailor don't see his wife very often. I knew the mate of a cattle boat one time, sailing from Liverpool to Rio. His wife was one of these 'ere kleptomaniacs—one of these pore women as can't help stealing anything that takes their fancy, from an 'andful of monkey nuts to a diamond tarara. But 'e never knew it. She served 'er sentence—a month's hard—while he was away at sea; and when he came back she was at a new address, so that the neighbors couldn't talk. There was clean white curtains on the windows and boxes full of scarlet geraniums on the window sills and a brand-new doormat with 'Welcome' on it in the 'all. It come out afterwards that she brought it 'ome inside of an umbereller from a bargain sale. But 'er 'usband never discovered it. She was one of them innocent-eyed doll babies too. Even the judge couldn't 'ardly believe her guilty. I tell you, Bill, there's only one way for a sailor to get at the truth."

"And what's that?" said the mate, unable to suppress a desire for information.

"Why, look out for the red 'erringa. 'Aven't you 'eard of red 'errings, Bill? This little doll baby always 'ad a lot of tracks and religious books in the parlor when 'er 'usband came home. Red 'errings they were, to throw him off the scent. Now, if he'd been smart enough to see that they didn't exactly accord with her likings in the way of reading, which always ran to them pink novelettes like The Secret of Lady Mary—which was bigamy—in the Forget-me-not Series, why then 'e'd 'ave known that she was playing a game, see, and perhaps he'd have discovered what it was. Always look out for the uncommon things, Bill—the things that look all very innocent and 'ighfaluting, but just a leetle odd or unusual, like reading serious books or going to lectures on Shakspere. In nine cases out of ten they're red 'errings and just meant to distract your attention, same as a lapwing does when it tumbles 'ead over 'eels and screams to lead you away from its nest."

"There's no danger, thank you, Joe, so far as I am concerned," said Bill freezingly.

"Ah," said Cap'n Joe, "but marriage is a deep sea, Bill—a very deep sea. It's all moonlight and blue waves on the top, as pretty as a moving picture, but when you begin to haul the nets—the same as we're doing here—you never know what you're going to fetch out of it. Look at that now!"

A big fold of the net had just been drawn dripping from the dark water. The deck was alive with floundering silver. One fourteen-pound dogfish flapped snapping up to their feet, where it twisted over and tore at the meshes. Two dots like lidless eyes and a wide shark mouth in the

white underside of that huge flat head grinned at the moon in ghastly parody of the human countenance.

"Looks a darned sight more like a blurry shark than a red 'erring," grunted Bill turning away to lend the crew a hand.

He was in a hurry, as the skipper had noticed; and that touch of nature soon made him indistinguishable from the other men laboring at the net, dark figures mailed with scales of silver and smeared with red from the gills of the slippery masses of cod and halibut.

Cap'n Joe lit his pipe pensively. The match in the hollow of his hand brought his wicked old features, lined and seamed by a thousand storms, into brilliant relief against the sooty funnel. The Susanna was getting steam up now and a dark cloud of smoke mixed with red sparks began to stream against the stars.

"Sharks, lobsters, cuttlefish, porpoises," chuckled the old man just loudly enough for the mate to hear him. "There's nothing from shrimps to sea sarpints that you can't haul out of the holy seas of matrimony, Bill. But my advice is—look out for the smoked variety! Look out for the red 'errings!"

There was nothing unusual in the appearance of his trim white cottage on the hill when Bill Hutchins came clumping up the winding path to his door three days later. His first inkling of anything new was the mocking light in the eyes of his old flame, Rosy Martin, the innkeeper's daughter, who met him at his garden gate under the lilac tree.

"Look out, Bill!" said this young lady, licking her full red lips with a touch of malice.

"Look out?" said Bill severely, for the phrase was getting on his nerves. "Look out? What d'you mean? Nothing wrong with Susie or the kids, is there?"

Miss Martin tossed her pretty head.

"There's nothing wrong with them—yet," she said enigmatically. "I only said look out. Susie's got a visitor, that's all."

The mate scowled at her.

"Poor old Bill," she laughed. "Jealous as ever! Don't be frightened! It's only a lady visitor—leastways Susie says she's a lady. Looks more like a red 'erring to me."

The casual phrase struck home, and Bill winced. He was not versed in the law of chances, and it seemed to him for a moment that there must be a universal conspiracy to bait him.

"Sorry if she's a friend of yours, Bill," said Rosy Martin. "She's a bit too 'igh class for me."

Then raking him with a sidelong glance from her large black eyes—which in his earlier days the mate had poetically likened unto damsons—she danced past him in a provocative version of the one-step and ran laughing down the hill. Mr. Hutchins shook his fist at her supple figure as she went.

"Dosh garn you, Rosy Martin!" he shouted, using the Spooneristic expletive to which he was liable in moments of emotion. The girl turned, threw him a kiss and then disappeared into the lane below, singing like a blackbird between the white-flowering hawthorns:

Every nice girl loves a sailor,
Every nice girl loves a tar;
For there's somethink
Abaht a sailor ——
Oh, well you know what sailors are!
Free and easy,
Bright and breezy ——

The voice died away toward the village.

"Dosh garn you, Rosy Martin!" the mate said again to himself, smiling a little grimly as he remembered the dance that this lively damsel had once led him. "There's plenty of fun in Rosy Martin for a tempor'y sweetheart," he thought. "But Lord 'elp the man that marries her." None the less, he continued to smile as he walked to the cottage.

The door opened abruptly. His wife stood on the threshold. She was a golden-haired, comely and demure young woman with solemn blue eyes. A small boy clung to her skirt.

"Hello, Bobbie! Hello, Susie! Give us a kiss!" said the mate.

There was a moment of domestic reunion. Then Mr. Hutchins became aware of something frosty in the atmosphere, a chill that spread from the unseen presence of a stranger in the best parlor.

"Who's your visitor?" he whispered.

He was answered by the appearance of a woman at the parlor door—a tall, raw-boned, red-haired woman with a long, dry, freckled face and sandy eyelashes. Everything about her except the perverse and crazy eye had been included in Rosy Martin's terse description. She was undoubtedly a lady from loftier spheres and she undoubtedly looked like a red herring.

"This is Miss Perkins, Bill," said Mrs. Hutchins nervously. "She's been very good to me while you were away. She's 'elped me to get in tune."

"In tune?" said the puzzled Mr. Hutchins. "You haven't been buying a piano, have you, Susie?"

"In tune with the beyond," said Miss Perkins in a deep contralto. "He doesn't understand yet. How should he?"

She swept forward and took charge of the situation, while little Bobbie made gooseberry eyes at her from behind his mother.

"I hope," said the strange visitor to Mr. Hutchins, "I do hope that you wrote down the date."

"The date? What date?" said Bill, looking from one face to another in bewilderment.

(Continued on Page 53)

Standing on the Hearth Rug Were Three Very Serious Old Gentlemen. They Scrutinized Bill Fiercely From Under Shaggy Eyebrows

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XXIII

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

WHEN our special train arrived at Yokohama at about midnight we found the same ample precautions taken for our safety as at Tokio, and we were taken in government carriages to the landing stage where the French Messageries Maritimes Steamer Yarra was moored alongside the wharf. Though we had passed without any untoward incident through the ordeal of these five days compulsorily spent in the enemy's capital after hostilities had already begun with disastrous results to our fleet we felt inexpressibly relieved when we found ourselves at last under the friendly shelter of our ally's flag.

Thanks to the solicitous kindness and courtesy of M. Harmand, the French Minister to Japan, most of the passenger accommodations on the Yarra had been reserved for our very large party, which was to include the personnel of our consulates at Kobe and Nagasaki. We were all made as comfortable as possible on board, and during all the long voyage to Marseilles we felt ourselves surrounded by an atmosphere of never-failing sympathetic concern, which was extremely grateful to us under the painful circumstances of our slow progress toward home when at almost every port of call some cheerless news was awaiting us.

Before proceeding with my narrative I feel it incumbent on me to touch upon a delicate subject in connection with the view generally taken by public opinion all over the world regarding the question whether Japan was justified in proceeding to open acts of hostility before the official declaration of war had been made in due form. This disputed question was mostly decided in accordance with the degree of sympathy felt for one or the other of the belligerents. In this respect we were laboring under a considerable disadvantage due to causes partly of our own making, partly resulting from the position Russia had come to occupy in world politics.

A Street in the Native Quarter of Hong-Kong

Considering that we had entered upon an armed contest with the threateningly rising leading Power of the yellow race one might have been led to expect that the sympathy of all the nations of our own race—perhaps not even excluding Japan's political ally, Great Britain—might have gone out to Russia as the champion of white mankind. Some traces of such a feeling were indeed perceptible—at least, that was my impression—among the foreign communities in Far Eastern ports, to whom race feeling represented an element of immediate reality. Real and most warm-hearted feeling was shown by the foreign sailors who witnessed the tragic destruction of our two small vessels by a powerful Japanese squadron in the harbor of Chemulpo on the fateful ninth of February, 1904. Officers of the French cruiser Pascal, which brought to Shanghai part of the survivors of the battle, related to me with profound emotion how the Variag, followed by the gunboat Korietz, having accepted the Japanese admiral's challenge, slowly steamed, battle colors flying, officers and men on parade, past the foreign men-of-war anchored in the roads, saluted by the solemn accords of our national anthem, heroically going to meet certain destruction at the hands of the enemy, who had spread the numerous and powerful vessels of his squadron in a wide semicircle so as to render escape from the bay of Chemulpo a matter of utter impossibility.

Nothing on that occasion could have exceeded the high-minded chivalrous attitude of the captain of the British man-of-war, who as ranking officer, after consultation with the commanders of the other foreign vessels present, did not hesitate, though representing a Power allied to Japan, to send a vigorous written protest to the Japanese admiral, which was delivered when the battle was already raging by one of his officers, who went in a steam launch under cross-fire to board the Japanese flagship.

But barring similar spontaneous manifestations of sympathy on special occasions it must be owned that the general public feeling, when not expressive of perfunctory, lukewarm support, was everywhere arrayed against us, even in America, where we should least have expected it. To some extent this was probably due to the apparently glaring disproportion of the forces of the combatants, which naturally, as a purely sporting proposition, caused the sympathies of neutral onlookers of the contest to be enlisted on what seemed to be the weaker side. Mainly, however, we had but ourselves to blame for having created round us an atmosphere of jealousy, distrust and hardly concealed ill will. The bungling and provocative way in which we had been conducting our aggressive Far Eastern policy, inaugurated since the advent of the new reign, after thirteen years of wise reserve and abstention under Alexander III, was certainly not apt to earn us the esteem, let alone the sympathy, of the onlooking world, not to mention our rivals in the same field. We kept muddling along, blissfully oblivious of the fact that the immense size of our country, its teeming population steeped in ignorance, its shocking political backwardness, its apparently overshadowing military power—were alone sufficient to cause us to be looked upon with suspicion and apprehension as a potential menace to the peace and civilization of Europe.

As one of my defunct friends and colleagues used to put it:

"We represent in the European menagerie the elephant. So long as he is content to let his enormous bulk rest quietly on his powerful legs solidly planted on the ground and confines himself to meditatively swinging his trunk from side to side he is surrounded by the respectful consideration of the other animals. But let him only show signs of an intention to move, and you will see all those who know not where he will step next and who are apprehensive of being trampled under his heavy feet combine against him in a solid phalanx."

Something of the kind we experienced at the time of the Crimean War and at the Congress of Berlin. Besides, the attitude of our public opinion toward the rest of the world, such as it habitually would find expression in our press—an attitude vacillating between servile subserviency and supercilious arrogance—was not exactly calculated to raise us in the estimation of nations standing on a higher plane of culture and civilization or to attract to us the sympathies of those we presumed to look upon as clients or poor relations to be humored or bullied according to our sweet will. The real feelings toward us of the neutral nations were pretty fairly reflected in the view very generally taken of the way in which the Japanese had opened hostilities, the shafts of criticism being directed not against Japan but against us for our helpless improvidence in having suffered ourselves to be taken unawares in a matter on which practically depended the fate of the campaign.

As to the accusation brought by us against Japan of having made a sudden attack on our fleet at anchor in the outer roads of Port Arthur without having previously notified us that the rupture of diplomatic relations implied the beginning of hostilities, a distinguished English publicist made the following comment in the columns of the London Times—I quote from Brinkley's History of the Japanese People, page 712:

"Far from thinking the Japanese attack on the night of February eighth, two days after the announcement of the intention to take action, was an exception to or a deviation from tradition and precedent, we should rather count ourselves fortunate if our enemy, in the next naval war we have to wage, does not strike two days before blazoning forth his intention, instead of two days after. The tremendous and decisive results of success for the national cause are enough to break down all the restraining influences of the code of international law and Christian morality."

Without venturing to question the reasonableness of the principle established in the last paragraph, I leave it to the sagacity of the reader to determine for himself whether the application of this principle to us as to the unpopular side would have been as readily conceded if we, instead of Japan, had been the aggressors under similar circumstances.

In order to argue the pros and cons of the disputed question it will be necessary in common fairness to both sides to establish first the actual facts in the case. The facts were as follows:

On February third our fleet had left the inner harbor of Port Arthur, and after a short cruise at sea had come to anchor in the outer roadstead, prepared to go to sea again at any time. This was well known to the Japanese Government through their admirably organized and most efficient system of espionage.

These, then, were the facts the Japanese had to face.

The conclusion to be drawn therefrom could obviously only be that the viceroy, whom they knew to be a man of great intelligence, foreseeing the impending rupture and the intention of the Japanese to effect a landing somewhere on the coast of Korea or of Manchuria, was making ready to meet the Japanese fleet at sea, when its movements would be hampered by the necessity of protecting a convoy of a large number of transports with troops. If we consider now that for Japan the question of making sure from the very outset of the undisputed command of the sea was, so to speak, a question of life or death, inasmuch as on its favorable solution depended not only the issue of the war but the very possibility of beginning and carrying on a campaign on the continent, it will be seen that the Japanese Government, having decided on war, was bound to maneuver in such a way as to avoid the risk of having to fight our fleet on the high seas and so as to secure the possibility of dealing a first and decisive blow by a surprise attack on our fleet while at anchor, and therefore in a position of inferiority to a freely moving attacking force.

This was a problem which cannot be said to have been easy of solution. To proceed in the usual way and to present to our government an ultimatum—whose rejection would, of course, have been a foregone conclusion—would undoubtedly have caused the immediate putting to sea of our fleet. To proceed without further ado to such an attack without a previous rupture of diplomatic relations was undesirable because it might have been looked upon with disfavor by public opinion in neutral countries to the retention of whose good will the Japanese Government very wisely attached the greatest importance. Besides, it might have failed quite accidentally, our fleet for some reason or other having left its anchorage.

The problem therefore resolved itself into the discovery of a device by which the rupture of diplomatic relations might be announced to our government in such a way as to leave a loophole for the impression that it might be meant merely as a last effort at bringing pressure to bear with a view to hastening the conclusion of an amicable agreement, and that therefore if a peaceable outcome were really desired it would be necessary to refrain from any action capable of being interpreted in a warlike sense, such as our fleet putting to sea. In devising such a plan expectations of its success were evidently based partly on the well-known love of peace, partly on the gullibility of the negotiator on our part, who was supposed to be capable of swallowing the bait.

I leave out of account as quite immaterial the way in which the intended communication was imparted to me, since, being on the spot, I could not possibly be deceived, and the necessary steps had naturally been taken to prevent any warning from me reaching those for whom it would be intended. In pursuance of the plan devised the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, Mr. Kurino, was ordered by cable dated February fifth to address to Count Lamsdorf simultaneously two notes to the following effect:

In the first note it was stated that "finding in their efforts no prospect of securing from the imperial Russian Government an adhesion either to Japan's moderate and unselfish proposals or to any other proposals likely to establish a firm and enduring peace in the Extreme East the Imperial Government have no other alternative than to terminate the present futile negotiations. In adopting that course the Imperial Government reserve to themselves the right to take such independent action as they may deem best to consolidate and defend their menaced position, as well as to protect their established rights and legitimate interests."

In the second it was stated that "the Imperial Government of Japan having exhausted without effect every means of conciliation with a view to the removal from their relations with the Imperial Russian Government of every cause for future complications, and finding that their just representations and unselfish proposals in the interest of a firm and lasting peace in the Extreme East are not receiving the consideration which is their due, have resolved to sever their diplomatic relations with the Imperial Russian Government, which for the reason named have ceased to possess any value. In further fulfillment of the command of his Government, the Undersigned has also the honor to announce to His Excellency Count Lamsdorf that it is his intention to take his departure from St Petersburg with the staff of the Imperial Legation on the tenth instant."

The reader will observe the skillful wording of the last sentence but one of this note in announcing the Japanese Government's resolve "to sever their diplomatic relations with the Imperial Russian Government, which . . . have ceased to possess any value."

This seems to have been devised for the purpose of meeting any possible reproach of having failed to notify our government that the rupture of diplomatic relations was final and excluded the possibility of any further negotiations—that is to say, was equivalent to a declaration of the Japanese Government's intention to avail themselves then and there of the right they had reserved to themselves in their first note "to take such independent action," and so on; in other words, to proceed to military operations. On the other hand the omission in the second note of any mention of the simultaneous withdrawal of the consulates was evidently intended to convey the impression that the rupture of diplomatic relations was considered as only a temporary measure, as had it been otherwise the consular representatives would have been withdrawn at the same time as the legation.

These two notes were personally presented to Count Lamsdorf on Saturday, the sixth of February, at four P. M., as will be seen from the following telegram addressed the same day at five-fifty-seven P. M. by Mr. Kurino to Baron Komura, the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, and received by the latter the following day, the seventh of February, at five-forty-five A. M.:

In reference to your two telegrams of yesterday's date I presented to Count Lamsdorf to-day at four P. M. the notes as instructed. I shall withdraw from here with my staff and students on the tenth instant.

Having stated—I believe with fairness and impartiality—the facts and possible arguments in support of the case of Japan I must now plead for our side in the dispute and shall try to explain how it was made possible that the Japanese plan of a surprise attack on our fleet at Port Arthur could meet with a success the Japanese themselves had certainly hoped for, but could not by any means have counted on as a certainty. The facts were as follows:

As already stated above our fleet had been on February third moved out of the inner harbor of Port Arthur, an operation which required considerable time on account of the narrowness of the fairway in the only outlet to the sea; and after a short cruise had anchored in the outer roads under orders to be ready for any emergency. That the emergency contemplated could only be the sudden outbreak of war with Japan was plain enough from the fact that the viceroy was the supreme authority on the spot through whose hands passed all the official communications between the two governments, and that he therefore could not be fully aware from the turn the pending negotiations had taken that a rupture was to be expected at any moment. That it was Admiral Alexieff's intention to have our fleet go to sea immediately as soon as war had been declared, with a view to meet the Japanese fleet on the high seas, I myself am in a position to affirm.

During my two days' stay at Port Arthur in September, 1903, we had discussed this question exhaustively. Th viceroy shared my opinion that the Japanese would at once attempt to effect a landing in considerable force in Korea and most probably at some point on the west coast of the peninsula, and he told me that he would order our fleet to try to intercept and engage in battle the Japanese fleet, which would undoubtedly be found convoying the troop ships and would therefore be surprised in a strategically somewhat inferior position because of the necessity of providing for the protection of its convoy.

The viceroy's plan of action was evidently well conceived, and if it had been possible to carry it out the moment the rupture of diplomatic relations had taken place it might have turned the tables and have profoundly affected the issue of the war. What is said here is not meant to put the blame for the failure to make any attempt to carry out the viceroy's plan on Admiral Starck, who was in command of the fleet. Neither is it meant to palliate the latter's neglect to provide sufficiently for the safety of his fleet from attack by torpedo boats, though his relaxed vigilance may have been in a measure due to the same cause which, as will be shown below, prevented Admiral Alexieff from immediately ordering the fleet out to sea according to his original intention.

If now we turn to what was taking place at the same time at St. Petersburg we find that the Japanese Minister, Mr. Kurino, as appears from his above-quoted telegram, had presented—which can only mean "handed personally" to Count Lamsdorf the two notes he had been instructed to address to him. It is evident therefore that a personal interview had taken place between them on the fateful sixth of February. What had passed between them on that occasion and what further explanations, if any, had been proffered by the Japanese Minister I am unable to say, as on my return to St. Petersburg I met at the hands of Count Lamsdorf with a reception which rendered it impossible for me to question him on this or any other subject. It has, however, been asserted and generally believed that Mr. Kurino had addressed to him a private letter in which he was supposed to have said, in expressing his regret at the interruption of diplomatic relations between the two countries, that he earnestly wished and hoped for their speedy resumption.

Whether such a letter was ever written by Mr. Kurino I am unable either to affirm or to deny. All I can say is that I have never come across any documentary evidence of its existence. But it has been said that it had been mainly instrumental in confirming Count Lamsdorf in the belief that it was still possible to come to terms with Japan by ample concessions and thereby to avoid an outbreak of war. And this was said to have been the reason that prompted him to insist on categorical instructions being telegraphed to the viceroy to refrain from any act that might be interpreted as a beginning of hostilities on our part.

It was these telegraphic instructions, received by him at the same time as the announcement of the rupture of diplomatic relations, which prevented Admiral Alexieff from ordering the fleet out to sea. He might, of course, have disregarded them and followed his own plan, but then that would have meant shouldering the responsibility for having defeated in advance any attempt at renewing the negotiations which the central government seemed to consider still possible—a responsibility which a patriot conscious of our state of unpreparedness and of the very grave risk entailed in an armed conflict with Japan might justifiably have declined to assume.

The complaint put forward by Count Lamsdorf in a government communication published on receipt of the fatal news of the Port Arthur disaster that the Japanese

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Myriads of Malayan Boats Which Carry the Native Traffic on the Singapore River

TOUJOURS DE L'AUDACE

VI

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WHEN the roadster, a dwindling spot in the distance, had disappeared up Beacon Hill, Perry walked on toward his home. He had decided what he meant to do and he proceeded to the doing without delay. He was banking on the kindly heart of Mrs. Rumson. He turned into the service door under the front steps and pressed the bell there. If Arklay or Hasket answered Perry expected difficulty, but it was Mrs. Rumson who presently bustled to the door. Perry had not fully realized just how disreputable was his appearance until he saw her grimace with surprise and with disgust.

He said hurriedly:

"Please, ma'am, ain't there some little job I could do for you to earn a little bite to eat?"

She looked at him, hands on her broad hips, eyes a little doubtful.

"Are you hungry, you say?" she asked.

"Not a bite in three days," he told her ardently, and the lines about her mouth relaxed and she chuckled.

"Why is it you tramps never come round here till you've starved three days?" she asked. "I declare, it's never one or two—it's always three."

Perry, inwardly grinning, hung his head and twisted his cap in his hands and said artistically: "Takes about three days to drive a man to begging, ma'am."

"There!" she exclaimed pityingly. "I never meant to poke fun at you. Come on in. I'll give you some ham and eggs and coffee, anyway."

She led the way into the sitting room that faced the street and bade him stop there while she went on into the kitchen.

"Ain't there some little thing I can be doing?" Perry urged. "I c'n scour your kettles or beat a carpet or something."

"Wait till you've had something to eat," she told him cheerfully. She was one of those women who mother all the world. "I declare, I don't care whether you're lying about these three days or not. I can't bear to have folks hungry round me."

"I want to do something," Perry protested weakly. "I'm not a beggar, ma'am."

She laughed, calling back to him from the kitchen: "Well, if you want to do something, go wash your face and hands. There's a bathroom under the stairs in the hall—and you're a sight."

Perry went to obey her. In the mirror above the washbasin he got a fair look at his own countenance and was not surprised that neither Arklay nor Mrs. Rumson had known him. But—here was soap and water ready to his hand. There was a cabinet on the wall and he looked inside in some hope of finding a razor there, but he was disappointed in that. He had to be content with scrubbing the grime from his toil-hardened hands and making his face as presentable as his beard and the black eye would permit it to be and slicking down his hair. Even then he did not look like himself. "There's not even a resemblance," he admitted good-naturedly as he brushed his hair. "That's what a life on the ocean wave will do for a man."

But there must have been some faint resemblance, for when Mrs. Rumson came in with his breakfast she looked at him approvingly and exclaimed: "I declare, you don't look like the same man, with your face clean." And a moment later after another look at him: "Why, you know, if you was dressed up and all you'd look right like Mr. Danton upstairs!"

Perry flashed a quick glance at her, half minded to tell her that he was Perry Danton, but he was ashamed to—the very absurdity of such a tale! Besides, there were things he wanted to know which she could tell him.

He said slowly: "Mr. Danton? He live here?"

He was trying to forget his manners and wolf the viands she had provided in a way that would accord with the part he was playing.

"Yes, Mr. Perry Danton," she told him.

"I've heard about him," he said. "He's rich, ain't he?"

There was a shadow of suspicion in the woman's eyes. "Now what concern of yours is that?" she demanded.

"I saw it in the papers—that's all," Perry told her humbly.

Mrs. Rumson sniffed.

"You see a lot in the papers," she said.

He devoted himself to the ham and eggs for a space, then asked: "Didn't I read where he got hurt—hit by a car or something—'bout a month ago?"

"Hurt?" she echoed, puzzled.

"Why, yes. Seems like I saw it in the Globe."

Mrs. Rumson laughed.

"Well, you might've, but I guess it was somebody else. Mr. Danton hasn't been hurt. Land knows, he takes chances enough, the way he drives that car. But he's lucky."

"I guess it was someone else," Perry agreed.

"I guess it was."

Perry finished his breakfast.

"I don't suppose a rich man like him stays here much, does he?" he asked. "Prob'ly goes round a lot and everything."

"And why wouldn't he stay here?" she demanded, her pride of a housekeeper outraged. "Ain't he kept comfortable here and served right and all? Mr. Danton hasn't been away from this house since last summer—not a single night."

"He must like your cooking pretty well," Perry suggested ingratiatingly, and she was beginning to beam with pleasure at that when Arklay came in from the stairs that led to the upper floors. He saw Perry, recognized him at once as the vagabond who had come to the door that morning, and exclaimed: "Mrs. Rumson, did you let this man in here?"

Mrs. Rumson said: "Why shouldn't I let this man in here if I want to?"

"He's crazy!" said Arklay. "Crazy or drunk!"

"Why, he don't ——"

"Don't he say he's Mr. Danton?"

Mrs. Rumson's eyes began to widen; they grew wide and wider till Perry was alarmed for them. He got up and smiled reassuringly at her and said to Arklay: "I haven't told her."

Mrs. Rumson ejaculated: "What's that? What's that you say? What does he mean, Mr. Arklay?"

Arklay, ignoring Perry, addressed the woman.

"He presented himself at the front door this morning, Mrs. Rumson," he explained. "He demanded that I admit him and professed that he was Mr. Danton—and Mr. Danton all the time asleep in his bed upstairs."

"He come in here saying he was hungry," Mrs. Rumson muttered slowly, eyes on Perry, half to herself. "Not a word of this lie to me. He knew he didn't dare. He told me how he was hungry—how he hadn't had a bite for three days and all." She took a step toward Perry, lifting both hands, clenched tight. "You riffraff! You scum! A-trying to fool an old woman!"

Perry said quickly: "Please! It's not possible that neither of you sees that I am Perry!"

Arklay stepped quickly toward the door.

"I'll whistle for a policeman, Mrs. Rumson," he called.

Perry cried: "Wait! Where's Hasket? He'll know me!"

Arklay hesitated. Perry turned to him.

"Arklay, listen! Let me tell you a few things. I gave you fifty dollars last Christmas. I gave you twenty-five on your birthday, the twenty-second of January. I sent a hundred to your daughter when she was sick last fall. Now if I weren't Perry, how could I know all those things? Take a look at me, man! Call Hasket! He'll know me!"

Arklay stood by the door ready to run to the street at an instant's alarm, but he did not give the alarm—hesitated.

Perry stepped into the hall and shouted up the stairs: "Hasket! Oh, Hasket!"

The valet answered instantly from the floor above.

"Hello! Who wants me?"

Perry glanced at the other two.

"Don't you know my voice?" he called.

After a moment Hasket answered: "No! Why should I?" And at the same time he came to the head of the stairs and descended to join them.

"Who Called on Me in My Office on the Afternoon of the First of May, When I Was Alone With Mr. Danton?"

"Nobody Knows Me. He's Got You All Fooled—All But You, Camilla. You Know Me, Don't You?"

Mrs. Rumson cried at sight of him: "There, Mr. Hasket! This tramp! This ——"

Arklay interjected: "It's a crazy man. Claims to be Mr. Danton. He's not drunk. You could smell it on him."

Hasket looked at Perry.

"There's a wild look in his eye," he agreed. "Have you called a policeman?"

Perry laughed.

"Look here," he said earnestly, "this would be funny if it wasn't serious. This man upstairs—I don't know who he is. I saw him go out this morning. He does look like me. I was half a block away, but I could see that he does. But not enough to fool you if you look at me close—surely! Now here ——" He stepped toward a window where the light fell upon his face. "Look at me! See? You'll see your mistake."

They did look at him as though their doubts had been raised by his earnestness. But after one look, Arklay smiled and Hasket grinned and Mrs. Rumson cried angrily: "He come in here with his lies to me!"

Hasket quieted her with a gesture.

"If you are Mr. Danton, how do you come here?" he asked.

Perry cried: "There, now you're reasonable! Somebody who looks a lot like me has fooled you. He knocked me on the head, dumped me aboard a steamer for Cardiff and came up here and took my place and got away with it."

Hasket asked seriously: "If that was true, how did you get ashore? Why aren't you in Cardiff now?"

"Damn it, man," said Perry, "I went there and I'm back again! He's been in here a month while I was gone!"

"When was it you say all this happened?" Hasket persisted derisively. Perry thought for a moment, remembered it had been Camilla's birthday.

"The fifteenth of May," he said.

"You've been gone since then?"

"Yes."

He laughed and old Arklay cackled. Perry, with a curiously helpless feeling, swung from one to the other.

"Look here," he persisted, "this is no joke! Ask me some questions—something no one else but me would know! You'll see!"

Arklay and Hasket hesitated, then Hasket asked: "What did you give me a week ago last Thursday night?"

Perry exploded: "Damn it, I tell you I was in Cardiff then, or on the way back or something! Ask me something that happened before I went away—before the fifteenth of May."

Old Arklay touched Hasket's arm, beckoned Mrs. Rumson. Perry watched them, laughing at his own difficulties. This would be a joke—this was a joke—having to prove that he was himself.

Hasket addressed him: "Where is the coffee service that was in your mother's family?"

Perry nodded.

"You mean the ones that came down from the Revolution and all that?"

"Yes."

"In my safe deposit box," said Perry without hesitation. "Number 312 at the Trust Company."

Mrs. Rumson cried: "There! Of course he's a-lying! That shows it!"

Arklay went quickly and opened the door.

"I'm going to whistle," he said. "I'll get a policeman."

Hasket stopped him.

"No, Mr. Danton wouldn't want the papers full of stuff about him—stuff and lies." He turned to Perry. "You can go if you get out quick."

"But, damn it, the coffee service—it's where I said," Perry protested desperately.

Hasket shook his head.

"Mr. Danton brought it to the house on the morning of the fifteenth of May and—put it in a place that doesn't concern you."

"Mr. Danton did? I did no such thing! I ——"

Perry was still half dazed by the bewilderment of this when he found himself outside, the door closed behind him.

VII

PERRY, more or less forcibly expelled from his own house by his own servants, strolled along Beacon Street, grinning with thought. He was rather amused by his predicament than anything else. He did not take it overseriously. The house of cards which the pseudo-Perry had built up must collapse at a breath of wind. It could be at best but a frail structure, needing but the slightest stroke to overthrow it. He could not help admiring the audacity of the other man, and he was inclined to marvel, as Slim Attucks had marveled on that day of his first encounter with Camilla, at the incredible likeness that must exist between them.

"You're there, boy!" he told the pseudo-Perry under his breath. "It took nerve and you had it. It's a shame to bust you up. But ——"

He grinned.

"Wonder who he was before he was me? Maybe it wouldn't hurt any to change places with him—take his place. I'll have to look into that."

He was not conscious of the direction his steps had taken. He was walking aimlessly, thinking over what had happened, wondering just what he should do next. He went west along Beacon Street, turned south on one of the cross streets, emerged on Boylston and turned casually westward again. He had no particular plan. He was merely walking—and thinking. He did not realize his surroundings until he saw a blue-light globe—the police station. Perry looked up at this globe, chuckled, scratched his head.

"I ought to be able to get some advice in here," he told himself, and climbed the steps and went in.

As it happened the officer on the desk was Ramsey, a man whom Perry knew. That is to say, he had seen Ramsey on traffic duty at the corners, had halted before the man's majestically upraised hand, had even been summoned to court by the officer on one occasion. He wondered if Ramsey would recognize him, but his beard and his discolored eye and his unkempt garments were more than a sufficient disguise. Ramsey merely looked at him over suspicious glasses.

Perry said: "Morning, Ramsey."

Ramsey grunted, continued to inspect him and waited for Perry to go on.

"I'm looking for advice," Perry told him.

"That's a new one," Ramsey said. "What're you going to do with it? Eat it?"

"I haven't had a bite for three days," Perry whined, and grinned. Ramsey scowled as though he disapproved of levity.

"Beat it!" he suggested.

"You see," Perry explained mildly, leaning an elbow on his desk, "you see, it's like this. I would propound a hypothetical question to you, Ramsey, my friend."

"I ain't got the time," said Ramsey. "The last one of them that I heard took three days of court to ask and one word to answer. I ain't got time to listen to the question. But I'll risk the answer. Call it 'No' and beat it out o' here before I invite you in."

"Suppose," Perry insisted cheerfully, "suppose, Ramsey, you came back from your day off and found a man on duty in your place who looked like you, who said he was you and whom everyone else accepted as being you. What would you do, Ramsey?"

"Cut out the bull!" Ramsey told him.

"What would you do?"

"I'd knock his block off!" said the policeman. "Now get out!"

"Ah," said Perry, "that is one of the privileges of your profession. Now if I were to follow your advice you'd run me in."

"I ain't handing out advice. I'm telling you what I'd do."

"Well," Perry suggested, "besides knocking his block off, what would you do?"

Ramsey stared at Perry truculently. He leaned forward with a measure of ostentation and sniffed Perry's breath.

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THE GORGEOUS GIRL

VIII

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE day of Mrs. Faithful's funeral was the day Beatrice O'Valley had arranged to introduce Trudy Vondeplosshe to her bridge club, the members of which were keen to see Gay's wife in order to prove whether or not Bea's report concerning her was correct—that she was a clever young person quite capable of taking care of both her own and Gay's futures.

Beatrice particularly looked forward to the afternoon. Introducing Trudy served as an attraction, and besides the hostess had telephoned her that she had just received a box of Russian sweetmeats—made by a refugee who was starting life anew in New York—and two barrels of china, each barrel containing but three plates and each plate being valued at six hundred dollars. Furthermore, Beatrice was wearing an afternoon costume that would demand no small share of attention, and there was the additional joy of dazzling Trudy by her tapestry-lined winter car. So when Steve reminded her in a matter-of-fact way that the funeral services for Mrs. Faithful were to be at three she stared in amazement.

"My dear boy, I am very sorry your secretary's muzzy has died—but I cannot change my plans. I accepted for both Trudy Vondeplosshe and myself more than a week ago."

Steve wondered if he had heard correctly. "You don't imagine for an instant that Trudy will not go? She boarded there; they did everything for her."

Beatrice shrugged her shoulders. "She was phoning me before lunch and is all agog with excitement. Poor little thing, it means a lot to her. She will be ready at three and I am to call for her."

"I don't think she understands the funeral is to-day. I know she is heartless and shallow, but even she would scarcely omit such a duty."

Beatrice gave a long sigh. "Dear me, you ought to have been an evangelist. I can't understand why you suddenly become punctilious and altruistic. For years you never did anything but try to make money and wonder if I would marry you—you never cared who was dead or what happened so long as you were secure."

"Quite true. But I have made a fortune and married you, and it is time for other things."

"You are welcome to them," she said, enjoying the argument. "Besides, I sent my card with the flowers."

"It isn't the same as going yourself; it is your duty to go, Bea. The girl has taken the brunt of business while we played and she has only the reward of a salary. Her mother has died, which means that her home is gone. I call it thick to choose a bridge party instead of paying a humane debt."

"Why am I dragged into it? She isn't working for me! Papa never asked me to go when any of his people had relatives who died. I don't think he ever went himself unless there was a claim to be adjusted."

"I shouldn't ask it if it were anyone else—but Mary Faithful is different—quite different."

"You are rather ardent in your defense of her. Be sensible, Steve. What does it matter whether I go or don't go? I think it quite enough if you appear. Now if she were in need of actual money ——"

"Oh, certainly!" he said bitterly. "That would give you the chance to play off Lady Bountiful, drive up in state with your check book and accept figurative kisses on the hand! But when a plain American business girl who has served me more loyally than she has herself loses her mother you won't be a few moments late at a bridge party in order to pay her the respect employers should pay their employees. I don't blame Trudy—I expect nothing of her—but I do blame you."

"So my plans are to be set aside ——?"

"Plans!" he interrupted. "If someone else were to tell you they had an East Indian yogi who was going to give a séance this very afternoon you would hotfoot it to the telephone to inform Trudy that you must break your engagement with her, and send word to your original hostess as well. That is about all your plans amount to."

Beatrice's eyes had grown slanting, shining with rage. "I wish you would remember you are speaking to your wife and not to an employee. I would not go to that funeral now if it meant—if it meant a divorce." She pushed her chair back from the table—they were at luncheon—and stood up indignantly.

Looking at her in her gay light chiffon with its traceries of gold Steve wondered vaguely whether or not he had been wrong in selecting his goal, whether he would ever be able really to understand this Gorgeous Girl now that she belonged to him or would discover there was nothing much to understand about her, that it could all be summed up in the statement that her father by denying her a chance at development had stunted the growth of her ability and her character into raggle-taggle weeds of self-indulgence and willful temper.

"I shall not ask you to go with me," he knew he answered. It is quite as terrifying to find that one's goal has been wrongly chosen and ethically unsound as to find a boyhood dream merging into gorgeous reality.

Beatrice swept out of the room. Steve made an elaborate pretense of finishing his meal. Then he went into the drawing-room in search of a newspaper. He came upon Beatrice sitting on a floor cushion, completely absorbed in feeding Monster some bonbons.

"Have you been at her house?" she said, curiosity overcoming the pique.

"Yes. Where is that paper? I dropped it in this chair when I came in for luncheon."

"I had it taken away. I abominate newspapers in a drawing-room—or muddy shoes," she added, looking at his own. "What did she say? What sort of house is it?" Steve stared at her in bewilderment.

"What the devil difference does it make to you?" he demanded roughly.

She gave a little scream. "Don't you dare say such things to me." Then she began to cry very prettily in a singsong, high-pitched voice: "Monster—nobody loves us—nobody loves us—we can't have a merry Christmas after all."

"I shan't be home for dinner," Steve added more politely, "Miss Faithful's absence just now makes things quite rushed—I'll work until late."

Beatrice sprang up, letting Monster scramble unheeded to the floor. "Oh, so you are trying to punish me!"—pretending mock horror. "Stevuns dear, don't mind my not going! Plans are plans, you must learn to understand. And I'll send her a lovely black waist and a plum pudding for her Christmas. Tell her I was laid up with one of my bad heads. . . . No? You won't let me fib? Horrid old thing—come and kiss me! . . . Ah, you never refuse to kiss me, nice cave man with bad manners and muddy shoes, wanting to thump his strong dear fists on my little Chippendale tables—and grow so good and booky when he wants to. Forgets he was ever a bad pirate and robbed everyone until he could buy his Gorgeous Girl. Good-by, storybook man, don't let the old funeral frazzle you!"

Steve left the house, undecided whether he was taking things too seriously and ought to apologize for being rude to Beatrice or whether his intuitive impression was correct—that Beatrice was not the sort of person he had imagined but that he, per se, was to blame in the matter.

Steve chose to take a street car to the Faithful house. He shrank from creating the atmosphere of a generous and overbearing magnate whose chauffeur opened the door of his machine and waited for him to step majestically upon terra firma. He felt merely like a sympathetic friend, for some reason, as he walked the three blocks from the street car through slush and ice, and realized that Mary Faithful trudged back and forth this same pathway twice a day.

Unexpectedly he met Mary at the door, rather white-faced and grayer of eyes than usual, but the same sensible Mary who did not believe in any of the customary agonies of grieving proper, as she afterward told him. The old house had not assumed a funereal air. There were flowers on the tables and the cheery fire crackled in the grate, and even the face of the dead woman seemed more content and optimistic than it had ever been in life.

Steve was not expected to go to the cemetery so he trudged back through the same slush to the street car. A fish-market doorway proved a haven during a long wait. He lounged idly against the doorway as if he were an unemployed person casting about for new fields of endeavor instead of the rushed young Midas whose office phone was ringing incessantly.

He was thinking about Mary Faithful's pleasant manner, the atmosphere of the old-fashioned house, where there was no effort to be smart or gorgeous or to conceal its shabbiness. He hoped Mary would return to the office within the next few days. He wanted her more than he wanted anyone else, but he told himself this was because he was selfish and she was a capable machine. No, that was not it, he decided a moment later as he looked in at the activities of the fish market with passing interest.

Mary no longer seemed a mere machine but a remarkable woman, a womanly woman too. He liked the old house with its atrocious horsehair sofa and chair tidies and the Rogers group in the front bay window. The fire had been so elemental and soothing, so were the

"I Loved and Do Love Someone Very Much Who Never Did and Never Will Love Me"

For Everyday Living Beatrice Preferred Her Own Pet Robins and Angel-Ducks, as She Called the Boys of the Younger Set, Who Flocked to Flirt With Her

pots of flowers, the shabby piano and even more shabby books. One could rest there, distributing whole flocks of newspapers where he would. The death awe had not been permitted to take a paramount place. How lucky Luke was to have such a sister.

Mary was about Beatrice's age. At thirteen she had begun to earn her own living. At thirteen Beatrice had had a pony cart, a governess, a multitude of frocks, her midwinter trip to New York, where she saw all the musical comedies and gorged on chocolates and pastry.

The upshot of it was that Steve decided to call on Mary the following afternoon; it was only courtesy, he told himself by way of an excuse. He wanted to talk to her—not of business but of life, of the shabby old house. Outwardly he wanted to ask if he might help her and what her plans were, but in reality he wanted her to help him. He no longer felt displeased that Beatrice had not come with him; he felt positive Mary would understand, that she would dismiss Trudy's slight with proper scorn. Beatrice would have insisted upon arriving in state. By this time the bridge club with its Russian sweetmeats, its six-hundred-dollar china plates, the new afternoon frock and the spoofing of Trudy must be well under way!

The fish market was not doing a land-office business. Stray purchasers approached and halted before the cashier's cage. Steve began watching them. Suddenly he became aware of the gorgeous young woman presiding behind the wire cage, reluctantly pushing out change and accepting slips, completely preoccupied by her own thoughts, while a copy of the High Blood Pressure Weekly lay at one side. What attracted Steve was the horrible similarity between this young person and his own wife! She had the same fluffed, frizzled hair and a gay light chiffon frock with cheap gold trimmings. Though it was December the toothpick point of a white-kid slipper protruded from the cage. An imitation Egyptian necklace called attention to the thin powdered throat. The cashier was altogether a clever copy of Beatrice's general appearance. She had the same tiny nondescript features and indolent expression in her eyes; she was most superior in her fashion of dealing with the customers, never deigning to speak or be spoken to. As soon as she espied Steve, however, she smiled an invitation to enter and become owner of half a whitefish or so.

Then the car came and he leaped aboard. It seemed unbearable that a counterpart of Beatrice O'Valley was making change at Sullivan's Fish Market—but more unbearable to realize that women in the position of Beatrice O'Valley dressed and rouged—and acted very often—in such a fashion that women in the position of Trudy and this cashier queen sought industriously to imitate them.

Luke showed his grief in the normal manner of any half-grown true-blue lad, singularly thoughtful of his sister's wishes, and mentioning everyone and everything except their mother and her death.

"We won't give up having a home," Mary told him the night of the funeral; "we'll move into a smaller place so I can take care of it."

"I guess I'll work pretty hard at school," was all he answered.

"Of course you will. I'm proud of you now, and if you work and show you deserve it I'll help you through college."

Luke shook his head. "Takes too long before I could get to earning real money. You ought to have it easy pretty soon."

"I love my work. Besides, you will live your own life and so you must grow up and love someone and marry her. I can't depend on anyone but myself," she added a little bitterly.

Luke stared into the fire. Perhaps this tousle-haired freckle-faced boy surmised his sister's love story. If so no one—least of all his sister—should ever hear of the facts from his lips.

"I'm never going to get married. I want to make a lot of money like Mr. O'Valley did—quick. Then we'll go and live in Europe and maybe I'll get a steam yacht and we'll hunt for buried treasure," he could not refrain from adding.

"All right, dear. Just work hard for now and be my pal; we'll let the future take care of itself. Another thing—we want to have as merry a Christmas as if mother were with us. It's the only thing to do or else we'll find ourselves morbid and unable to keep going."

Shamed tears were stoically refused entrance into Luke's blue eyes. "I guess I'll buy you a silver-backed comb and brush. I got some extra money."

"Oh, Luke—dear!" Mary made the fatal error of trying to hug him. He wriggled away.

"Trudy never came near us," he said sternly.

Mary was silent.

"But Mr. O'Valley came like a regular "

"Don't you think you ought to get to bed?" Mary changed the subject. "Sleep in the room next to mine if you like."

"When are you coming upstairs?"

"Soon. I want to look over the letters."

Luke rose and pretended a nonchalant stretching. "Are you going to the office right away?"

"Not until New Year's."

Something in the tired way she spoke evoked Luke's pity and sent him away to smother his boy-man's grief by promises of a glorious future in which his sister should live in the lap of luxury.

With its customary shock death had for the time being given Mary a false estimate of her mother and herself, the usual neurasthenic experience people undergo at such a time. It seemed, as she sat alone by the fire, that she must have been a strangely selfish and ungrateful child who misunderstood, neglected and underestimated her mother, and she would be forced to live with reproachful memories the rest of her days. Each difference of opinion—and there had been little else—which had risen between them was magnified into brutal injustice on Mary's part and righteous indignation on her mother's. This state of mind would find a proper readjustment in time but that did not comfort Mary at the present moment. Her mother was dead, and when a mother is gone so is the home unless someone bravely slips into the absent one's place without delay and assumes its responsibilities and credits. For Luke's sake this was what Mary had resolved to do.

As she could not sleep she rummaged in a cabinet containing old letters and mementos, which added fuel to her self-reproach and misery. She had borne up until now. Mary had always been the sort who could meet a crisis. Reaction had set in and she felt weak and faulty, longing for a strong shoulder upon which to cry and be forgiven for her imagined shortcomings. As she read yellowed letters of bygone days and lives, finding the record of a baby sister who had lived only a few days and of whom she had been in ignorance, a scrap of her mother's wedding gown, old tintypes—she realized that her family was no more and that everyone needed a family, a group of related persons whose interests, arguments, events and achievements are of particular benefit and importance each to the other and who unconsciously challenge the world, no matter what secret disagreements there may

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 10, 1920

What Do They Mean?

AN EMINENT labor leader whose utterances usually command respect recently lamented in a public speech that the perfection of modern machinery has largely obviated the necessity for any great skill on the part of artisans in mechanical trades. This, he went on to argue, deprives workmen of opportunity for self-expression.

Though stated in all sincerity the labor man's half truth was misleading, for one of the longest forward strides made by modern industry—one which benefits worker and drone alike—would have been impossible had not years of persistent effort wrested both from workman and employer the exercise of individual choice in the gauge, pattern and design of their output.

To illustrate: Suppose that electric lighting had been in use in Italy four hundred years ago. The metal workers of that land and time were among the most skillful and imaginative that the world has ever known. Had the artificers of the period devoted themselves to the making of electrical fixtures a large proportion of them would have been things of beauty. Those that Benvenuto wrought in gold or silver for ducal palaces would still be guarded treasures of museums. Cupids, doves, garlands, torches and all the heroes of Homer, all the divinities of a Greek fairyland would have adorned them. All would have been different and most would have been costly—far beyond the reach of the poor—but each would have been a medium for self-expression.

To-day this particular form of self-expression has been for the most part crowded out, not solely by the perfection of machinery, not at all by capital and the wage system, but by that great cheapener of manufactured goods, the tendency toward standardization. The results: An electric-light bulb bought in any shop in Portland, Maine, will fit the sockets in any house in Portland, Oregon; a few thousand workmen have been deprived of the joy of making bulbs with square or triangular butts, of the size their fancy dictates, for the convenience of many millions who have no time to shop about seeking happy coincidence in the form of a box of lamps they can take home and put into instant use.

If the term "self-expression" should suddenly decease, the vocabulary of platform patter would go into mourning for a year. As commonly used it is one of those catchwords that are so popular because they are so hackneyed, so slick with use, that the hardiest heckler has not the audacity to ask the speaker precisely what he means by them. Satisfying and mouth-filling, it falls from the lips of uplifters with an air of authority that is rarely challenged. The labor leader used it with far more sensible and specific meaning than it usually conveys.

But is it true that machinery and standardization have deprived the makers of things of every last vestige of the power to express themselves? A plain citizen might suppose that a machinist could express his urge to labor by a large output; his pride of work by close and careful machining; his ambition by fitting himself for the foreman's job; and so on. After the whistle blows what perfection of machinery is to prevent him from expressing all the beatitudes and all the virtues in his treatment of wife, children and neighbors? What mechanical cunning can prevent godliness; or what standard thread or taper makes cleanness of life impossible?

Thus reasons the plain citizen, while the uplifter regards him with scorn. This is not what the uplifter means by "self-expression"—not by a long shot. Indeed he scarcely knows what he does mean. Possibly he has in the back of his head the rarer and loftier forms of expression. Perhaps he blames our industrial system instead of our Creator because the average union stonecutter cannot express himself with the power and the beauty of Michelangelo; or a capitalistic press rather than a wise Deity because overworked reporters cannot write of murders as Shakspere wrote of Duncan's; or the constitution of matter because an ocean cannot be poured from a pint flask. His real grievance—if he only knew it—is that that which does not exist in mind or heart, in thought or feeling, cannot be sublimely bodied forth.

Wayward sister to "self-expression" is that other mystery-phrase, "the larger life." This has not the slightest relation to what a plain citizen might suppose. It has nothing to do with a broader outlook resulting from quickened intelligence, more thorough education or enlarged opportunities for self-improvement. Ah, no. It appears to be concerned almost exclusively with liberty to do with impunity things which in really civilized countries one would go to jail for. In a general way it hints at sanctioning free love, under its softer names, and would gladly declare a perpetual open season on creditors and mothers-in-law; but as each advocate of the larger life has his own personal and unstandardized ideas of it no really authoritative definition can be given.

Except for its brutality there is no more wholesome and amusing sport than cornering an uplifter or limousine radical in a locked room and making him explain his catch phrases, one by one, in plain and literal English.

Much Ado About Reds

DURING the campaign of 1900 William J. Bryan—then, as previously and subsequently, a candidate for President—told a story to make point for his opposition to imperialism, including the retention of the Philippines and other insular possessions that came to us after the war with Spain.

A train came past a country railroad station, neither stopping nor hesitating. A dog that was loitering on the station platform started after the train and pursued it madly with much barking down the track. A loafer laughed loudly. "Whatcha laffin' at?" asked a bystander. "I wuz wonderin'," replied the laugher, "what that dog's goin' t' do with that train when he catches it."

The story has new point at the moment when applied to these spectacular raids on reds that have been made from time to time. Recent testimony shows that of the large number of reds taken in Seattle six months ago and brought to New York for deportation only seven really have been deported, and many of the rest have been liberated in New York. Since then there have been other and further raids, and arrests of many hundreds of suspects. It is to be hoped that a larger proportion of these will be shipped back to where they came from.

Deportation is not the remedy apparently, until there is a deportation law provided that will deport. With reds, as with many others of our national troubles, we rush madly down the track, barking furiously, and when we catch the reds we do not know what to do with them. One of our tribulations may be red foreigners, but a far greater affliction is red tape.

A Needed Amendment

INASMUCH as amendments to the Constitution seem to be all the rage at present a suggestion for an amendment that recent events have shown would be useful may not be unseemly.

There should be proposed, seconded, adopted and embalmed in the revered covenant of our liberties that caused so much controversy among the fathers the following additional safeguard for those liberties: "No member of a presidential cabinet shall become a candidate for the office of President during his tenure of office as member of said cabinet." Or words to that definite effect.

The main object of such an amendment, of course, is to save the cabineteer from embarrassment in dealing with problems wherein there may be kick-backs that will affect adversely his search for delegates; such as the opposition of labor if he decides for capital or the opposition of capital if he decides for labor.

Counting Made Easy

WE ARE informed that our friends, the field sportsmen, viewing with alarm the rapid decrease of shotgunnen-futter, are contemplating radical action in remedy. They propose to make a census of the remaining American game. We are to know not only how many devastating hawks and crows and pelicans and cats and kingfishers we have, but also how many bobwhite quail and ruffed grouse and rabbits and squirrels and sparrows and meadow larks.

It is an excellent idea, and one not without precedent. It will be recalled that certain bureaus of the National Government united a couple of years ago in making a count of the Yellowstone elk. The elk were decreasing, and cows and sheep were increasing round them. Obviously the way to save the elk was to count them; and therefore they were gravely counted. We believe that the result was very satisfactory to all parties concerned, except possibly the elk themselves. The cows and sheep might thereafter increase, the elk thereafter might decrease; but we had done our duty. We had counted the game.

We beg leave to point out to our friends in the Department of Agriculture that their count was made too soon and under difficulties which might have been avoided. Not so irreverent as to doubt the accuracy of a count of certain thousands of live elk on the hoof, we must insist that the count could have been much more easily and accurately made had the Government waited until the elk were dead. A dead elk piled up on the station platform is so much more apt to hold still while he is being counted.

Two thousand elk, dead ones, were counted at Gardiner Station, Montana, at the north edge of Yellowstone Park, during one month of the fall of 1919, when a premature snowstorm had driven them out of the high range. The Montana season is made long, so that every settler can get his elk.

All along that line—a line of forced and unnatural migration—the sound of rifle fire was continuous for weeks. At this writing the full tale of the killing is not yet done. But surely two thousand elk already counted are enough to clinch our argument that our census takers should have waited. They will not need to wait long now before they can get the exact count of the elk.

Of course if this country really cares to save the last elk herd there is just one way in which it can be done: The Greater Yellowstone Park extension must go south as far as the Buffalo Fork in the Jackson's Hole country. This would partially provide winter range if the domestic animals were cleared out sufficiently to leave grass for the elk. This extension alone would not be enough. Additional range must come out of some future adjustment of the balance between the domestic animals and game. We can raise domestic animals elsewhere, but we cannot raise elk elsewhere in any numbers. It is a problem in horse sense, and requires no watchmaking mind for understanding.

Bear Knob

By Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

Now Himself Was Walking Round His Mate as She Mended and Mothered the Grief of the Cub

CARVER the young Englishman of the forest reserve, whose experience with the deadly karait has been told, was returned by his department to the mountain station above Carlin's bungalow near Murree. He was given a native deputy, who occupied Beattie's little cabin across the summit. Carver was rather slow rounding-to after the tragedy and had been permitted for several weeks to remain below for week-ends at the Deal bungalow. Skag's work among the wild animals had become intensely interesting to him. It had been the wedge of their acquaintance on the top rock that first day when they discussed the little venomed one together. The Englishman had never particularly developed his latent knowledge of animal lore, but unquestionably had a way with the little creatures which fascinated the American more than any hunter's prowess. Skag walked up the path one early morning and joined Carver at the karait's rock before it was warmed in the sun.

"The little beggars took themselves off after Beattie and their mother had it out together," Carver explained.

He spoke lightly enough, but the death of his senior officer had dug into the very center of his vitality, so that it was almost a miracle that he fully regained his faculties again. Even now he had a way of looking off into the distance when left alone too long that had warned Carlin of his need for companionship. So Skag stood by closely but unobtrusively, joining him up at the station at least one day in the midweek.

"And you haven't seen the baby karaits since the mother left them?" he was saying.

"Not a wiggle."

"And what about the rest of the outfit?"

"You mean her mate?" Carver asked.

"Yes."

"Never was here," Carver remarked. "Away on foreign business. Off and on for eighteen months I saw her. Twice she hatched a handful of little blue eggs, and presently you'd see the young fiends following her round. She would open her throat for them to leap into if I went too near. But I never saw their father."

For a long time the two men looked away across the valley to the slopes of the great mountain that commanded the eye from almost any position in Murree and vicinity. The midslopes were mainly a tight weave of green, broken by occasional great forest trees. The crags began farther toward the summit.

Carver spoke:

"If you watch long enough you will see bear—black bear—in that big brown patch where the grade is easy."

He pointed across the valley to a spot on the great mountain slightly below their present eminence. The easy grade that he spoke of was like a big knob on the mountain side.

Its upper surface looked as if it had been burned or trampled recently.

Skag settled himself comfortably, as if to say his fault was rarely in not looking long enough for an object, but Carver observed that it was his experience that the bears only appeared afternoons.

"How far is it over there to the knob?" the American asked.

"Nine or ten miles air-line."

"And the paths?"

"We keep them open after a fashion. I'm supposed to ride over there once a fortnight."

"A full day's ride?" Skag questioned.

"Yes, and another to get back," Carver replied.

"You say a horse can handle himself up and beyond the bear knob?"

The other nodded.

"I'm expecting a horse in a few days. Inn Deal has an Arab he wants me to use. We're staying in Murree three months longer. I never really got acquainted with bears—even in captivity."

Carver relished the possibility of an excursion and set himself to prevent Skag's interest suffering from neglect.

"That knob has been the summer place for one family of bears for a generation, according to the natives. They say that the old sire is losing his morals—that the mother can't live with him in cub time. For three or four seasons, the natives say, there have been two young in the family—then presently one is missing. The old girl has managed to raise only one for three seasons."

"Does the male destroy the other one?"

"Evidence circumstantial." Carver said whimsically. "I'm telling you how it looks to the natives and from this distance across the valley. I'm their nearest white neighbor, you understand."

"The mother must have her work pretty well cut out to save one cub, if the old one is really ugly."

"A native young man studying for the Christian ministry informed me seriously that the father bear was an unnatural parent. We really need to look into the matter."

They watched the distant knob for a long time as they talked without a movement being noted there. Skag started down the path toward Murree, saying: "A real investigation calls for a close-up anyway. But tell me, could one use a dog on a trip like this?"

"An objectionable dog," Carver answered. "Certainly not Nels."

"Why?"

"No dog would stand a show with a full-grown black bear of the Hills. I'd hate to see a man-dog like Nels hugged to death by a cub-killer."

Among the various things to ride on the face of the earth Skag had tried many. He had done real camel service—days of travel from dawn to dusk, days that forgot themselves in more days. You don't know what a camel is from a ride or two. Everything in a man, even the structure of his being, hates and cries out against the camel-thing in a period between the first few sittings, while the novelty lasts, and the real adjustment which requires weeks of caravan life. A man has to be born again, at least to be made over on the outside, to strike the rhythm for a long caravan stretch. The camel smell dies out from sheer familiarity; camel sounds cease to be heard because they have worn the delicacy off the eardrum through repetition. A sort of soft insanity takes the body and mind of a white

man before he is camel-broke. Nothing in reason could ever give to the lurch or parry the pitch of the camel stride.

And Skag had been present on a racing elephant. It is hard to urge the usual captive *hathi* up into his real speed, but in certain cases it can be done. Gunpath Rao had actually run with Skag in his howdah. It had taken the marvelous young prince of the Hurdah stockades nearly twenty-four hours to get his gears to high speed, but in that final rousing the result was so fast that anything but an elephant or a locomotive would have left the ground for more than safety intervals. The tendency is markedly to rise in velocity like that.

Days with the circus had not permitted Skag to miss many experiences in the way of sitting creatures even partially designed to carry men and boys—mules, llamas, zebras, even a boy-loving old bull moose. And yet one of the real external joys of his life was to step into the saddle of the black Arab Ian Deal had sent.

In that first half hour in the mountains he knew what riding really meant. The Arab squared his shoulders when warmed to full trot on a straight stretch of road, arched his neck and folded up and under his front hoofs with a rhythm and power that filled the man with exultation and broke a seal somewhere in his chest, letting in more life.

Three or four miles away on the rolling roads he had a clearer sense than ever before what life meant—the joy of it—of what life might be made, and the great pulsing zest of physical well-being. The heat and magnetism surged up to him from under the saddle and from the mane and shoulders. It was like the dance. He knew that the mount loved it as he did and was changing great drafts of cool mountain air into bridled action but unbridled joy.

"I have ridden always," he told Carlin as he came out from the bath a little later—"ridden many mounts not half so bad, but I never quite knew what a horse could be until to-day. Why, Carlin, I couldn't let the groom take care of him when we came in. I had to rub him down myself, and this Arab prince seemed aware that it was a privilege."

She sat down, not laughing aloud, but smiling as if trying to hold him in his present joy and not break in upon further words.

He was riding with Carver along the narrow, tangled, winding paths on the way up toward bear knob. They carried blanket rolls, saddlebags well stocked and grain for a sparse three days' feeding. The grade was easier than it appeared from the lesser summit across the valley. There were aisles between the great deodars where the shade was so dense that there was little or no small growth below. They would halt from the sheer joy of the silence and say nothing to each other, after the manner of men; halt in that cathedral dimness until the spell was broken by a bird song, every vibration of every note clear as an etching. In one of these colonnades of majestic trees Carver stopped at length.

"There's no better place for a camp than this," he said. "The bear knob is directly above. We can't leave the horses any nearer their premises."

"You spoke of a spring," Skag said.

"Just a little ahead in a tangle of vines. We're near enough with the horses. You see, the bears come down to drink."

They picketed, then did some steep bits of climbing among the crags to reach the knob. That which had looked like a tiny kitchen garden from across the valley was now before their eyes, a sunburned, semiopen stretch of several acres. Rock was very close to the surface, many bowlders jutting through. Trees were sparse and low because of the shallow soil. Thickets and berry bushes skirted the edges of the open area, and among the great rock piles in the center were many possibilities for natural dens.

After three hours in a screened thicket that commanded the main surface of the knob, Carver slowly reached for his right ankle and drew it out from under him, using both hands. He placed the long leg straight on the ground in front and went after the other. With pained face he waited for the blood to flow into the sleeping members. Then he drew out his watch and held it to Skag, pointing with impressive finger at the hours that had passed.

Skag smiled. The sunlight was in and through him. His eyelids were lowered a trifle sleepily, but that hardly expressed the look of them. The eyes themselves were different—their look somehow out of physical focus, the pupil dilated slightly, as if centered upon a film or shadow too faint for the optic nerve quite to delineate. Carver had changed his position twenty times; Skag not more than once an hour. Moreover he had not been conscious of strain, and Carver was exhausted.

"You can have 'em," he whispered monotonously. "Why, I'd rather have a stroll down on the mountain side than a whole pageant of bears! I'd rather have a cigarette than a three-ringed circus of assorted bears. Also I need tea—strong, red, unboiled tea, made of soft spring water—more than any essential knowledge or revelation about High Hill bears."

Skag held his smile. The other slid himself back out of sight.

Creatures of the wild move in mysterious ways. It was past midafternoon and fully an hour after Carver left before the den of rocks gave forth any life. There was a moment when a certain shadowed entrance was empty, and the next it was filled. There was a field of sun glare between Skag's eyes and the blotch of shadow which had become darker and was now taking form.

The old dame was standing there. Skag's mind must have rejected the image at first because of the long waiting. But certainly she was standing there now in thin faded coat and full late-summer fatness. Then she sat. It was easy for her. She quietly rolled back like a rag doll with a head of cotton stuffing and a body which concealed a billiard ball. She didn't even rock, but the little chap had to roll over and shake himself to be sure he was all out of the den after squeezing past her in the doorway.

There was an interval in silence while the cub further tried himself out in front and his mother with folded hands surveyed the remains of the day. Then suddenly she was bowled over from behind—completely sprawled and walked on—and now standing in front of her and towering over her son was Himself. Life was very real and blithe to Skag, watching in the thicket not more than seventy yards away.

In the next two hours the two grown bears fed from the fringes of thicket on the knob. There were berries and

(Concluded on Page 32)

The Two Emerged Together Into the Area Side by Side, Crossing Toward the Mother, Still Quietly Feeding Across the Knob

"Sorry I must rout you, Mr. Ox
But something you've about you, Mr. Ox
Is wanted at our party
To make it extra hearty
We cannot do without you, Mr. Ox."

Don't miss this tempting treat

One chief benefit of good soup is in having it fit the meal and the occasion.

When you want an especially hearty and tempting feature, at the beginning of your menu, don't overlook Campbell's Ox Tail Soup.

There is nothing more acceptable and satisfying.

The marrowy sliced joints and rich nourishing broth are blended with tender diced carrots, sweet yellow turnips, a purée made from whole tomatoes, celery, parsley and plenty of strength-giving barley.

We add a slight touch of leek and onion, choice spices and just enough flavoring to make it "delicious".

And that is what you are sure to say.

21 kinds 15c a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Concluded from Page 30)

bark and various podded seeds, which is garden truck for the big slow-feeding hibernators—hours of sniffing and threshing and pawing over to make a meal. Meanwhile the baby had no such trouble. He was warm fed before emerging from the den. This was still his mother's affair anyway. All the shift he had to make for himself was in the spirit of exploration and discovery. He found the world enticing from all angles and hadn't any particular use for alarm. That was left to the elders also.

He became infested with briers and squealed for his mother to come. She combed and carded him patiently enough until he did it again. Then she stood him on his head and thumped. Presently he sat down on his elbows and pawed into a decayed log. When he was tired with one little padded mit he tried the other. It was some distance from Skag's screen, but the man now sensed what the end would be.

Red ants! They were doubtless swarming over the little chap before his absorption was broken. It would take some time for them to penetrate his inner coat, but penetrating is what red ants do best.

The little bear sat up and screwed his head round as if listening to himself. Then he stretched high on all claws looking back at different angles. The red ants had penetrated. They were connecting with pure tender cub meat at the roots of a thousand hairs. One small son became so intensely occupied with himself that for a moment he forgot to make sounds. Never before in all his interesting life had so many things been the matter with him at once. He got a sort of head spin working and out of the dusty shine of it Skag presently heard his screams.

At this point the mother bear crossed the knob.

Moreover she came with purpose. She appeared to interpret the trouble from the nature of the screams. Past doubt she knew that log.

There are heroic treatments for Himalayan red ants. A gas tank is good, or a leap from a pier. Not having these at hand, the mother first of all broke the head spin and snatched the small one from the ant city and environs. Then she puddled and pestled him for many minutes in deep dust and took him to her heart.

"Carlin would appreciate that," Skag muttered softly, letting out a long breath.

Now Himself was walking round his mate as she mended and mothered the grief of the cub. From a distance he appeared actually concerned and attentive, but Skag had seen him emerge from the den over her body—she taking the count after his wallop from behind. Also he had not put out of mind the bad record concerning this parent which Carver had taken from the natives—the missing cubs and the gossip that involved extended estrangements between him and his mistress. Yet she seemed to hold no grudge against him now nor any alarm.

This mystery deepened. She plumped the infant down and went about her feeding. The little chap grieved a bit, finding himself alone, and scratched himself resentfully from various rests. But presently the broad sun-bright world took him again and he set out for a long walk this time straight in Skag's direction.

He couldn't have been more than three months old. He was very black and round and perfect—still a soft one, in baby teeth and baby fuzz—so perfectly healthy that neither dirt nor grief could long adhere. He merely took the essence of his adventures, shedding the bumps and messes with a kind of winged ease—the plan of the universe being for joy, as he read it. Every passing wind fluffed and groomed him. Only occasionally, he stopped to scratch, trying a new method.

On he came in increasing delight in himself, alternating two and four feet, and very friendly with the ground. And now his figure was lost in the bushes not forty feet away from Skag's screen. The man's eyes were called presently across the knob to where one of the large bears was standing, head and shoulders above the small growth on that side. The great head moved slowly round, plainly searching the open for the little one. This was the old male evincing sudden concern for the cub.

Slowly and one-pointedly he crossed the area more or less in the small steps of the straying one. The point to Skag just now was how near the old one would come to him before finding the cub. Across the knob he saw the mother bear rise to her haunches. She could not have missed the purpose of her lord. Apparently she approved of it, for she dropped down and quietly resumed her feeding.

This to Skag was extraordinary, but he was by no means so occupied in the tension of the predicament as not to take a good look at the sire as he approached. Large, rotund, but with beaming countenance, as utterly far from anything malignant in appearance as a sun-bear toy. There was something of the aspect of an old doctor about him, one who had done so many good things for people for so many years as actually to have forgotten any other way to live.

The baby bear was very close, and his father might be expected to sense an intrusion before he reached the cub. Skag held himself quietly in hand, not moving a muscle, putting away the panic impulses of the mind one after another. The big bear halted at the edge of the thicket, sniffed, his manner changing to a sort of puzzled concern, but not in the least aggressive. There were low sounds in his throat, but far from growls. His son heard them, but this hedged-thicket life was quite as absorbing as outside. He was not in the least minded to go without force. The other sniffed querulously and plunged in. There was a squeal, but not from pain; rather the plaint of one dragged away from delightful activity. The two emerged together into the area side by side, crossing toward the mother, still quietly feeding across the knob.

Skag saw the gleam of firelight as he entered the darkness under the deodars. Carver had supper ready and the horses were feeding in grain bags.

"That's a much-maligned old male," Skag muttered a second time. "I'm not saying he's above having wicked spells now and then, but he doesn't look the part. Nothing meat-fed about his eyes."

"He has a season's work mapped out to undo his reputation with the natives," Carver said.

"I'm far from sure he's what they think," Skag added quietly.

"But you say he knocked the madam down when he cared to come out."

"Yes, and stepped on her. But I've been thinking that might be mere household usage in the High Hills. She didn't hold it against him. I'm far from sure he's a cub killer. He crossed the knob to collect the straying youngster and the mother went unconcernedly on with her feeding on the far side. Moreover, the cub himself isn't afraid of his father."

There was little sleep that night. There were sounds from the spring not to be interpreted. Skag had felt it necessary to tie the Arab short lest he burn himself on a long tether. He had been well grained since he could not pick any feed in the night, but he shivered as he stood, not with cold but with restlessness. Carver intimated that there were disadvantages about using a drawn-room mount for field work, but Skag surprised him by turning the Arab loose altogether.

Now the black one came even closer to their fire, instead of straying, and Skag felt the sweat of fear upon him. Carver was inclined to regard him as a bit oversensitive from prolonged and perfect stable care, but Skag knew something strange was in the air. He tried to listen with the same keen apprehension that the stallion did; tried to get the meaning from the winds that brought a troubling message to the keener nostrils of his mount.

The next morning Skag minutely examined the spring. It was too leafy and tangled for him to discover any secrets, and where the water flowed under the vines all but the pebbles had been washed away. In the afternoon he went with Carver to the screen, but a second time the Englishman used up his inclination to wait before the bears appeared. Skag had had two hours of his sort of quiet sport and was more than ever convinced of the beneficence of the old male, when he thought he heard a shot and cry from someone far below. The bears were across the area and it was safe for him to leave.

Camp was strange even at a distance. The afternoon was still luminous, though the sun had gone down behind the big mountain. He missed the horses from under their tree. Carver did not answer his call. The Arab's halter shank was broken at the knot and the long tether of Carver's beast was gone, picket and all. Ashes and embers of the fire, now cold, had been threshed over the camp. There was blood upon the ground. All the play was gone from the still upper spaces, the catch of grim finality was at Skag's heart. Was it Carter? Was it the Arab?

Chilled and bewildered, Skag followed the spattered trail down the slopes, knowing he would not have far to go, because of the extent of the black-red waste upon the stones. And now queerly enough a certain pale hopeless look recurred to him from Carver's face. It was a haunting sense of secret failure which Skag had never analyzed before, but it roved unmistakably now like a ghost before his eyes—the face of a man whose luck has been bad so long that he has come to expect no better. Skag wondered coldly why Carver's hidden weakness came to him now. This wasn't man blood. There was too much of it, if no other reason.

And now he saw the hump on the ground—a sudden revelation in the shadowed green. The strange laxity of a body in death always causes a start. It touched familiarly some inner sense quicker than the registration of the eye. The flanks were lying toward him. It was Carver's pony—the head pulled forward to the knees. The throat was slashed open, the shoulders torn on each side, the spine laid open above the kidneys. The picture of what had occurred unfolded to Skag. The throat had been opened at the first stroke. That had happened above at the camp. The pony had broken loose and raced down slope until he fell. The thing had come with him.

The thing had not fed, unless a blood drinker. Perhaps it had been frightened away by Carver after the kill was made. And Carver had doubtless followed the Arab.

Now Skag's eyes as he stood in intense silence caught a sudden speckled brightness above and to the right of the camp near the spring. It was a flash of mysterious gold light in the shadow—hardly like a body, but sinister in effect. Skag stood a moment longer, but saw nothing. Then with utmost stealth he made his way back along the ugly trail to the camp and above, circling round to a position above the spring, keeping covered in thicket but clear of the low-branched trees.

The bears had come down to the water. Skag was certainly puzzled at this moment. That gold flash in the shadow had nothing to do with bears. He saw the two broad black backs in the darkening green where the water washed the stones. He stared that way for several seconds trying to locate the cub. Then the old bears lifted their heads to peer over the thickets. They were looking for the cub too. The mother grunted impatiently. Skag could tell it was she by the waistline.

Now the two little curved front paws appeared, going somewhere, from the thick tangle round the spring to the open under the deodars toward camp. He had explored the thicket by the spring and found it tiresome. He approved of the broad dim aisles before him. Possibly there were enticing flavors in the air from the remains of the man camp. The mother grunted loudly again, but this only quickened the cub abroad. Skag wasn't in the mood for this sort of thing. The bears might go back to the knob as soon as they liked this once. The man wanted Carver's word from Carver and the Arab, and the meaning of the tan and the gold in the shadows.

Right then he got it—an apparition in gold and brown—a huge cat thing from the thicket below the spring, sleuthing the baby bear. This was Skag's first look at the jaguar in India, as hard to find as the planet Mercury with the naked eye, the most secret and skulking of the great cats. Now the vile head moved roundly as he watched and stalked the cub—in a sort of half circle on a swivel that caught all the blood-thirst and hate and secrecy of the jungle in the movement—amber-green eyes of that cold which is on the other side of death, and writhing lips. The jaguar was mad and careless. He had failed to kill the night before. He had made a day kill just now and been driven away.

Skag suddenly loved that baby bear like the child of an old neighbor. The little chap was making straight for the man camp and one of its parents at least was still back at the spring. Skag had a pistol, but it is characteristic that his fingers reached first for a stone.

His movement to throw—and only the hand was visible—was caught by the cat before the stone left his fingers. The stone went wide. To the surprise of Skag, the beast crouched and held his place. Now the baby bear turned and there was a bleating cry from the red mouth—utterly startled and hopeless. The big cat was flattened to spring—the ears rubbed back, the whole figure seemingly fanned in a great wind.

Just at this instant Skag stood up. For a second time he broke the concentration of the killer that faced him fifty yards away.

And then the roar. That in itself was a revelation from the animal world. It was short. It was low as a grunt and yet held that impossible pitch, ripping forth as if bringing the heart of the mountain with it.

Skag's standing up that instant had held the jaguar's eyes long enough to give the great male bear advantage for his charge—a vast hurling forth from the thicket. The jaguar, caught too abruptly to run, turned, but did not rise—hugging the ground like a reptile, his body in a half curve like a scimitar. He reeled over on his back as the bear took and folded him in. And now the old sire screamed with pain. It was like taking to his chest two hundred pounds of molten metal—metal that must be crushed cold and very quickly before it burned too deep. To Skag from the distance it seemed that the bear was insanely threshing himself upon the ground. When he rose at last the gold-brown shadowy thing dropped from him and lay soft and stretched.

Skag's eyes hurt from straining through the shadows. The mother went to her lord and helped to cleanse his wounds, taking his huge head in one paw and pressing it against her neck as she washed the hideous slash across his face. For many minutes she worked, the little chap coming close and watching with a dutiful attitude altogether strange. Night intervened before Skag heard the three pass the spring on their way up to the knob.

Skag meant only to pause at camp long enough to build a fire. It might possibly help Carver in, but the young Englishman's hail was heard as the first smoke rose.

They looked at each other for a moment, silenced by so much to say.

"Your Arab is doubtless running yet," Carver remarked. "No chance to come up with him, so I hurried in."

He sank down, dropping his head on a saddle roll. His voice was very weary as he went on:

"It was strange—just staged to get a man's nerve," he muttered. "Why, Hantee, the thing couldn't have looked dirtier. I was on the slope coming down to camp from your screen just as the jaguar dropped from a tree branch to my pony's back. Both horses broke loose and the big cat rode my pony down the mountain. That's the ghastly unforgetable part—to be ridden by that thing until he fell."

"I saw that it must have been like that," Skag answered, remembering the roweled shoulders and back. "And then you fired?"

"Just one shot, altogether out of range, as the beast stood over the fallen pony. He vanished. There was nothing to do after that but go after the Arab."

"That's a bad cat," Skag muttered. "Possibly watched us all night from one of these trees. Yes, it was his taint in the air that disrupted the mount."

Carter shivered, vetoing any idea of supper.

"No, you wouldn't be able to bring the Arab back here," Skag added. "Not with blood on the ground and that thing lying below."

"What thing—you mean the pony?" Carver asked wearily.

"No, the cub killer," Skag said.

"Is—is the old father bear lying down there?"

"No, and the father bear is not the cub killer, but a most natural and estimable parent. I mean that bad cat you shot at. You spoiled his gorge from the pony and he went after the cub bear just a few minutes ago. Bear family was down to the spring, you see."

"Carver," Skag added, "there never was a straighter or quicker finish for a yellow cat, but I think I'll feel better inside the head when that bear roar dies out—the roar when he charged—and the picture that followed."

They had to wait for daylight to descend the mountain. The Arab had not gone back to Marree, but met them on open ground a half mile down the path—used up a bit, but not seriously harmed.

"I think he would have come in to camp," Skag said, "except for the taint in the air."

Carver did not answer, and Skag added with a smile: "I'm sorry about that brave little beast of yours, but for the rest—it's been a rich two days."

Wyoming stops to chat with Montana

WYOMING stepped out of his largest coal mine (yes, Wyoming's original coal supply totalled over four hundred billion tons) and stopped to light a White Owl cigar. "A lot of your wealth, like mine, is out of sight, eh Montana?"

"You're right," came the reply between puffs of smoke, "but mine runs more to copper with some gold and silver, though I have coal mines, too."

"There's another thing we both have that's out of sight," Wyoming went on to say. "In fact all the States have them."

"I know," was the reply, "White Owl and Owl Cigars. You can't beat them for dependability."

* * *

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SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Classes

IN EUROPE there are two classes—the common people and the nobility. Between the two a great gulf is fixed. Before the war we nursed a great and illogical respect for the nobility. Our histories were full of their exploits and their praise. Our fiction pictured their charm, their surpassing culture, their inbred superiority.

Superiority must be relative. The nobility was and is superior to the other class on whose labor it thrived and perpetuated itself. It had little to do except to remain and feel superior.

The common people—so very common in Europe—are indeed a lower class. They dwell in filth and rest content as hosts of innumerable vermin. The cootie of the trenches was not a new acquaintance to them. He had been a part of their existence long enough to rank as an institution.

This lower class of poverty-ridden Europe, when transplanted to the clean air of America, forms our lower class. We have nothing native bred that can fairly be compared with it.

Above it—and careful to keep very far above it—is our great middle class. The middle class is America. It does the skilled labor and handles the commerce and furnishes the ideals that make America a great nation. And this middle class, with its homes and its high ambitions, its education, its good manners, its wholesome thought and clean living, is in all respects save that of ostentation and overbearing manner a replica of Europe's upper crust of nobility.

Our upper class, if we have an upper class, has no more than a surface superiority—another coat of varnish made possible by a greater income, an air of superiority that is but the pride of ownership, a poise peculiar to those who possess the comfortable knowledge that they have the world by the tail.

Mistaken judgment about the probable activities of the stock market transforms our upper class into a part of the middle class, and if in that lower region it appears more wholesome it is only because its nose is kept closer to the grindstone.

Gratitude

GRATITUDE is seldom temperate. It usually slops over and becomes a bore. Ingratitude is more dignified if less commendable. A proud man knows nothing of gratitude. When served or favored he assumes that he has incurred an obligation—nothing more. At the first opportunity he will discharge the obligation and become a free man. Meanwhile he has no feeling in the matter except a mild resentment that he should be a debtor.

Others with less pride and a lower conception of honor fawn upon a benefactor and irritate him with honeyed words while nursing the same degree of resentment.

Yet others lacking both pride and honor—for the one virtue is largely dependent on the other—feel neither gratitude nor resentment and have no interest in the situation save a sense of satisfaction that they have found a new source of supply. They know, these shrewd parasites, that one benefaction disposes the benefactor to another. Charity runs in grooves. It is but another of our habits.

Having found a source of supply, they husband and tend it with words of humility and appreciation too eloquent to be genuine, and in the course of time come to believe that they have valid title to a portion of the benefactor's goods and chattels.

One should not condemn them too quickly. They have offered their misery in the markets of charity, found a buyer and are now but making an effort to give him the worth of his money.

For benefactors, let us confess, have mixed motives. One gives to supply a need where ten give to win their own approval, and these ten enjoy their own approval more if they have in addition an outpouring of grateful words from those to whom they give. The mendicant who grovels in the dirt and calls heaven to witness his gratitude has knowledge of human nature and is but giving value received in a coin his benefactor desires.

Some visit the poor to serve the poor. Others—and I fear their number is larger—visit the poor that they may shed tears in empty flour barrels, find in that exercise a delightful consciousness of piety and come away with gratitude in their hearts because God has recognized their superior deserts and filled their flour barrels to overflowing.

I do not know that gratitude is debasing. Certainly it is not ennobling. It is at best no more than a form of humility and as a general rule no proper man can be humble except before the throne of heaven.

If I toss a coin to a hungry beggar I do not desire his thanks. They belittle him and embarrass me. I am content in the knowledge that he will eat. The gift was not prompted by pity but by an understanding of the simple physiological fact that an empty stomach clamors for victuals. To show his appreciation let him fill the stomach.

So with larger charities. I realize that misfortune, the handicap of birth and a faulty economic system place many in need. Those who have are under an obligation to share with those who have not. An obligation is a debt to be paid, not an opportunity to harvest gratitude.

Men interpret gratitude as a form of flattery. If you would have flattery spend your money for a press agent. Don't give it to the poor in an effort to wring gratitude from their affliction.

Neighbors

MY NEIGHBOR across the street has a drove of unruly boys. They make his life a burden. He can't handle them. They recognize his authority by keeping a safe distance from him, but they grant him no obedience. He has my sympathy, but his home affairs are none of my business.

The boys are no respecters of property at home or abroad. They break down my fences, invade my orchard, assault my children and laugh at me behind my back. My natural dignity argues against an effort to catch and chastise them. Anyway, I have tried it and failed to come up with them. Do I therefore compose my soul in patience and submit to each new indignity and depredation in the hope that my neighbor may in the course of time get control of his boys and lead them in paths of righteousness? Decidedly I do not.

I quit my affairs and seek my neighbor. And when I have him backed into a corner I speak substantially as follows:

"Neighbor, you are a good fellow sore beset and you have all the sympathy I am capable of generating. But sympathy doesn't rebuild my fences, heal the bruises on my children or put the apples back on my trees. Your boys are a scourge. They afflict me. It is true that I am stronger than they and it might be that I could run them down and administer the punishment they so sorely need. But you are their natural boss. Keeping them in the straight and narrow is your job, not mine. You are responsible for them. And I shall hold you responsible. If they again annoy me I shall find a large and efficient club and massage your head just back of the left ear. It is up to you."

That would be hard talk for one neighbor to give another, but patience ceases to be a virtue one-half of a split second after it fails to work.

This is a fairy tale, of course. And the moral is that there are more than several ways to handle the Mexican situation.

Greatness

HISTORY is very kind to great men. It mentions their large successes and spectacular failures, quotes their few witty or sage remarks and assumes a charitable ignorance concerning their small follies, their childish losses of temper about trivial matters, their absurd superstitions, their seasons of pouting.

Great men were mere humans who possessed one talent that lifted them above the common level of their times or who were cast up by the force of a circumstance they did not fashion or understand.

Great men of our own times are of the same clay. Each of them attained place by a little triumph and thereafter was established in his greatness by the dignity of his office.

As one approaches great men they diminish in size.

At a distance we judge them by their few great moments in action or by their round-bodied phrases, and their errors are sacrificed to our mania for hero worship.

But as we draw near we observe their bowed legs, their bald heads, their unclean nails, their little vulgarities of manner and the patent shallowness of their little poses. How human they seem! Indeed, so great is the contrast between what one supposed them to be and what they really are that one is in danger of ranking them beneath the average mortal and wondering by what sorry jest of fate they arrived at eminence.

Never examine the feet of your gods. Any satisfaction to your curiosity will almost certainly be at the expense of your illusions—and illusions are delightful company in a too practical world.

The hills are green far away. Enjoy the emerald from a distance, content in the faith that a harmless delusion cannot in any case alter the facts.

The great are not less than you thought them. Yourself is more than you think.

Thrift

AMERICANS have little acquaintance with thrift. Most of us spend too much and the few of us who have learned to save spend too little. We are extremists by natural disposition and general practice.

The game of making money is great fun and is altogether wholesome if one make success the goal and the money itself but an incident. Making money is less respectable when it ceases to be a game and becomes an obsession.

To make little or much, save a little, spend a little and give much makes the proper man. When one has made a million dollars he has had his money's worth in the fun of the game. Let him retain what he needs for further playing and place the remainder where it can work for him in the building of better and cleaner citizens.

I can understand the selfish person who loves money because he can pet himself with it. I can understand the vain person who loves money because he can use it to decorate his person and make a show before his fellows. But I cannot understand the person who loves money for money's sake. He is like the small boy who gathers a pocketful of pebbles and counts them his greatest treasure.

Thrift in moderation makes good citizens. The man who owns his home and has a bit laid up for the time when he shall no longer be able to earn is a conservative and responsible citizen. He doesn't follow after strange political gods and he has no faith in salvation by destruction. He is an anchor in a time of storm.

The man who has no acquaintance with thrift is a liability. He may be a good fellow in the sense that he is very liberal in the matter of spending money for his own pleasure, but his job is his fortune and jobs are easy to get. He has little sense of responsibility. He may be fond of his country because it affords him pleasures, but he feels that he has no stake in it and it is not easy to love a property in which one has no interest. When speaking of politics or patriotism he does not say "we," but "they."

The man who became enamored of thrift and, forsaking all other things, made it his god is neither an anchor nor a liability. He is a pile of junk in the path of progress. He is a file that takes and gives nothing in return. He opposes everything that requires expenditure or a tax levy. His world is himself and contains only his possessions. There is no virtue except temperance. Almost any good thing becomes a vice when carried to excess.

There may be a difference of opinion about Reds in America, but there is no difference of opinion among Americans.

There is one consolation about our methods of conducting public business. When all else fails we can adopt common-sense methods.

Of course it has occurred to you that the reason a clock strikes is because it works with its hands.

Utopia is a land in which employees rush forward to accept their share of a deficit.

It will take long to Americanize folks who think of liberty in terms of vermin.

Act I, Scene One: Bum. Scene Two: Bomb. Scene Three: Bam! Act II, Scene One: Investigate. Scene Two: Legislate. Scene Three: Procrastinate.

At that, the profiteers don't seem any more eager to get the money than the suckers are to spend it.

The more signs of democracy in Germany the fewer verboten signs.

Those who bragged that they could drink or let it alone were half right anyway.

The more Heinie reads of industrial conditions in America the less he worries about a future market for his goods.

Private owners who are getting ready to receive back their railroads are beginning to understand what Japan means by her promise to return Shantung.

In Utopia also the wife of the boss calls to spend an afternoon sewing with the wife of the janitor.

Character is built by refusing to do the things you wish to do.

A reactionary is one who sees in every reform a subtle effort to cut down his dividends.

If men had to pay for the privilege of voting all of them would vote. At present they pay for the privilege of not voting.

I. W. W. are thickest out near the Pacific. Go west, young man, and blow up with the country.

"Never heard of these people before, but-"

Just so; how natural it is for human beings to judge by *impressions*. We try to "size up" a man by his handwriting on the envelope, by his voice, by his waistcoats. It's instinctive. We all do it.

Now suppose it is *your* letterhead in his hand. Aren't you glad it's Systems Bond that is giving him that first impression—Systems Bond, which "crackles" so confidently in his grasp. There is something there besides mere paper—there's a vitality that supports the substance of your letter.

For Systems Bond is a rag-content paper—and loft-dried to boot. Tough and durable with its long rag fibres, Systems has the firm, close texture and rich finish that are the result of slow, natural seasoning. Beyond all this, Systems Bond is sold at a business man's price—a price appreciated by the shrewd judge of values.

Standardize on Systems—the unvarying bond paper. Ask your printer to use it on your next letterhead order. He knows Systems, and he can obtain for you, free, a copy of our book, "The Modern Manufacture of Writing Paper."

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well-known Pilgrim, Transcript, Atlantic and Manifest Marks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
501 Fifth Avenue New York
Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

ABOUT PLAY PRODUCING

(Continued from Page 17)

it is my valued privilege to place before the American public. Such commendation, I am frank to confess, is dear and sweet to me; is, in fact, as is the bunch of carrots dangled before the donkey's nose to keep him trotting. How far would any of us get if appreciation and approval did not help us on? I wonder! Yet, though they be so often praised, I would not venture to vaunt myself on those productions—for I do not recall anything I have ever done in the theater with which I have been entirely satisfied. If, however, my play producing does in fact justify that exceptional favor, the merit is due before and beyond everything else to willingness to work slowly and to try every act and scene and speech and line and word over and over and over again, until the best way is settled beyond peradventure by demonstration. "Thorough" is everywhere the watchword of the wisest policy; but in my opinion when it comes to play producing it is "*hoc, et præterea nihil.*" Exhaust every resource. Leave nothing to chance. "Count nothing done while aught remains to do." That, in my creed, the public is entitled to expect in play producing. Yet, if I may so say, it seems to me that in the present time in, say, seven instances out of every ten, plays are placed upon the stage with only about half the necessary rehearsals. Producers, it seems, will not take the time.

I do not, of course, forget that the exigencies of management occasionally force hurried production. And I could not forget that this was so in earlier times as well as now, even if I wished to—because in my early days I presided at too many rapid-fire presentments. I recall, for example, that at the old Baldwin Theater in San Francisco, forty-odd years ago, we unexpectedly found ourselves in urgent need of a new Christmas piece and that to meet that need I first rewrote and adapted Watts Phillips' old military spectacle called Not Guilty in less than a week, and then rehearsed and staged it in six days! Years afterward, by the way, when with dear Charley Frohman I made my first English venture at play producing, bringing out my The Heart of Maryland at the Adelphi Theater, London, it was meanly said of me that I had stolen my mechanical effects—the booming of cannon, the rumble of artillery trains in motion, the padding of horses' hoofs on stone and turf and all the rest—from Secret Service. Not only did my Maryland precede Secret Service on the American stage, but the effects which were so much commended in it were those which I had invented for Not Guilty, in San Francisco, in 1878, and which afterward I developed and perfected, using several of them in my drama of The Girl I Left Behind Me—with which Charles Frohman opened his Empire Theater, January 25, 1893. Very thrilling and impressive those effects were, even in the far-off days at the Baldwin, and Not Guilty ran there for two weeks—which was not bad for the San Francisco of that period. If I had that play as a new one today it would, I believe, produced with the proper painstaking preparation and care which I would now give to it, hold the stage for a year. When I permit my mind to dwell on the possibilities which have not yet been utilized in the line of play producing in conjunction with military spectacles I sometimes think I'd like to take the Hippodrome for a season and, so to speak, let myself go. Spectacle is not drama, of course, but we, the public and I, would have some fun, I'm sure.

A More Exacting Public

Not Guilty, I hardly need say, was not, by scores, the only piece I ever put on in a hurry, and what I did so often was also done by others. But what sometimes went in the old days is far less likely to go now. Times have changed and the most successful managers are those who have changed with them. The American public today is not only the most lavish in the world in its theatrical expenditures, it is likewise the most sophisticated and exacting, "for the four winds blow in from every coast" theatrical Jasons, seeking a golden fleece, and even the best that tool and skill can provide is nowadays scarce good enough to gain an imprimatur.

I have said that times have changed and that the most successful managers are those who have changed with them. I do not thereby mean to disparage the old times or the old-timers nor to indorse every change that has occurred. On the contrary I believe, for example, that theater managers of the elder generation, though often hampered by traditional conventions and sometimes artificial in method, possessed a distinct superiority to and advantage over the average manager of to-day in the true and profound respect with which they regarded their vocation. It seems to me, notwithstanding the severe exigencies of contemporary taste, that stage art is on the whole held too lightly by the public, by actors and—in particular—by managers.

Many men engaged in play producing deem themselves of tremendous importance but condescend to their profession. That is a fatal mistake, and it is an attitude which by every possible means—precept, suggestion, example—partisans of the theater should seek to reform, because it is in large part the cause of destructive slap-bang practice in play producing. You cannot reasonably expect the world greatly to esteem what you are doing if you think yourself too superior to take time to do it properly.

Two Rules for Producers

I have spoken of play producing as my business. That is not accurate. Theatrical management is a business—a commercial enterprise, just as any other business is, and one which if it is to continue must yield a substantial money profit. Acting and play producing are arts which it is the business of the theatrical manager to develop and exploit. In the very nature of things, however, you cannot treat them as you would the commodities of another business; as you would, say, steel rails—and even in that business no capable, farseeing business man would, in order to get his product out sooner, ruin its quality and his own commercial repute.

In the name of reason then, of responsibility to the public and enlightened self-interest, I urge the taking of essential time and care in getting out our theatrical product. That great old actress and noble woman, the late Mme. Fanny Janauschek, had two maxims which she constantly preached in her professional circle which, though not strikingly novel, are yet almost entirely honored in the breach instead of the observance but which could profitably be adopted by all play-producing managers of to-day: First, "Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well"; second, "In everything always take all the time you need."

I have recently been asked to outline in a general way my views of the right methods of play producing. That can, I think, be best done by outlining my own procedure in producing. Within the limitations of human fallibility I practice what I preach. Each different manager, of course, has a different problem to solve. Irving, for example, had as far as possible to bring out plays suitable to two stars, a man and a woman, at once. Daly, to select those fitted to a woman star supported by a more or less permanent company of favorite players of settled position. Charles Frohman dealt wholesale—depending in great part on plays first produced in European capitals or written more or less to order by American playwrights of established rank. Numerous other contemporary managers operate in somewhat the same way.

I have a sort of double-barreled problem. First, I have to find plays adapted to the special requirements of stars developed or developing under my direction, for whose professional welfare I have bound myself surety. Second, I desire to produce practical plays that do not adhere to the conventional ruts of the theater, and occasionally good plays of any permissible kind. Therefore I am a greedy devourer of manuscripts from the four quarters of the earth. But notwithstanding all differences of managerial policy, the right general method is the same—namely, meticulous attention to every detail, and I venture to say that investigation will show surprisingly little variation in the practice of it as exemplified for example, by Garrick, Charles Kean, Irving, Hare, Wallack, Daly, Palmer, and so following.

We have, then, first to settle on a play. Much is published about the alleged, almost absolute impossibility of telling in advance whether a play will succeed or fail. Nobody, of course, is infallible, and in every business even the wisest practitioners sometimes blunder. Read over, to illustrate this, the lists of worthless stocks which periodically are published when some mighty potentate of finance passes away and his capacious safety vault opens its ponderous steel and marble jaws and gives up its hidden secrets. And error of judgment may fairly be expected more often in a business which deals with the caprices of popular taste. Experience, however, has ascertained certain facts and thereon have been established certain rules by which play producing can be and is pretty certainly guided and governed. A competent manager can usually determine beforehand pretty accurately what the fate of a play will be.

This statement is not to be confuted by citing the well-known fact that some of the most notably successful plays of modern times have been hawked about from office to office for months or even years before anybody could be found to produce them. Not all managers are competent. That great manager, David Garrick, in a letter to that other famous manager, George Colman, wrote: "I know that fools may be and that many fools have been managers." And on the other hand it does not necessarily follow that because a manager rejects a play he believes it will fail. He may see in a play a potential success of the first magnitude, yet feel that he is not the manager to bring it out. He might reject it because, for example, of personal antipathy or prejudice regarding its subject—as Daly did certain plays implicating the Catholic religion; or his existing contracts might preclude an additional venture by him with that particular vehicle; he might be unable to obtain the services of an indispensable actor; or circumstances might be such that he could not secure a theater for that play. And so following.

Neither is it to be supposed that it is impossible correctly to foresee the fate of the numerous failures produced every season. Why, then, it will be asked, are they produced? On the one hand it must be understood that plays are often produced as mere stop-gaps in the dearth of high-class material and pursuant of the obviously sound financial policy that to clear even bare operating expenses until a profitable production is forthcoming is better than to incur a dead loss by suspension of business. Then there always are to be reckoned among the failures the very considerable annual number of plays which should have succeeded and would have if only time had been taken properly to produce them. In such instances the failure is not due to lack of prescience but to lack of preparation. And, finally, it is to be remembered—strange as it may seem—that some managers actually do once in a while indulge themselves by putting on plays the commercial failure of which is a foregone conclusion but which nevertheless they feel it to be an artistic and managerial duty for them to set upon the stage. I, for instance—to the lively disgust of my managerial lieutenants—produced Bernstein's The Secret, a play requiring a large and expensive company and by reason of its subject appealing only to a small public, because I felt that I owed it to the American theater to do so—and I paid fifty-seven thousand dollars for the privilege.

Forecasting a Play's Merit

How is the availability, the potential box-office value of an untried play to be estimated? I will not say that I can provide a scale and measure which a novice can apply to every play and thereby decisively appraise it—as he can weigh sugar on a balance or measure a bolt of cloth with a yardstick.

He who lacks an expert's faculty cannot render an expert's judgment. But it is not impractical to specify with some particularity the basis for forming an expert's judgment.

First, it is to be determined to what section of the community a play makes its strongest appeal. A play may be defective in technic yet in substance possess an immense popular appeal—an appeal to the general heart of humanity. The shrewd manager will not forget this fact and will in consequence sometimes pluck a tremendous success from an apparently impracticable manuscript. Daddies, which I produced in New York, which ran there for nearly a year, and which is now delighting capacity audiences in Chicago and London, illustrates my meaning.

There is in America an enormous class—in fact, the preponderant class—which very stupidly is often called bourgeois, especially among coteries of pale-faced, flaccid young people who suppose themselves to be radical and who prattle about sociology, the proletariat and the plutocracy. That class is, in fact, the very substance of our nation and the chief hope of the world—the great mass of people of moderate means; normal, healthful, simple tastes and appetites; intent on working and living; grateful for even small pleasures; patient and cheerful under great privations; resolute to maintain American institutions; aggressively positive that we have the best and dearest country in all the world; generous, amiable, industrious; feeling quickly and deeply, but inclined to conceal emotion under a quip or a laugh; reacting instantly to direct, dominant, elemental emotional stimuli; loving honesty; piteous to affliction; sympathetic with virtue; hating vice; despising cowardice; honoring courage; always willing to be pleased, to applaud the hero, to hiss the villain; eager for the triumph of good over evil, but just as quick as those who think themselves more intellectual—and a bit quicker—to recognize the facts of life as true even when they run, as often they do run, contrary to their hopes.

Mere Narrated Action Fails

If a play has not the elements of appeal to that class it must possess peculiar ones of great cogency or its prospect of financial prosperity will be slim. And, even at the best, the life of such a play will not be long. Once in a while the people will go of a Saturday night to see Jekyll and Hyde or Sir Giles Overreach if superbly acted—but not often. The Secret, which I have previously mentioned, is an example of a technical dramatic masterpiece, which nevertheless was caviar to the general. Romeo and Juliet, Rip Van Winkle, The Shaughraun, The Willow Copse, Monte Cristo, The Music Master and The Auctioneer are examples of dramas which owe their perennial success primarily to their appeal to the qualities I have indicated as characteristic of the so-called bourgeois.

After having determined the nature and scope of the appeal resident in an untried play it is next to be ascertained whether or not it possesses the element of action—that element which I have so often stressed as constituting the soul of a play; whether it relates a story by means of dramatic movement and not merely by means of narrative conveyed in the form of dialogue.

In rare instances a so-called play that lacks action has obtained temporary success because of its relevance to some social fad or fury of the moment or because of its implication of some uncommonly popular performer, but such prosperity is fortuitous and can never safely be expected. Richard Mansfield's famous and long-lived triumph as Baron Chevrial, in A Parisian Romance, was an instance of an actor's performance carrying a play to success, but now that he is gone that play is, to all intents and purposes, as dead as the actor who vitalized it.

In process of analyzing the structure and story of a play while examining it for the element of action a competent manager will learn the quality and variety of its characters and the texture of its dialogue. If the action is swift and cumulative the characters will necessarily be salient and contrasted, because—as has been felicitously said—"While it is possible to depict character without telling a story in action, it is impossible to tell a story in action without depicting character."

My views regarding the superfluity, often the downright danger, of the essentially literary quality in plays for the stage have been too recently set forth in detail in this place to require more than this incidental specification of them now. As far as literature, as such, in drama is concerned, I believe in taking the old English showman's advice: "Cut the cackle an' come to the hosses!"

(Concluded on Page 38)

WHEN you stop to ask yourself if the Hupmobile literally *is* the best car of its class in the world, you must not overlook the *really wonderful* character of the service it gives.

By service, we mean more than long life and Hupmobile economy —which are proverbial.

We mean the faithfulness and the dependability of *The Comfort Car*— a willingness of response and steadiness of performance which warm a driver's heart.

It is the positively *unusual* things which the Hupmobile does—not now and then, but habitually— which make people believe it is the best car of its class in the world.

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If a play possesses movement and character and if its dialogue be spontaneously fluent through the action and reaction inevitable between character and the moving accidents of circumstance, any competent judge will know that the play is a good one and that unless the subject—apart from considerations of propriety—will strongly offend or directly revolt public taste it can rationally be trusted to win favor and support if suitably set and adequately prepared and acted.

Having ascertained that much it will remain for the manager only to count the cost by noting how many performers will be required for the acting of the play, how many sets of scenery will be needed, whether those sets will be such as can expediently be transported from city to city and, finally, he must consider that in order to insure success complete representation of the play under his consideration, from the rise of the first to the fall of the last curtain, must be feasible within approximately three hours.

Deference to this arbitrary popular decree of a three-hour limit is truly a poignant hardship and one under which authors literally writhe in anguish. As author and manager I have often cursed the requirement from my heart. But it is apparently an incurable condition, and it well indicates, as far as the people are concerned, that light and casual estimate of stage art to which I have alluded and which I so earnestly deplore. The only practicable way to change the truly destructive condition with which in this matter we are confronted would be to make it fashionable to come to the theater early and stay late—as it used to be in this country and still is in many capitals of Europe. I should rejoice exceedingly if the entire public could be brought to esteem an evening at the playhouse as more important than dinner before or supper and dancing afterward. But I am not hopeful; I fear that jazz and the belly gods rule.

Perhaps the condition might be ameliorated if the public realized that it cheats itself by forcing closure on us as it does. It makes, for example, proper and complete presentment of Shakspere and old comedy impracticable, and it injures and sometimes ruins splendid modern dramas by compelling us to elide from them passages essential to full exhibition of their action and full development of their characters. We producing managers consequently find ourselves between the devil and the deep sea, with a vengeance! On the one hand we fall into condemnation and severe rating in the press for irreverence and presumption in our treatment of old or naïveté and stupidity in our treatment of new plays. On the other we fall into trouble even more surely fatal in the displeasure of the paying public which insists on coming in late, going out early, and presently staying away altogether. Meantime, think and say what we may, there is the condition, and we must be governed accordingly if we are to achieve success.

Plugging the Structural Holes

Success, of course, cannot be decisively and invariably predicated of any human action; the superiority of hindsight to foresight is immortal, and to the end of time it will be true that "the proof of the pudding is the eating"; but the great basic difficulty in successful play producing, as in diamond mining, it seems to me, is not in knowing your gem when you find it—but in finding it. No person, of course, unfamiliar with diamonds should undertake to find them, and no person who does not comprehend the general rules I have enunciated and is not sagacious and resolute enough to apply and observe them should venture on the sea of play producing, because for him it surely will prove to be anything but a sea of glory and far indeed beyond his depth.

After ascertaining that a play is worthy of production and deciding to bring it out—what then? Well, first I lay it aside for a month or six weeks or longer. During that interval I saturate my mind with everything I can obtain bearing on the subject of that drama and revive as vividly as possible all that, out of long experience, is in my memory locked concerning that or any related and similar subject upon the stage. In practical play producing often the most important thing to settle is how the theme and values of a drama should not be handled.

Then I again take up the script and go over it—perhaps I might more literally say go through it—deliberately, scene by scene, to determine what cuts, additions and alterations are essential. My chief complaint against contemporary play writers is their inveterate propensity to put forth unfinished work.

One of these days some member of the craft is going to hand me a play finished in every detail—and I know I am going to die instanter of the resultant shock of amazement!

Having in this deliberate and critical rereading noted all the holes in the play's construction and settled the maximum number of sets required for its stage presentment, I summon my master scenic artist and with him I act out the play in detail on the stage of my theater and thus ascertain and establish the size and shape of each set and the number and location in it of the doors or other apertures needed for entrance and exit.

Tests on a Toy Stage

Those essential preliminaries settled I bring my costume designers into the conference and arrange with them the problems of color schemes for the sets and for the costumes—whether contemporary or remote—which I decree to be worn in them. Then my master electrician joins us and we go at the vast and often baffling problem of effective and proper lighting required to create or enhance the various effects during the play's performance. Having made my final decisions on these points I settle with him upon the best, the most expedient means by which they shall be carried out.

My master carpenter now enters the conference and, next, exact scene models, built to scale, are constructed and then painted, and when finished are set up and lit on a perfectly proportioned and appointed miniature of the stage of my Belasco Theater. Any detectable defects or errors are corrected, and then the plans and specifications of the sets are turned over to my carpentry and painting staffs and the actual building and painting of the scenery are begun and pushed forward with all possible expedition. At the same time my master of properties is brought into consultation and, together with various special agents assigned by me to work with him, he initiates the arduous task of finding or making, as the case may be, the thousand and one articles necessary to creation of stage settings and pictures of perfect verisimilitude—all of which articles go by the name of properties and which range, for instance, from an antique sedan chair or a barbarian's war chariot to a police whistle or a baby's rattle.

As a rule I have of late years preferred not to use incidental music in my productions, but sometimes it is indispensable. When this is so—unless there be decisive reason to the contrary—I have the incidental music specially composed for my use, going over the script of the play with the composer whom I elect to write it for me, and often, I doubt not, driving him near to madness by my efforts to indicate my musical ideas and desires. Recalling some of such sessions candor compels me to admit that I am neither a Mozart nor a Caruso and that the expressions and sounds to which I have given vent during them have been, to put it mildly, startling; yet I have noticed that somehow or other I always do contrive to communicate the essential quality and tempo of the music which I desire and to get it written. It truly is marvelous what can be done if only you will take time.

With the scenery, lighting, costumes, properties and music under way I turn my attention to stopping the holes in the play's construction, smoothing and pointing dialogue whenever necessary, and to expurgement of surplusage sometimes even cutting out several scenes while I am actually building sets for them. This may look like extravagance—but it is not, because if I find under test of preparation that, after all, those scenes are not to be dispensed with, then there are the sets ready for use without distraction of my mind from the vital labors of rehearsal.

The preparations I have enumerated will extend through anywhere from three to eighteen months or even more, and then I undertake engagement of the players I have selected for the cast and the assembling and molding of them into a harmonious and cooperative company for the interpretation of the new play.

Should any of my readers suppose that I have exaggerated the time which should be and is spent on preliminaries of play producing I beg to assure them that if anything I have underestimated and understated the time and effort required.

In play producing we have many delicate, uncertain, unstable materials to handle; nothing else that we have to handle requires such discrimination, vigilance and skill; such patience, insight and sympathy; a touch at once so light and so firm, as does the actor. You may, figuratively speaking, more safely pound on a box of TNT than disregard the sensibilities, foibles and vanities of your genuine actor. Handled roughly he is the quickest thing to blow up I ever encountered. The shrewd stage director will, according to my notions, answer for himself this question: Do you want to preen yourself for a while in the light of a little brief authority, to vaunt your position and maintain your arbitrary discipline—or do you want results—that is, good acting, the best possible, and all-round splendid performances?

The answer a shrewd stage director will make does not, I think, admit of debate. I, at any rate, want results such as I have named, and I go after them, studying my actors and handling them with a care they seldom perceive or even dream of. They have one common denominator—they are all adult children. Beyond that, almost every one of them presents an individual problem in management. Some of them require the mailed fist, frequently applied; the austere manner and harsh, exacting treatment. But they fortunately are not many. Most of my actors like me and think of me as their sincere, loyal, good friend—which indeed I am. A few think of me as a martinet and a devil. But if those few were capable of looking into their own hearts with considerate eyes, of self-analysis and self-knowledge, they would realize that only a martinet and a devil could control and direct them.

In eliciting from my actors their very best—in making them yield up and utilize to the uttermost all the sensibility, feeling, passion, vitality, power that is in them—I have no conscience and no compunction. That is what actors are for—to act. The better they act the better for themselves.

Resorting to Stern Measures

Indifferent actors I dispense with as soon as may be—"drones hive not with me"; and, in plain words, I get rid of them quickly. If they are in earnest and willing, then they have my heartfelt sympathy, even though their capabilities be but modest, and I will always help them to the limit. This is a hard world at best and it is good to help. But—I make them act. If encouragement, suggestion, the kind word, a bit of fun, raillery, cajolery, a playful word of satire be enough—fine, great! If not—well, then there is a large repertory of other means.

It is not true—as so often it has been stated in print—that in teaching Mrs. Leslie Carter to act I dragged her about by her wonderful red hair and banged her head on the furniture and the floor. That yarn—as I have elsewhere explained—was a yellow-journalistic fiction, unscrupulously based on my description, in a law court, of the scene in Oliver Twist where Sikes murders Nancy. But it is true that of necessity I have done things that seemed much more cruel than any physical violence could be, though truly I was cruel only to be kind. I have, for example, driven a little lady into hysterics when there was no other way to get her to feel and express requisite emotion; deliberately ridiculed and nagged and chafed and stung and goaded her till she was almost frantic and could joyfully have broken my head with a water pitcher; till the associate members of her supporting company, furious and disdainful, without a word or glance for me, silently left the theater.

But—I made her act. And when she played the scene in public the amazed audience rose at her, and at last she and the others understood me.

Few persons, I believe, truly appreciate the immense importance in play producing of what I will call the synthetic chemistry of emotion. I am, of course, chary of telling all the secrets of that branch of science which I have learned by long residence in the producer's prison house; though the trained psychologist and suggestionist would not find them novel, but I give myself liberty to speak a little on that subject in passing. Most of us who think about things are aware of the profound effect of association and the immense potentialities of suggestion. How often has the faint fragrance breathed forth from a withered flower or a tress of hair long treasured with a bit of lace or an old glove brought a pang to the heart and tears to the eyes! The odor of honeysuckle stealing in with the moonlight at your window; the scent of nodding lilacs wafted up to you as you watch the sun sink into the sea and the darkness steal over it—are not these and such as these as potent to you as to me? And if to us, how much more so to the poor player, whose sensitive heart is laced with æolian strings vibrant to every breath of emotion!

Emotion in a Vase of Violets

There are no agents known to me more sure and swift than these to stir and sound the strings of feeling—and one way or another I have used and I use them all not only to affect fellow creatures sitting at a play but, even more, fellow creatures of the stage enacting it. I remember a beautiful drama of the old Southland, down at the Madison Square Theater, New York, during an act of which, every night, a pound of the choicest magnolia perfume was vaporized and wafted out into the auditorium. The device has been condemned as too realistic—which to me sounds as an absurdity. It was a shrewd device—and years earlier I had craftily employed the rich fragrance of fresh violets to help me get an effect from a certain beautiful actress, now dead, in whom, as by accident I chanced to know, that fragrance moved a special and profoundly emotional association. She never suspected why I sometimes and suddenly had her dressing room filled with violets. But it worked, and I have worked it on others.

To those who say—as it has been said to me—that this is to play on sensibilities that should be held sacred I answer: "Nonsense!" To be great in art is to be true—and to be true you must get, as best you may, the feelings of Nature. Thus Talma, when he heard of the death of his loved mother, shrieked in anguish—and committed to memory and used upon the stage with heart-rending effect the sound of that cry of agony.

I have found, too, that not only can the effect exercised on an audience by a given speech be either modified entirely or strikingly enforced by changing the quality and quantity of light shed upon the scene wherein it is spoken, but also that with actors of finely strung, highly sensitized organizations I can, by changing the lights upon them, get from them feelings and tones not to be obtained to anything like the same degree under ordinary lighting. I have many times succeeded in getting what I wanted from actors by that means when every other has failed. And, what I think is rather comic, I have found that I am myself so sensitive to light changes that at times after arranging and adjusting a scene I have turned my back to the stage and closed my eyes tight, and so listened to the players, in order to judge of what actually they were saying without having my judgment colored and interfered with by my own contrived methods of accentuating susceptibility.

I first had my attention directed to the importance of this, among other devices of judging effect, by Henry Irving's telling me that he had entirely altered a reading of his in his great personation of Shylock on the suggestion of a deaf man who had detected a blemish no other spectator had noticed.

I very earnestly hope that what I have here written will be of some use as well as of some interest as an exposition of correct practice in play producing and as emphasizing the imperative need for taking time in that art. As I have on many occasions claimed for the director, the authentic play producer, a greater share of the credit in memorable performances than commonly is allotted to him, so also I must apportion to him a greater share than usually he is willing to assume of responsibility to the public. It is his, more than any other one person's, to make or mar.

Let him, then, now if only bear in mind that the absolute prerequisite to great acting and great play producing is proper preparation, the taking of all the necessary time—as our great master of the drama has put it, that "time, who is the nurse and breeder of all good."

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ENCORE!

(Continued from Page 4)

forty-cent dollars. So I thought $250,000 would mean about what $100,000 used to in the old days. But, you see, a fellow damn soon gets used to a higher standard of living and so I thought ——"

"If you have $700,000 you have nearly three times what you thought would be enough; and there are only you and your wife."

"Well, the way things are going up nobody can tell how much he is going to need to live comfortably next year."

"Where were you going when I stopped you?"

"I was going to look at a closed car. My wife isn't very well, you know."

"How many cars have you bought since things began to come your way?"

"Only one," he said hastily.

"Well, Bill, I don't expect you to display any brains, such a task being beyond you. But at least put a hundred thousand in trust for your wife."

"That's just what I am going to do," he cut in.

"When?"

"Ah—to-morrow!" he assured me. Whatever he saw in my face made him add: "On the level! I am going to stop at my lawyers' before I go downtown."

"Good-by, Bill the Boob," I said, and passed on.

I did not meet him again until early in October. I frowned in advance, having a misbehaving appendix that finds solace only in vocalizing grouches.

But Bill came up to me and said pleasantly: "I don't tell you this because I want to be disagreeable; but I know you are a true friend and you will be glad to learn that this week sees me a millionaire—and out of Wall Street for keeps."

"Sell to-day," I said, though it was after stock-exchange hours. He laughed and nodded understandingly.

I did not see him until after my conversation with the Wall Street man at my club sent me to the financial district seeking after novelties and methods and improvements in suckers. Bill the Hoodoo was the first man I met. He was not the debonair Bill of the previous month.

"So They got you?" I asked. I swear my voice was sympathetic.

"Well, I've kept $42,000, and that's $41,500 more than I began with in February," he vouchsafed defiantly.

"Yes, and it's $41,500 more than I ever knew you to have in your life," I said admiringly. Then I asked: "Did you buy the limousine?"

"Yes. I sold it. I made $500 on that deal," he informed me proudly.

"You were very wise," I assured him.

I was about to move on, but he held me by the coat sleeve and said savagely: "You think I'm a boob, but I tell you that if that bunch had not raised the call-money rate ——"

"Complete!" I remarked.

"What do you mean, complete?" he asked peevishly.

"Your case. Go home, Bill, and think of the kindness of Providence. Forty thousand will buy food; but do not eat lamb, Bill," and I left him.

He was the first man I had seen in Wall Street while looking for a change in the character of the losers, and I felt grateful to him for being true to type.

III

IN WALL STREET after a crash one naturally finds more losers than winners, and vocal sounds take on a wrathful ring. For one Jesse Livermore there are ten thousand Bill Joneses or Jakey Cohens. These men, right after the break, have but one occupation in life—to explain how it happened. It takes some atmosphere to explain in detail how a clever, conservative, well-informed chap came to lose the wad that for months conclusively proved the right of Bill Jones to think he had brains or of Jakey Cohen to brag about his knowledge. The "facts" that most help them in their explanations are the accusations against those aggregations of high binders who call themselves conservative bankers. Of course when two or three billions of capital combine to take away Bill's paper fifty thousand or Jakey's unearned quarter million the disgrace of losing unearned dollars is not so unbearable.

Old Wall Street folk used to speak of They—the mysterious, invisible, rapacious, conscienceless They, who knew no law but the law of financial might. No names were mentioned. Even a very great American merely called them "certain malefactors of great wealth." The yellow papers alluded to them as the Plunderbund and were never sued for libel. In the old days They were always blamed. If names were called for the victim might tell you he meant Jay Gould and Jim Fisk; or later the Standard Oil crowd or the Harriman bunch or the Morgan gang. Later on, when there were so many great men that to mention the malefactors of great wealth sounded like a page from a directory, Wall Street referred to them as the big fellows or as the money trust.

Of all old Wall Street institutions one that should have passed away is certainly They. The day of leaders and of dominating personality has gone. In the bull market of 1919 there was no leader, such as we have had in nearly all the bull markets of the past. The big banking houses no longer hold uncontrolled sway over other people's money in the New York banks. There have been regulations; ordinances against the reprehensible practices and methods of manipulation of old, so that to-day the public is not fleeced as it was. Indeed, the public is not fleeced at all. It is not misled by any man or set of men connected with the stock exchange. Each speculator attends to his own defeat. This is all that either the stock exchange or the Government can do.

The crash came in November. It was expected by everybody except by those who had every reason to expect it—that is, those who should have looked for signs of it, since they stood to lose the most by it. It was not the high money rates that caused it, for we had had high money rates without causing it. Neither was it the warning of scarce money, for the warning had been heard before. Nevertheless, the break came and the sufferers reacted to it. How did the reaction of the losers of November, 1919, compare with the reactions of the victims of any of the big breaks in past years, when Wall Street was still unreformed?

In the dear dead days when the great financial magnates came downtown on a panicky day they used to drive financial writers to the verge of murder by cynically alluding to the massacre of the innocents as a healthy reaction. A very famous personage once spoke that way to the then financial editor of the New York Times. The newspaper man thereupon said: "In view of the character and the resources of the people to whom your words will bring sorely needed comfort have I your permission to make your advice more specific?"

"How do you mean?"

"The very people who were falling over themselves to buy your Central Consolidated at 126 last Monday and now see it pausing briefly at 91 should be told to buy five shares every ten points down."

Permission was not given, but the expression "buying five shares every ten points down" is a bit of very old Wall Street sarcasm.

I figured that the changed Wall Street did not blame the money barons for the break, because the Federal Reserve Bank insures supervision by a paternal Government and makes the old abuses impossible. It is no longer pat to translate *haute finance* by "hog finance."

I visited a dozen commission houses. In their aggregate they represented fairly the Wall Street brokerage business.

From every one of these firms I heard that the profits of their customers had been very large. Some of them, old houses that have been active in every bull market for the last thirty years, asserted unhesitatingly that they had never known a time when so many people had made so much money—on paper of course.

I tried to arrive at an estimate of the number of men who had made from $100,000 to $500,000. They literally were too numerous to mention. Of the winners of one million dollars or more I found twenty-one in the dozen—to be exact, fourteen—commission houses that I visited.

After allowing the regular Wall Street discount on all vocal winnings and taking an additional twenty per cent off for safety, I still found an amazing number of million winners. Be it understood that this roll of honor does not include or comprise the names of the heads of pools or promoters or big professionals, men like Sinclair and his friends, or Durant and his associates, or Livermore, who plays a lone hand, but commission-house customers.

The stories of these new paper millionaires were not particularly picturesque. They simply bought at the beginning and kept on buying. Two of them started on shoe strings. One of the two had a call of five hundred shares of Crucible which he bought on borrowed money and, so his broker assured me, ran it up to $3,800,000. By the way, this man owned eleven automobiles on November first, and none on December first. The other bought one thousand shares of one of the motor stocks and put up a great collection of junk to raise the money for margin on his first purchase.

He used his wife's remaining diamonds, an oil painting and a note indorsed by a man whose credit was a little better than his own until it was discovered that the indorser's assets were dubious.

The rest of the men who had run up their profits to more than a million dollars were men who for the most part had never before speculated in stocks to any extent, but had made big war profits in their various businesses.

Of course I asked questions:

"How did these men come to make so much money?"

"The advances were not only enormous but very quick; and, moreover, the profits didn't seem so very big, because inflation has made everyone have a different notion of the size of the dollar. It was Confederate money that these men felt they were winning whenever they thought of current quotations for overcoats, beefsteak, shoes, old masters, butlers and furs."

"Is that the reason they didn't take their profits?"

"Well, what would they do with the money? They wouldn't buy bonds when, not only in the United States but in England, high-class bonds had been declining about one per cent a month for a whole year. A fixed yield does not look very enticing alongside of the rising cost of living."

"Didn't it occur to anybody that after such an unprecedented rise there would be a commensurate drop, even before credits reached the usual dangerous expansion?"

"No; the public began buying very early. There never before were such huge margins known in Wall Street. Moreover, there were stocks which even at the high level were earning eight or ten per cent. What could put such stocks down?"

"Overspeculation and lack of money. There were warnings enough. But, of course, the average speculator had to overstay his market."

This accusation always angered the brokers to whom I addressed it. And in their explanations I discovered that They had not perished, but were still doing business in the Wall Street that no longer is the old Wall Street.

The office manager of one of the most active commission houses in the street voiced widely held sentiments when he remarked to me bitterly:

"It was the old game. The high and mighty banking sharps let us have all the money we wanted until they were out of stocks. Of course the public held the bag. When there was nothing more to unload swat!"

"But the Federal Reserve Bank gave you ample warning," I reminded him.

"What in blazes did the warning amount to? Who was warned? Did the New York banks heed the warning? They were told not to let us have easy money; but the big men were not out of stocks and nothing was done. And supposing they did raise rates. In such a market as we had nobody gave a hang what the rate for money was so long as he could get the money. And we got the money, didn't we? We got it after the Federal Reserve told the banks not to give it to us. But when the bankers had theirs salted away and the Federal Reserve raised the discount rate a fraction of one per cent—Zip! Oh, man, it was wicked! Why, I had customers in this office who ——"

"Every office had customers to whom the same thing happened," I said. "And you know very well that the Federal Reserve could not raise its rate, because it had pledged itself not to do so until after the government-loan flotations were safely out of the way."

"Yes, but why didn't the Federal Reserve compel the New York banks to slow down earlier and in a less abrupt way? If you put on the brakes suddenly somebody gets hurt. And then, all the highly moral threats from members of the Federal Reserve Board make me tired. Why didn't we get these sermons earlier? And anyway, who controls the Federal Reserve Bank?"

"The Government," I said.

"Don't. My lips are chapped! The Government! Ha! ha! I tell you, they had it in for Wall Street. We are all right to pay the income tax and buy bonds, but we mustn't do business. Out West people have gone crazy about real estate. They are buying it on margins. No trouble there! No trouble down South, where the cotton gambler calls himself a planter and profiteers to beat the band and gets away with it. But just whisper 'Stocks!' and what do you get? What do you hear? Help! Murder! Police! Lynch him, he bought ten shares! Of course the banks being on the inside ——"

I laughed. He glared at me.

"It is true," he said. "Look at the high cost of living. Look at the hoarding of commodities. Does the Federal Reserve Bank get after the flamed profiteers? Not by a jugful! Why, take the Steenth National Bank. Do you know what they call it? The Cold Storage Bank. Why? Because you can borrow all the money you want on storage-warehouse receipts."

"They don't control the Federal Reserve Bank, do they?" I asked.

"No. But does the Federal Reserve Board listen to Mr. George F. Baker or Mr. J. P. Morgan? Oh, no!"

"Do you mean to tell me that you actually think a clique of New York bankers exert such influence on the Federal Reserve Board that they still dominate the financial situation as in the days when you used to speak of them as the Money Trust?"

"No, I don't think it; I know it! The old gang! The old game!"

"Yes," I agreed, "the old game!" But I did not mean what he meant.

And there you are. At the end of the brand-new bull market of 1919, in the brand-new Wall Street, I was hearing the old accusations about the conspiracy of the rich and wicked few against the many deserving speculators.

I personally think that the country has more need of business statesmen than of bankers or financiers. If the Federal Reserve Bank system has not realized all the hopes of its well-wishers, neither, for that matter, has Congress covered itself with glory. It is not socialism to expect that the Federal Reserve Bank must help the banks to help the country rather than help the banks to help themselves. The kind of men that are needed on the Federal Reserve Board are precisely the kind of men that are needed in Congress and in the Cabinet and at the head of the basic industries. It was an amusing complaint last November that what was wanted on the Federal Reserve Board was practical bankers! The Wall Street idea of a practical banker used to be a sublimated pawnbroker. A little sporting blood at the right time was an additional virtue. But I believe that after the latest stock-market losses are forgotten Wall Street will patriotically clamor for men with vision—men who see straight and look forward.

As a matter of fact, the Federal Reserve Board, months before the break in stocks occurred, began to warn the community against overspeculation, not alone in stocks but in real estate, cotton, foodstuffs and everything else.

The rise in stocks was sensational in extent and the volume of business was enormous, so that credits were used up at a dangerous rate.

Moreover, while the Federal Reserve Bank was pledged not to raise its rates of discount until a year after the flotation of the last Liberty Loan, and the final installment of the Victory issue was not due until the middle of November, certain things came to pass which should have made stock speculators pause long enough to do a little thinking. The longshoremen's strike tied up perhaps half a billion of credits—advanced by the banks to exporters to finance

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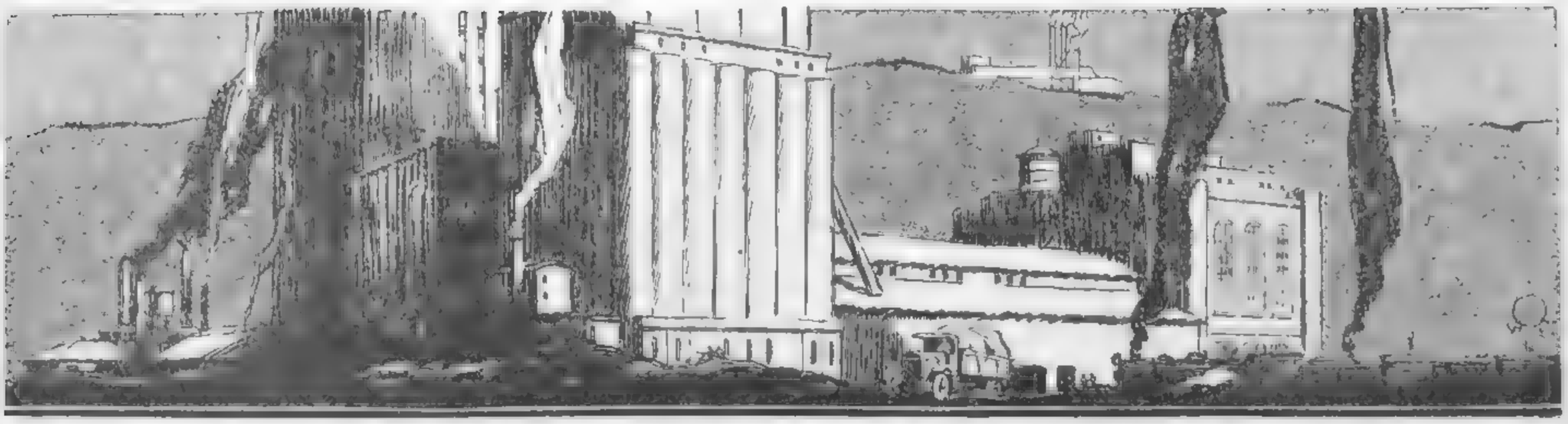

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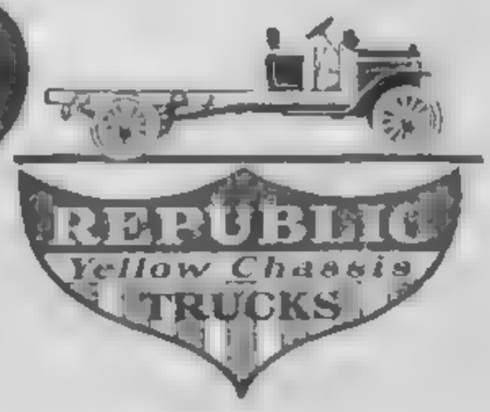

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their operation. The goods could not be moved. There is a story that the Mauretania and other ships carried the same cargo back and forth between Liverpool and New York three times. Besides these frozen credits, which were estimated to aggregate perhaps half a billion dollars' worth, there was enormous liquidation of Liberty Bonds. Doubtless scores of millions were sold to obtain money to gamble with, but the really adverse factor was the selling of one hundred dollar and five hundred dollar bonds by steel strikers and coal miners and fifty-seven varieties of labor vacationists. The proceeds of these, being in small amounts, were not instantly redeposited and made available, but were kept in the pockets of the sellers for current expenses. Some estimates of the bonds thus sold run as high as half a billion dollars.

Also there were flotations of foreign bonds that took money out of the banks for a while. Indeed bank credits were absorbed in so many ways that one wonders what the bulls could have been thinking of that they did not promptly convert their paper profits into real money. They might have remembered that a bull market has to stop sometime, because something always checks the rise. Usually it is something the approach of which is both visible and audible.

All of which goes to prove that Wall Street may have changed for the better, but They are still blamed by the losers for their losses.

It was a perfectly legitimate bull market which began early in 1919. The men who bought stocks in February showed excellent judgment. There was every reason for being a bull then and months afterward.

There is no need to back these assertions with statistics that most readers carefully skip. Briefly stated, this is what happened: The high prices for all commodities necessarily meant big profits. We had accumulated large war profits. So much money had been made that there was much money to make. From the moment war was declared with Germany the Government began to get floods of dollars from all the people and pay them right over to most of the people during most of the war. Kindly recall that thousands of millions of dollars were spent. Moreover, as before stated, the high prices for commodities insured great profits. The future also was bright and full of promise, dazzling and definite.

The war ceased, but the world needed what the United States and no other nation could supply in bulk. Think of it. Every nation on earth had to buy from us. Every cold-blooded business man saw that we must supply the entire world. That was wonderful. And we would do the supplying at our own price; that was even more wonderful. And we were not only going to supply the entire world at our own price but the United States Government was going to see that there would be no bad accounts by extending credits to the world.

Why should not intelligent men feel bullish when the earth and the cash treasures thereof were on their way to the land of the free? No reason! Therefore, a legitimate bull market—that is, justifiable optimism and wise purchases of stocks of companies which were bound to make still greater profits.

Men who had made a great deal of money bought shares that were very cheap. For months prices of stocks rose almost continuously. Crucible Steel went up from 52 in February to 261 in October. General Motors sold at less than 120 in January and at more than 400 in November. Then, after the going-ashore gong had been kindly banged two or three times and not heeded, came the inevitable break and the usual howl. What happened was simply that the fundamental law of stock speculation worked in 1919 as it has in all slumps in the past. I may state the law as follows:

The average cost of the average speculator's holdings is always at such a level that when the market breaks he is bound to go out.

He has to go out, and it does not make any difference how legitimate your bull market is or how sound are the underlying conditions which justified the first purchases. He has to go out because the break is caused by his very necessity to go out. And for the same reason the break stops only when there is no longer any need for the break to go on. This happens only after the speculator no longer has the need to sell.

This does not sound very picturesque and people would rather listen to stories about the exceptions which prove the rule. When greed masquerades as a praiseworthy desire to provide for your children or when the wish to get something for nothing disguises itself as business acumen people don't listen to the axioms of financial philosophers. In the articles on The Unbeatable Game, published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in 1915, the example was cited of one of the most sagacious men that ever went to Wall Street. He discovered the hidden equity in a railroad stock which was selling well under thirty dollars a share, but was intrinsically worth three times as much. He began buying it at twenty-eight and successfully bulled it up to eighty. Technical market conditions necessitated a healthy reaction, and the man who had begun to buy at twenty-eight went out when his stock declined from eighty to seventy.

However, points of difference doubtless existed between the 1919 bull market and those of the past, and this was doubtless what made Wall Street men who are not wont to speak philosophically about their own business insist that everything was different and that the experience of the past was of little value in November of 1919. Doubtless in emphasizing the differences they merely sought excuses for their failure to call the turn.

In the past stock speculation has been carried on by people living chiefly in the six largest cities; by men who had speculated before; by confirmed gamblers as well as by what you might call the semi-demi-amateurs, by pikers and plungers. This time, the commission-brokerage houses are agreed, tens of thousands of business men from every part of the country—merchants and manufacturers who had never before traded in stocks—were very active in the market. Another striking point of difference was that these men were financed in their stock-market operations by their own local banks.

It was perfectly simple. When these men decided to operate in Wall Street—at first it was to buy cheap stocks, and later, of course, to make easy money—they had no trouble in arranging for their margins outside of New York. They had made no end of money legitimately as well as by profiteering and gambling in cotton and real estate and lumber and other commodities. The amount of business that the wire houses did for their branches and correspondents in inland cities was enormous. New York's help was less necessary than in any other bull market Wall Street ever saw.

Again there were many new stocks—new kinds of stocks—as there are bound to be with every boom, for though all bull markets are generically alike they differ in specific points. It is fashionable to speak of the 1919 boom as showing the development of the flotation method long familiar in London. Men who had conducted a profitable business in certain lines were asked to incorporate. The good will was generously capitalized. It meant more stocks; more stacks of chips; more hopes to fulfill; more opportunities for getting rich quick. There were not so many fakes or fraudulent companies as in 1897–98, but there were plenty of stocks that sold at price levels at which there could be no profitable return to the holder.

Whoever made money by selling commodities or manufacturing goods at high prices could make more money more quickly by incorporating his business and selling the stock. Once more, the deal was the thing; not the work or the skill of the manufacturer. Shoes, toilet articles, sewing utensils, motor vehicles were profitable to make and sell. Hence, the new stock companies of 1919.

Even the hated prohibition movement was blithely capitalized. You could not sell intoxicating liquors, but you could sell soft drinks. Hence the safe assertion that the people who had to drink or die would have to drink soft drinks and therefore there would be a great increase in the demand for the latter. Promoters sought manufacturers of temperance beverages, secured the aid of second and third rate banking houses, and companies were floated—at millions of profits.

Every booze fighter who, against his will, was saved from the grip of the Demon Rum had no option but to fall into the killing clutches of the Chocolate Bonbon. If he could not tank up he simply had to eat candy. Whereupon individual factories worth perhaps a million were capitalized at ten times that million and the stock marketed at the higher level. The actual profits were very large but the expected returns, once the ex-tank began to make his own alcohol by swallowing a pound of candy daily, were bound to be gigantic.

But the most peculiar thing that happened was the development of a decidedly Prussian tendency among our patriotic stock-market speculators. I have spoken about the conviction that the United States was bound to supply the world with goods of all sorts at figures fixed by our well-known moderation in the matter of prices. Everybody who bought stocks in February, March and April began to dream of *Weltmacht*. The stock gambler became a patriot, a financial Junker.

Everything suddenly grew to the exact size of the terrestrial globe. Merely national enterprises became contemptible pygmies. If it wasn't a world affair it was not worth bothering with.

One of the Napoleonic financiers of the 1919 movement, a promoter who had plunged in all sorts of enterprises and accumulated a few millions in a few months, bought the controlling interest in the stock of a concern, reorganized it and published the profits of the new company. He quintupled his money in the space of a few weeks, and I am assured that the stock actually shows more than ten per cent per annum net, not at par, but at the inflated price. They were thrilling days, those, when everything was world-wide, world-big, grandiose, magnificently American. To help the commercial conquest of an inefficient and war-worn world by Uncle Sam's latest incorporations became a patriotic duty, at which one might incidentally get rich overnight.

There were months and months of advances and no end of million-share days. For a long time there had been no stock gambling, no stock investing, no stock thinking. Then the accumulated profits of the war period and the glorious profiteering months after the armistice began to clamor for work to do, for movement, for quick action, for results. Dollars are apt to get musty if kept overlong in the pocket. Munition makers and explosive manufacturers had so much money that they simply had to do something or explode. So they went into all manner of enterprises and companies, which thenceforth ceased to worry about working capital or financial backing.

It was amusing that in the 1919 bull market it was not the big banking houses that made the biggest winning. You cannot expect a firm which is handling a two-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar loan for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to float a lollipop factory.

The most respectable commission houses and the most experienced of the stock brokers were as a rule the least successful, because they warned their customers against the immoderate buying of the new stocks at the beginning of the advance. Later on when the prices of those selfsame stocks were shooting skyward like bullets from an antiaircraft gun their conservatively cautioned customers bought.

In the end it made very little difference. When the burnt-out rockets were puncturing the friendly face of old Mother Earth the conservative and the reckless alike swore.

Other striking differences to which reference has already been made were the rapidity of the advance and the extent of the decline. Advances of fifty to three hundred points in a few months were recorded. For one thing the promoters found the public so willing to buy throughout the advance that they themselves did not have time to sell. People who would not buy government bonds and did buy other shares had such big profits on paper that they did not feel like taking them. And as for the pools, their profits were too great to be profitable. This sounds paradoxical, but it is not.

What beat the sucker? Himself.

What beat the promoter? Himself.

How did it happen? Very simply.

The reasons why sellers were so scarce on the way up was this: On the one hand the pools saw no inclination on the part of the public to take profits. There was no fear as to who might unload first. On the other hand neither did the public see evidence of inside unloading. Moreover, their own margins were very large. It must not be forgotten that outside speculators began to buy at the very start of the movement. For once the wise professional and the unwary lamb held on to their stocks for the same reason. Greed impaired the judgment of the experienced and the inexperienced as it always does. Nobody unloaded.

By selling their holdings speculators nearly turned their paper profits into actual. The moment they had an actual profit they would have to pay a watchful Government all the way from four per cent on the first four thousand dollars above the exemption up to sixty-five per cent of the amount over one million dollars of a million or more above the exemption.

Just think of the iniquity of the tax! If a poor man made one million five thousand dollars, he would have to pay six hundred and fifty thousand dollars to an extravagant government in Washington. What would the poor man have left? Barely one-third of a million!

Nothing doing!

That accounts for the queer fact that nobody sold. It actually beat the big winner who tried to beat the income tax instead of fighting it. They all figured on closing out their deals in 1920, the expectation being that next year the income tax would be smaller. Both political parties would attend to that—on the eve of national election. The Government might or might not need the money, but both parties would need the votes a blamed sight more. If all the profiteers in the United States voted the same ticket what chance would the other side have?

I am assured that stock-market paper profiteers planned in November to make delayed sales in December. These transactions would appear on the official records "as of January 2, 1920." How they proposed to do this I do not know.

No end of men who had fifty or one hundred points profit on, say, five thousand shares of a stock, made gifts of one thousand shares to their wives and left the remainder of the profits to serve as a more than ample margin on the remaining stock. No profit on the transaction for tax-paying purposes was established, since the gift was not a sale. Many other subterfuges were resorted to, even as people sold Liberty Bonds to fix losses which would offset an equal amount of profits. I am assured that the sales of bonds, Liberty and other kinds, for this purpose ran into the scores of millions. The collectors of internal revenue know all about this.

It is one of the most amusing incidents of the bull movement of 1919 that the disinclination of the big winners to share profits with the Government was actually used as one of the strongest arguments in favor of a continued rise. In many a broker's customers' room it was carefully pointed out by the office manager that the pools, being human, were hogs, and therefore could not be content with what remained of the profits if they sold stock and paid a tax on their profits. The pools therefore would wait until 1920 to unload. That way everybody could get out at the same time and nobody would lose; and also prices would be ever so much higher! The income tax, too, took all the pleasure out of making millions on a shoe string. The millennium was in sight.

Mr. Jesse Livermore pointed out even before the big break that the favorite bull argument would serve with equal force as a bear item. Livermore plays a lone hand and probably does not weep over the fate of those who overstay their market any more than he expects condolences when he makes a miscalculation as to the timeliness of his operations. The bulls laughed at the time, to think that the bear thought they would believe him.

Of course it happened just as he said. When money became not so much dear as scarce, the selling by the suckers began. The new Wall Street found a new condition—that is, there was no good old-fashioned support to speak of, and the reason was that the manipulating cliques had not unloaded enough to enable them to extend adequate support to their dropping specialties. An insider might think his pet stock, which he did not sell at two hundred dollars because of the income tax, may be cheap at one hundred and twenty-five dollars. But if he did not sell at two hundred dollars he will not have the money to buy at one hundred and twenty-five dollars, particularly when he remembers that his own holdings may not stand him in more than twenty-five dollars or thirty dollars a share.

I do not keep Mr. Livermore's books and I do not know who bought the bulk of the stocks on the November break. But the Wall Street professionals and most of the financial reporters are as one in asserting that if it had not been for Livermore's

(Continued on Page 44)

The Little Switch that Santa Claus Forgot

"A year ago when Santa Claus brought my electric iron, he forgot to attach this little convenience. I did not realize how handy the 'on and off' switch was until my new toaster came this Christmas.

"But now my iron is modern, too. I paid my dealer 75c to attach a switch to the cord so that I could tell at a glance whether it was 'on' or 'off.' It was so much handier I could not do without it."

C-H Seventy Fifty 70-50 SWITCH

At the breakfast table a push of the button turns the current on or off the toaster or percolator, doing away with the yanking off of the hot connector plug, the spilling of toast or coffee and, worst of all, injury to the cord which takes days before it is back in service.

When ironing you will find yourself turning the current on and off many times, keeping your iron at an almost even temperature instead of now "too hot" and then "too cold," and if called away, a glance at the light or dark button tells you whether the current is on or off, thus ending the fire danger.

Nowhere can 75c purchase for you as much comfort and convenience. Take the cord of your toaster, percolator or iron to your electrical dealer. For 75c he will attach a *C-H Seventy-Fifty* Switch, just like those you will find on the newer and better appliances today.

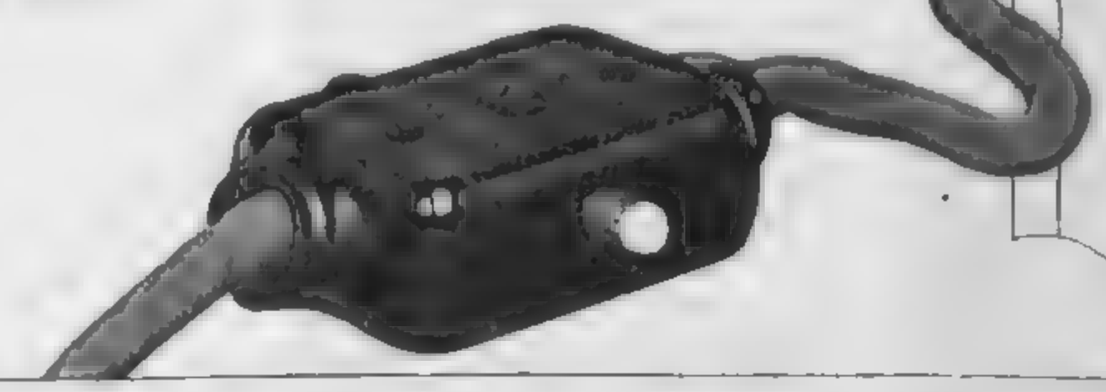
The *C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch* is made by The Cutler Hammer Mfg. Co., the world's largest manufacturers of electrical controllers, space heaters, lifting magnets and many other electric utilities.

The "C-H" guarantees Satisfaction!

THE CUTLER-HAMMER MFG. COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Made in Canada by
BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

Your electrical dealer will attach this C-H Switch to any cord for 75 cents



For · Toaster Iron · Heater Percolator Etc.

C-H 70-50 *Switch*

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$3.00 to $5.00

THE SMARTEST HAT for early Spring. Be sure it's a "Regal." There's a world of difference. The new Spring models are now on sale at good stores throughout the United States. If your dealer does not carry them, he can easily get them for you at your request.

THE REGAL HAT CO., 643 to 651 S. Wells St., CHICAGO
Largest Cloth Headwear House in the World

(Continued from Page 42)

covering the slump would have been far worse. We would have had an experience similar to what happened when John Law's Mississippi Bubble burst. Short selling had not yet been invented; consequently there was no check to the rise, and when the break came it was appalling because there was no check to the drop. The only man who would have wished to buy would have been he who could buy profitably, and he could only do this by having sold the same stock higher up, when he didn't own it.

That was the principal change I found in the reasons why the sucker ran true to form to the very end of the bull movement of 1919. But they tell you it was different because they never had the appalling surtax to think about in the old days.

IV

WHEN I speak of the Wall Street game I have in mind what the average man seeks who goes to a stock broker's office during a bull market. And I say bull market because the average man would rather buy for a rise than sell for a decline. While he is in the broker's office he thinks he uses what he is pleased to call his judgment. Experience has convinced me, however, that he merely listens to those arguments which sound reasonable in proportion as they approach his heart's desire.

Consequently it is safe to say that no man goes to Wall Street to-day, any more than any man went to Wall Street at any time, for any other reason than the intention of making quick and easy money. The electric motor may differ, but the current remains the same. Notwithstanding this truism, investigating committees go to Wall Street to study how men lose their money there. As a matter of fact men do not lose their money in Wall Street. They really lose it in the spot where they happen to be when they make up their minds to get something for nothing. Of course no committee ever philosophizes. That is the reason they always recommend the abolition of certain devices or the insulation of some of the wires. They realize dimly that they cannot wholly prevent speculation, but they do not seem to realize at all that, not being able to change man, they cannot make loss impossible. Greed is one of the things that cannot be abolished by statute.

If it is true that certain financial practices which formerly worked harm to the speculating public are no longer permitted it is also true that the same public continues to lose money at the end of every bull market. This assertion invariably angers stock brokers, possibly because they detect a subtle accusation of wrongdoing or else because they mistakenly fear that the public will keep out of Wall Street if anyone publishes the fact that money is at times lost in stock operations. Speaking from experience I can assure members of the New York Stock Exchange that articles on the perils of speculation have never had any effect on the price of stock-exchange memberships. A man will read a hundred pages about the demonstrable certainty of loss in stock gambling and forget all about the warnings when he reads two lines about how a perfect ass ran a shoe string up to a million, simply by having the courage to buy them when they looked good.

Even now, after a break which saw vast fortunes crumble away in two or three days, those same men are figuring on recouping their losses next year. They are sapiently biding their time. At the right moment they will plunge, because 1920 will be a year of widespread distribution of equities and undivided profits. Corporations cannot make big profits for years and not salt away something out of the reach of the tax collector—something that will make rich in 1920 those who after being rich in 1919 ceased to be rich merely because they wished to be richer.

Looking for novelties in methods, outlook and trading psychology, I decided to call at a very active commission house, a strictly up-to-date firm, among whose customers was one of the year's reputed big winners. I wished to listen to the victor himself tell how he did it—in order to gauge more accurately the extent of the great change.

The office manager was a man I had known for years. I met him some time in 1918 and he complained about the lack of business and asked me what I thought of the outlook.

He asked me this as proud paupers ask for the time when they really wish to ask about the chances of getting a square meal. I did not see him again until the last week of September, 1919. He then looked like a business man who is reasonably satisfied with his affairs. When I asked him if he was getting his share he told me proudly: "Say, we refused four new accounts to-day!"

"Great Scott, man, what more do you want? If what you have told me is true the break is due at any moment now." I spoke excitedly—on purpose.

He smiled pityingly. I knew he was sure that I was a sold-out bull. His look said so.

"Well," I compromised, "make it four weeks. You've had about eight months of advance. How much more do you want?"

"If you had said four months I would call you a pessimist. But when you say four weeks I know you're crazy."

"I didn't say four weeks. It was you who tipped me off. When did you ever know the time when commission houses were refusing accounts that it didn't mean the public was in the market up to the neck?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Can you recall a time when the public was in the market up to the neck and the break didn't come soon?"

"Oh, my boy"—and my great grandfather smiled kindly—"you will find that things have changed down there."

"No more suckers?"

"Pretty wise lot," he assured me.

"No more trading on tips, hey?"

"You'd be surprised to know," he said earnestly, "how many of my customers can tell you the exact earnings of every stock they trade in."

"With the abolition of greed, ignorance and the gambling fever you must be living in a paradise."

I am sure he thought it envy.

"Higher standards!" He spoke as if he personally had established them.

"I shall believe everything you tell me if on my next visit to Wall Street I find men like you telling their customers not only how to make money but also how not to lose it. And even then, you will have to show me that those highly intelligent financial experts whom you call your customers mind you just as docilely when you tell them to take their profits as they do when you tell them to buy stocks because you know they are going higher."

"Glad to see you at any time, old man," he assured me, generously neglecting to be peeved.

This was the man I wanted to see in November in order that he might tell me how his customers had made out and also introduce me to the star performer. A financial writer had told me the man's profits were phenomenal, and cited the case as typical of the 1919 winner.

I walked in. Unhappiness was in the air. I knew by looking at the men about the ticker that the market was soft, and surmised that there had probably been a short-lived rally earlier in the day. The customers' faces were the faces of men whose last drop of blood had not been drained. They were all alike. Altogether it did not impress me as a high-class crowd.

I spoke to a thin youth who had that exasperating look of professional sympathy which you see on all fat undertakers. Ungrammatical condolences oozed out of the pores of his face. Yet, you somehow felt that when he began to weep it would inadvertently be over the wrong corpse, so eager was he to send in his bill.

"Is Mr. Mann in?" I asked.

He looked at me appraisingly. I detest all undertakers, excepting the one I have engaged for myself because I firmly intend to outlive him. The youth, who looked like Trotzky's first cousin, greatly annoyed me by his expatriation. It made me say to him, not very sweetly:

"What I should have told you was to get Mann for me right away."

"Yes, sir. What name, please?"

"Listen," I said. "Get Mann."

The new Wall Street, I now perceived, had certain goat-getting qualities. Young Trotzky disappeared. Presently Mann, frowning, came out.

He saw me. He stopped frowning. This was less a compliment than real friendship. Mann's was the most gorgeous imagination that I had known in Wall Street in fifteen years of financial reporting. In the old days he could always quote verbatim what Mr. Morgan or Mr. Schiff had told an intimate in an hour's conversation. The attentiveness with which I used to listen contented

(Continued on Page 46)

"Horse Sense"

Traffic Trucks do not shy, back up or run away when you drive them alongside railroad trains.

Foreign countries in which Traffic Trucks are now operating include England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Holland, Straits Settlements, Siam, Japan, Denmark, Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, Peru, Philippine Islands, British Honduras, Ecuador, Syria, Belgium, China and Canada.

Good management brings success and hauling with Traffic Trucks is a sign of good management.

Those who turn a paper around instead of standing on their heads to read matter which is upside down, have "horse sense."

Traffic Trucks cut in half the cost of hauling with teams. Do your hauling with a Traffic if you want to make more money easily.

Dress suits or smooth-talking salesmen are not needed to sell Traffic Trucks—practical men with "horse sense" are buying them.

Traffic Truck Specifications:

Red Seal Continental 3¾ x 5 motor; ***Covert*** transmission; multiple disc clutch; ***Bosch magneto;*** 4-piece cast shell, cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with ***Timken roller bearings; Russel rear axle,*** internal gear, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; ***6-inch U-channel frame; Standard Fisk tires,*** 34 x 3½ front, 34 x 5 rear; 133-inch wheelbase; 121-inch length of frame behind driver's seat; oil cup lubricating system; chassis painted, striped and varnished; driver's lazy back seat and cushion regular equipment. Pneumatic cord tire equipment at extra cost.

Chassis $1395
Factory

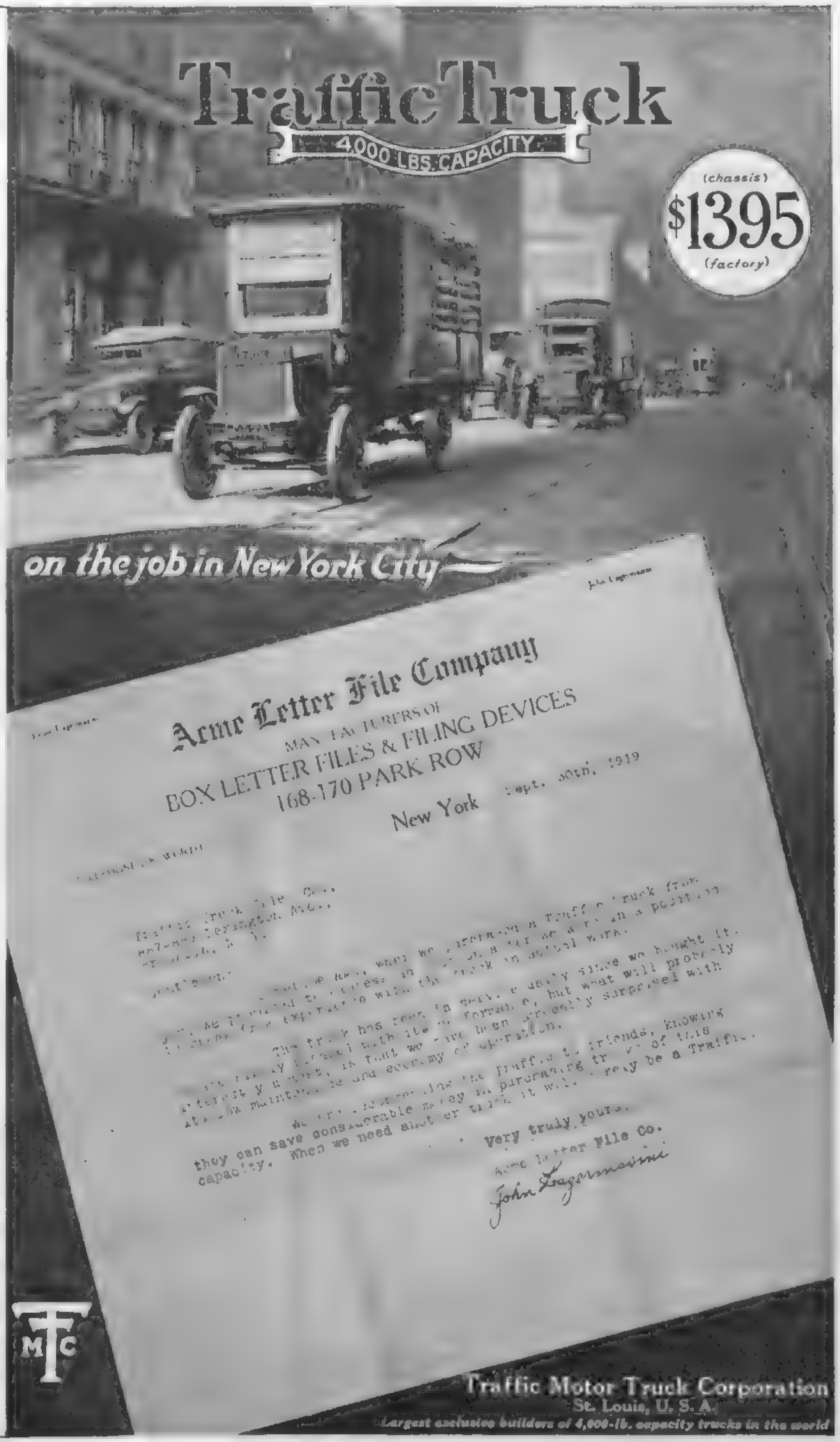
The lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world. Built of standardized units.

Dealers, Attention: If you knew the profits awaiting you in your territory, you would lose no time in securing the Traffic contract if available.

It is Traffic policy to make direct connections in every city, town and village in the United States.

Traffic production for 1920 will be quadrupled and will enable us to take care of a few additional dealers.

You have no time to lose.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MANUFACTURERS OF
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they can save considerable money in purchasing trucks from
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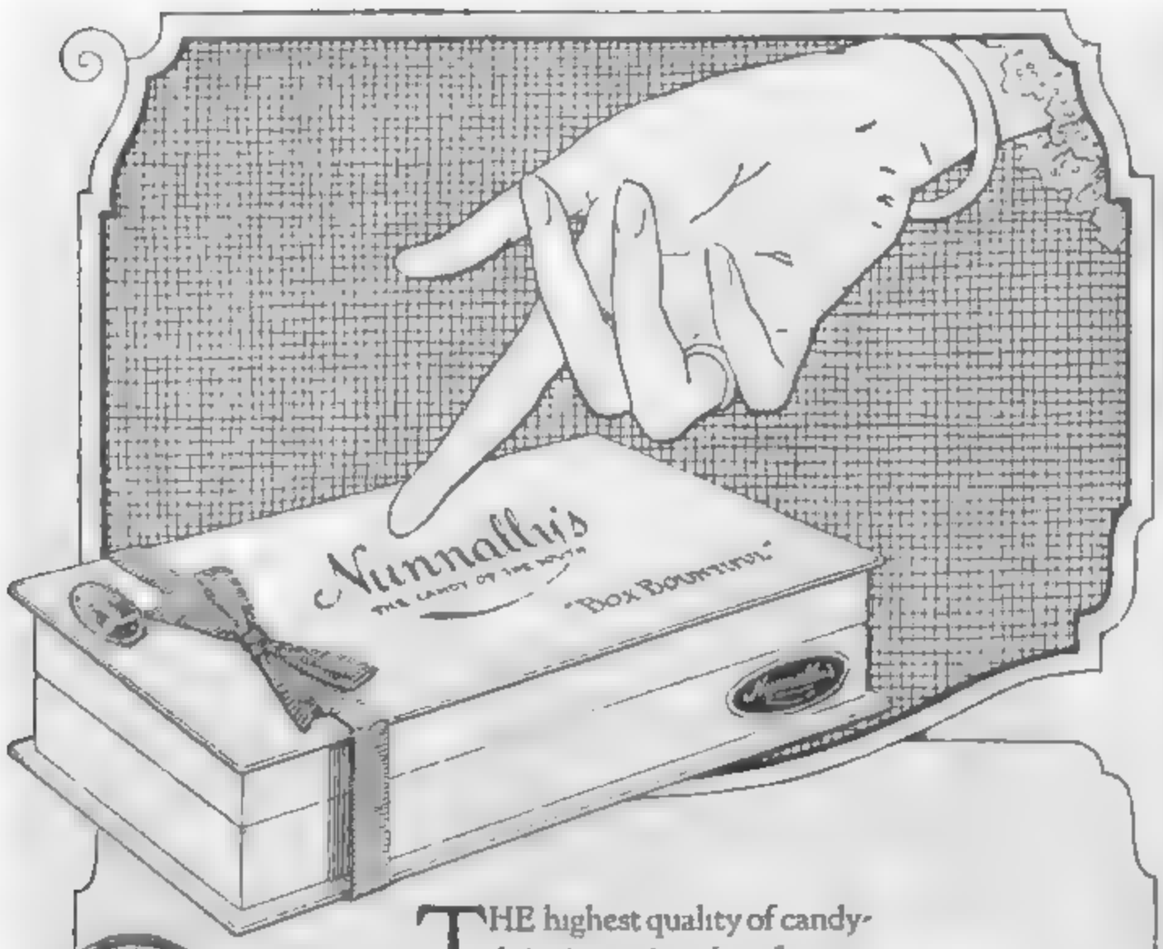

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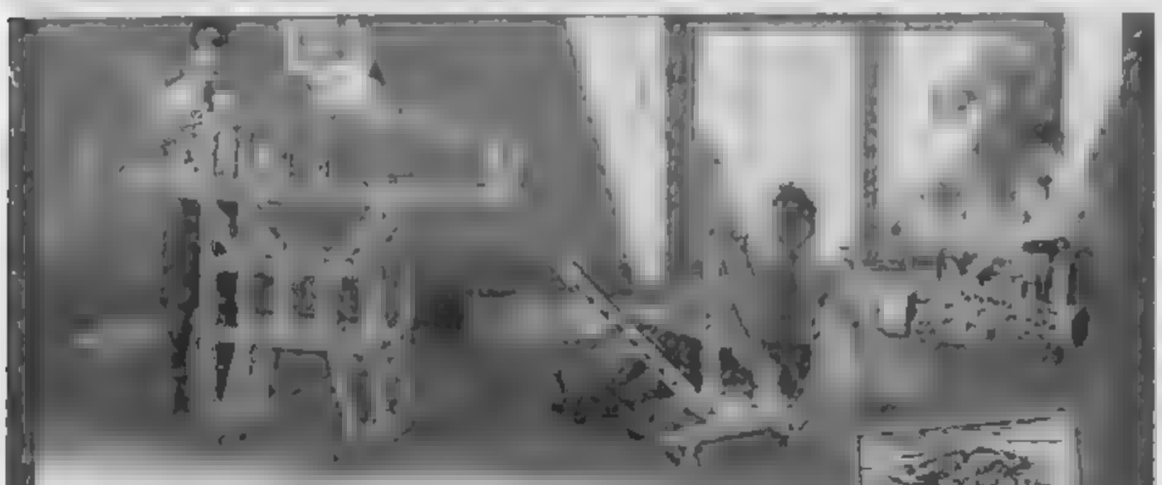
THE CANDY OF THE SOUTH



The Boy *and His Erector Set*

The boy who received an Erector Set for Christmas can build hundreds of realistic models with it—skyscrapers, bridges, machinery—elevators, cranes and derricks that he can operate by the powerful little Erector motor. It is real steel construction in miniature. It develops the boy's constructive nature while he is having the best of fun.

Thousands of interesting models can be built with Erector. Boys who have the smaller sized sets can always obtain the additional parts—any kind they may need to build larger and more interesting models—at toy dealers who sell Erector Sets.

PRIZE CONTEST—My big toy building contest, free to boys and girls, is now in full swing, with a buckboard automobile or Shetland pony as first prize and a hundred other fine prizes. Write for particulars of this free contest.

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Famous No. 4 Erector Set, shown above, contains many steel girder parts, Erector motor and wheels to make toys that run. Price $6.00 (Canada $9.00).

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In Canada: The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Co., Limited, Toronto.
In England: The A. C. Gilbert Co., 125 High Holborn, London W. C. 1.

GILBERT TOYS

(Continued from Page 44)

him and he never grew angry over my persistent failure to print what he told me. He was one of the few men who did not.

We shook hands and he said: "Well, well! I'm glad to see you! What are you doing south of Fulton Street?"

"Oh, I just came down to see the changes that you told me about—the commission houses full of nonlosing customers and the customers with nonoverstaying tendencies and the experts on earnings who always take their profits at an eighth from the top and then buy tax-exempt bonds, like John D. Rockefeller or George F. Baker."

He smiled the smile of a man who smiles because he doesn't wish to be vulgar. Then he shook his head.

"Don't you remember you told me so yourself when I said the break was in sight?" I reminded him.

"Well, my wise friend"—he barely suppressed a sneer—"after you turned bearish they all went up like the dickens. If a man had sold the day after you saw me he would have dropped some wad."

"I wasn't bearish. I simply told you that you with your own lips had given me the best selling tip known to the human race. You told me your office was refusing new accounts. Of course I was wrong and everything is all right, because Wall Street has changed so much."

He took me by the arm and led me over to a window, away from the customers by the ticker.

I followed his glance and asked him:

"Is this your regular crowd?"

"Oh, no," he answered hastily. Then in a low voice: "This is only the outer office. It is the—well, you know!"

"The soviet," I suggested. They were at least compatriots.

"Oh, they're all nice good fellows. And some of them swing pretty good lines too. But of course our real—oh, you know who I mean!—they are in the inner office. The boss is in. I'm sure he'd be glad to see you."

"I want to know about Blankberg. Is it true he has made a killing?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you his story," he assured me earnestly.

"Well, then, let somebody else do the telling. If things down here have changed as much as all you fellows say they have I won't believe my ears anyhow. You told me your customers didn't play tips."

"I never said it." He hesitated. Then he said defensively: "If nobody knows what to trade in where are you going to get your business?"

I held out my hand, grasped his and shook it warmly. It precipitated an outbreak of frankness and he remembered old times when we used to exchange inside information.

"Say, listen," he said with a grin. "You know, we were all looking for the rally the other day. Well, a fellow who knows Blankberg poked his head in the inner office and called, 'Hey, Blankberg!' 'He's out,' says the boss. 'Well, tell him Ku-Klux is the baby. He's got to get a hustle on him if he doesn't want to get left.' So help me, at least six of those inner-office fellows jumped for the ticker to grab the tape, and one old chap yells:

"'What's the last sale?' I gave them the laugh. It was a horse the gink was touting. Nearly all those fellows had paper profits of millions last month ——"

"Mann!" I said warningly.

"Millions! Millions! I tell you, millions! And, say, they were still picking the slivers of bone out of what was left of their hair; and yet there they were, all falling for Ku-Klux. They thought it was some new motor stock, one of them told me afterward. What do you call that?"

"I don't call it. It always has been. But what about Blankberg?"

"You won't believe it," he insisted.

"I know I won't if you've also changed."

"I am older," said Mann seriously.

"What about Blankberg?"

"I'll see if he is in."

Mann went into the inner office and presently emerged—alone.

"Gone for the day," he announced. "Come into my office."

Then Mann told me the story.

"I ran across Blankberg on New Street. I hadn't seen him in months; maybe a year and a half. Then he was down and out. His hard-luck story must have been a corker, for I remember I fell for it twenty-five bucks' worth and I wasn't very flush myself. Yes; and he must have looked like a death certificate. Oh, yes, he paid it. He's honest."

I nodded to prove my complete belief in Blankberg's honesty and Mann went on:

"It was round Washington's Birthday this year that I next met him. He wasn't the same man, not so you could notice it. I was very glad to see him and I told him so. He looked prosperous. He told me that he was in with the right people and had been picking them right along. I said to him that he ought to throw some of his business my way and he promised to do so. I asked him when and he said: 'Well, I can't do much just now, but I promise to have two hundred fifty thousand dollars in your office on April first. I'd just as soon trade through you as through anyone else.' The date got my goat. I remembered how I staked him when he was down and out and me near flat broke, so I said to him, rather cold, 'Much obliged. On April first I'll be a millionaire myself. Quarter of a million for margins is not much of an April fool's joke.' He grins and says 'Manny,' he says, 'I really meant it. Here is a call on a thousand D. & F. Motors.'

"It was one of Jim Swope's calls with a stock-exchange house guaranty, and I took it. Say, in five days Blankberg telephoned me to call the stock. It only showed twenty-eight points' profit. We carried the stock for him and sold it when he told us. He made fifty-nine thousand dollars on the deal. He brought in two more calls and made killings. I'll bet Jim Swope has dropped two or three million on his privileges. His brother Al is back of him."

"Why should Al sell privileges? It's a picayune business for a big man like him."

"He can't refuse the money when it is put in front of him," Mann assured me earnestly. "Blankberg tells me he always fishes out his wad and puts it right before Swope's eyes and then makes his offer for the privilege."

"That's only the old Russell Sage story," I reminded him. "The old chap wouldn't sell privileges until the would-be buyer regretfully remarked: 'It's too bad, Mr. Sage. I have the money here, in gold.' The little heap of five-dollar gold pieces in front of Uncle Russell always did the trick. It's wonderful how Wall Street changes! Even its stories are different!"

"I thought you wanted to hear about Blankberg." Mann's voice was cold.

"I beg you to forgive me; I forgot myself when I remembered the dreadful past."

"Well, Blankberg traded in Motors, Crucible Steel and other things. All his orders came over the telephone, and I never laid eyes on him till March twenty-ninth. He showed up after three that day and asked me how his account stood. I told him two hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars to the good and no stock. All he said was: 'I told you I'd have two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in this office before April first. I was going to send you a check but this will do all right. Now we can trade a little.' And he began to pick 'em, one after another. I never saw anything like it."

"Where did he get his dope?" I asked.

"I don't know. He's been in Wall Street all his life and he's made and lost half a dozen fortunes, but never anything like this year. Where he got his tips is a mystery to me, but he got 'em all right."

"Does he know anything about the financial condition of the companies?" I asked, simply to make talk.

"If he does he has kept the knowledge to himself. All I know is that whatever he got went through on schedule time. He would telephone me to buy five thousand shares of something and when I'd ask him to slip me a little information he'd say: 'One hundred ten by Thursday!' And, by George, it was apt to be 111½ on Thursday at two P. M."

"As you say, the street has changed," I said with a sober face.

"Say," Mann went on, becoming excited as he lived over Blankberg's Von Kluckian advance, "it was paralyzing! He had the exact date and the exact price days in advance! He kept on piling up the dough something awful. One million! Two! Three! Four ——"

"Hey, Mann!" I cried.

"So help me Bob! May I drop dead in my tracks if Blankberg didn't have a profit in this office of a little over four million when the big break came! The man couldn't lose, I tell you. His info was too good. It never failed!"

"That is a habit with all info—at times," I assented.

"One day he telephoned to me to buy five thousand shares of Exwye, joint account. I told him I was much obliged, but

(Continued on Page 49)

Refractories—Now at All Industries' Front Door

For three-quarters of a century Laclede-Christy have been making Fire Brick and other Refractories of highest quality and *dependability*. That is why they are used by thousands of concerns, of every size and type, for every conceivable purpose.

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[illegible] Peoria Fuel Co.
[illegible]cy, E. Best Plumbing, Heating & Supply Co.
Rockford.....Scandia Coal & Lbr. Co.
Springfield.....Springfield Silo Co.

INDIANA

Anderson.....J. W. Bailey & Co.
Bloomington.....Hughes Bros. Co.
Brazil.....Lewis McNutt
[illegible]
Indianapolis.....A. B. Meyer & Co.
Jeffersonville, Harbor Washington Lumber & Coal Co.
Kokomo.....Ellis Brothers
Muncie.....M. J. McGuff Coal & Builders Supply Co.
[illegible]
Terre Haute.....Reiman Lime & Cement Co.

IOWA

[illegible]
Cedar Rapids.....Iowa Stone Co., Inc.
Davenport.....Builders Lime & Cement Co.
Des Moines.....Perkins Bldrs. Supply & Fuel Co.
Dubuque.....Key City Roofing Co.
Oskaloosa.....Kalbach Lumber Co.
Waterloo.....Moore & Moore, Inc.

KANSAS

Hutchinson.....The Carey Salt Co.
Topeka.....Hargreaves & Co.
Wichita.....J. H. Turner

LOUISIANA

Alexandria.....Rapides Gro. Co., Inc.
Baton Rouge.....Fuqua Hdw. Co., Ltd.
Donaldsonville, B. Lemann & Bro., Inc.
Monroe.....Parlor City Lumber Co.
New Orleans.....Fritz Jahncke, Inc.
Shreveport.....Lee Hdw. Co., Ltd.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston.....Robinson Clay Prod. Co.

MICHIGAN

Grand Rapids.....S. A. Morman & Co.
[illegible] M. V. McCracken Co.
Ishpeming.....Consol. Fuel & Lbr. Co.
[illegible] J. T. Wing Lbr. & Co.
Manistee, Buckley & Douglas Lumber Co.

MINNESOTA

Duluth, Spenker Lime & Cement Co.
Duluth, [illegible]
[illegible]
Red Wing, Red Wing Sewer Pipe Co.
St. Paul.....St. Paul Bldrs. Matl. Co.

MISSISSIPPI

Brookhaven.....Brookhaven Pressed Brick Mfg. Co.
Jackson.....Morrison Coal Co.
[illegible]
Vicksburg.....Wright Bros. Hdw. Co.

MISSOURI

Kansas City, C. A. Brockett Cement Co.
St. Joseph.....Mannan-Smith Sup. Co.
Sedalia.....Looney & Bloess Lbr. Co.
Springfield.....Grobleibe Lbr. Co.

NEBRASKA

[illegible] Western Brick & Sup. Co.
Omaha.....McCaffrey Bros. Co.

NEW YORK

Buffalo.....Globe Plaster Co.
Buffalo.....Robinson Clay Prod. Co.
New York [illegible]
Niagara Falls, Empire Builders Supply Co.
Syracuse [illegible]

OHIO

Cincinnati....The Cincinnati Clay Co.
Cleveland.....Robert L. Beck
Columbus, Columbus Fire & Face Brick Co.
Columbus, The Keener Sand & Clay Co.
Dayton [illegible]
Springfield, The Taylor-Trout Co.
Steubenville [illegible]
Toledo, The Toledo Pulp Plaster Co.

OKLAHOMA

Altus.....Wm. Cameron & Co.
Chickasha.....Wm. Cameron & Co.
Oklahoma City.....A. M. Dewell

SOUTH DAKOTA

Sioux Falls.....H. T. Parmley

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga.....Sloan & [illegible]
Memphis, Fischer Lime & Cement Co.

TEXAS

Austin.....Austin Builders' Sup. Co.
[illegible] E. L. Vaughn Lbr. Co.
Dallas.....Bragg-Weaver Mach. Co.
Dallas.....W. L. Macatee & Sons
Dallas.....Moore & Company
El Paso.....Rathbun Co.
Ft. Worth.....Wm. Cameron & Co.
[illegible]
Houston.....W. L. Macatee & Sons
[illegible]
Orange.....Sabine Supply Co.
[illegible]
Ranger.....Warren Wagner
San Antonio, San Antonio Mach. & Sup. Co
[illegible]
Waco.....Wm. Cameron & Co.
Waco.....Nash Robinson Co.
[illegible]

UTAH

Salt Lake City, Engineering Sales Co

WISCONSIN

Eau Claire,
[illegible]
Green Bay.....[illegible]
La Crosse.....La Crosse [illegible]
Milwaukee.....[illegible]
Superior, Speaker Lime & Cement Co.
[illegible]

CANADA

Toronto....Wayne Forge & Mach. Co.
[illegible]
W. & F. P. Currie & Co., Ltd.

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Grocers Are Proud of It

Quaker Flour, when they have it, is kept out in front on display. They are always ready to open a sack to show you its whiteness and fineness.

Extra-Grade Flour

For Housewives Who Like Super-Quality

A Million Users Have Adopted It Already

The Quaker Oats Company has won millions of friends through super-grade cereal products.

We felt that these lovers of Quaker Quality would welcome a Quaker Flour. So we started out to make it.

That welcome has been overwhelming. The name of the makers led women to try it. What they said about it led their friends to get it.

Now one mill has grown to four mills, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels. And a million people every day enjoy it.

But there are countless others who would also enjoy it, who do not yet know of this Flour. We are trying to reach them in print.

Why Quaker Flour Excels

In Quaker Flour we use only just the choicest inner bits of the wheat kernel. We make two lower grades of flour and three other products from the part discarded in Quaker Flour.

Quaker Flour is made by experts, in model mills equipped in new-day ways. It is the finest Flour that science can produce.

The Flour is constantly analyzed—right in the mills. And bakers there constantly test it. Thus every sack is made to meet all our extreme requirements.

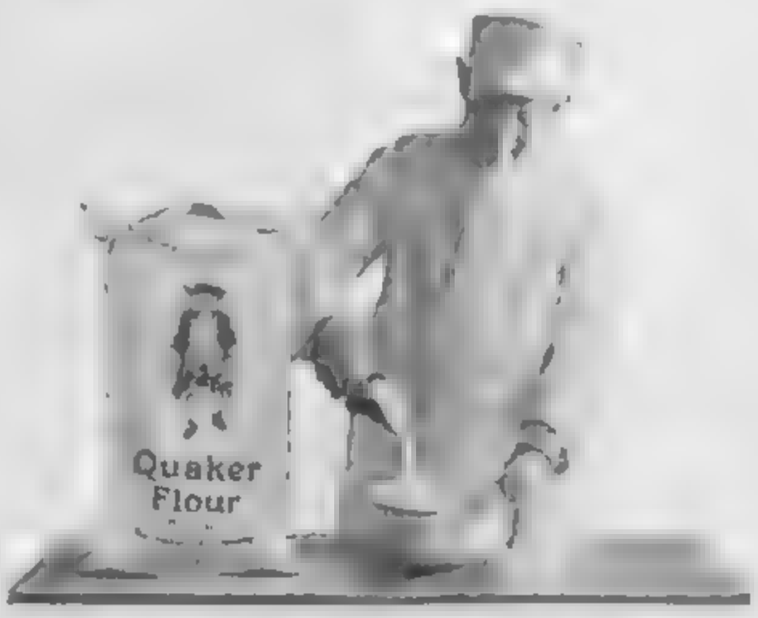
No Fancy Price

The cost is cut by quantity production. Our vast line of cereal products cuts the selling cost. Our average Flour profit is kept under 5 per cent.

Thus users get this superlative Flour without a fancy price.

It is due to yourself that you try it. Ask your grocer if he has it. If not, ask him to get it. Learn how flours can differ, and how good a flour can be. A glance at Quaker Flour will delight you. Its use in one baking will be a revelation.

Your grocer knows that one sack will make you a constant user.



Experts Constantly Test It

right in our mills. Chemists constantly analyze it, so the Flour can never vary.

Women Tell Others

Quaker Flour won a million users before we advertised it. Users told others about it. The fame of the Flour spread over two nations, just through the comments of delighted friends.

For Dainties

Quaker Biscuit Flour

This is a special flour made from special wheat for dainties. It is the right flour—far better than bread flour—for biscuits, pancakes, doughnuts, cakes, cookies etc.

The flour is self-raising. To keep it ever-fresh it comes in sealed round packages with tops.

Quaker Farina

This is inner wheat—just the choicest, sweetest, whitest bits—in granulated form. The granulations add enticements to some foods. Serve as a breakfast dainty or in fritters. Use in waffles, griddle cakes, etc. This is the finest grade of farina which can be produced, yet it costs no fancy price.

Quaker Flour

Made by

The Quaker Oats Company

Mills in Akron, O.; Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Peterborough, Ont.; and Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

In our Canadian Mills we make a different flour to conform to Government requirements.

(Continued from Page 46)

I guessed not. He said it was a cinch. I told him that cinch or no cinch I'd never sleep a wink if I had five hundred shares of Exwye in my name, leave alone twenty-five hundred; and besides, I had no money to put up the margin we would ask for carrying that.

"He said he would carry me because the stock was going to 150 and he remembered all I had done for him. He wanted me to make some money. I told him I appreciated his kindness but I couldn't think of it. He got so mad about it that I thought he was going to take his account to some other office. Well, to keep his business I decided to go joint account with him. So I told him not to buy over two thousand shares and to promise to sell if it ever got to 75. He said there wasn't any 'if' about its going to 150. But I said if we sold it at 75 I would get all the money a white man ought to make on that kind of stock. Lots of my customers had been nipped in it. I insisted on his giving me a written selling order at 75 signed in my presence. On this point I was like the Rock of Gibraltar and he agreed to put in the order to sell as I said. All his selling orders were always written. If you've ever had customers' memories to deal with you won't take verbal selling orders. I remember once ——"

"Return to Blankberg."

"I bought the two thousand shares of Exwye at 66 and a fraction. It closed three points higher that day. On the third day it sold at 75. Blankberg hadn't sent me his selling order and I didn't dare let the stock go without it. A man doesn't take liberties with his star customer. The next day it opened at 79 and ran up to 83. I tried to get hold of Blankberg; telephoned everywhere; no use! The earth had swallowed him up. There I was with a profit of seventeen thousand dollars in a stock I didn't believe in, and no Blankberg; and I knew if I sold and he got mad and took his account somewhere else the firm would blame me and would never remember that I had brought him in. Well, just before the close the stock broke four points —— Listen! You needn't look so pleased about it. The next day it began to jump like a Mexican bean in a state of eruption. That day I went uptown to look for Blankberg but he wasn't to be found anywhere. By the way, he had got the craze for buying automobiles. Every time he'd see a model that he didn't have he'd get one like it. He kept eleven of them in a garage here in the city, and five in the country. He had them all colors and makes, and the funny thing was that he didn't drive himself. Plain bug! He collected them just as other people collect ——"

"Trading stamps. Get back to your 2000 Exwye."

"Well, I couldn't find him in the garage nor at his club, and when I telephoned to his house his wife said he wasn't home. Say, I think I must have lost ten pounds. The damn thing was selling at 103 when Blankberg finally called me up and asked me what Exwye was! I told him. He said: 'That's all right. It will touch 150 next Thursday at two o'clock.' I would have sworn he was plumb nutty if he hadn't made similar cracks before and they came out true. I told him I would not keep the stock in my office and that he had to sell it. So he said: 'All right! If you want to cheat your family out of fifty thousand dollars, go on and sell it, you damned fool.' And he hung up. We got better than 103 for it.

"About four-thirty that afternoon he called up again and asked me what I had done. When I told him he said: 'I am at the —— Hotel, uptown, and I want you to come right up and bring the money we made in Exwye with you. Every cent of it! In cash!'

"I told him I couldn't get that much money after banking hours, but he shut me up and told me I simply had to bring the money and get a gait on. He had to have it; in cash; and if I didn't get up there pretty quick he'd find some broker who was willing to oblige a customer."

"I hope you found you could oblige him," I said politely.

"Well, my share was $37,000 and I felt I owed something to him. I could tell by his voice that he wasn't drunk ——"

"You can't always go by the sound," I told him, "especially over the telephone."

"Well, it struck me that he might have some deal on that required actual cash; and anyhow I couldn't do anything else."

"No, you couldn't. His commissions must have been something."

"I had one awful time getting $74,000 in cash. Say, I had four rolls as big as pine logs; in thousands and hundreds and fifties and tens and ones! Well, I found Blankberg at the —— Hotel and he calls out: 'Have you got the money?' I said I had, so he told me to get a taxi. I got it and then he made me get in and told the chauffeur to drive to White Plains.

"I saw that he was sober because he made me count out his thirty-seven thousand dollars, and then he counted the money himself. He stuffed the bills in his pockets and told me he would need me later. After we got to White Plains he stopped in front of the courthouse and then he told me we must go to Larchmont and buy a motor boat, and that I had to pick out a good one for him and we'd try it out, just the two of us. That was the reason he wanted cash, he said. Then, of course, I knew he was loaded. You know, I swim like a stone, and going out in a motor boat has always seemed to me the surest form of suicide. I got mighty uncomfortable thinking he might get violent in the taxi. Alone with a maniac, and thirty-seven thousand dollars cash in my pocket! Oh, baby! I felt my hair dropping out like fall leaves."

Mann stopped talking in order to draw in a deep breath. He exhaled it, shook his head, breathed deeply again, and went on:

"All this time, remember, no grub. Just before we got to Mamaroneck the blooming taxi stopped. The driver got out and opened the door. He had a big monkey wrench in his hand. He was built like Jess Willard but his face was like Dempsey's. I thought of the thirty-seven thousand dollars cash in my pocket. Say, I earned that money if all I got for my sweat was a cent a drop! Cold, too."

"And then, what?"

"The driver said something had gone wrong and in case he couldn't fix it he'd have to find some house where he could telephone to the nearest garage. He looked at the engine and then he went up the road.

"It had got dark by this time. There I was, alone with a lunatic and thirty-seven thousand dollars cash in my pocket and a hold-up man operating in that very neighborhood ——"

"And you never once thought of poor Blankberg and his pocketful of money! Anyhow, you were not killed, so end the agony and tell me what happened to your own thirty-seven thousand dollars. I don't care about Blankberg's roll."

"In about an hour the chauffeur came back with a man from the garage and they fixed the taxi and we started again. I live in New Rochelle, so I made the taxi driver take me home. I invited Blankberg to come in and spend the night with us but he wouldn't budge; so I left him in the taxi and I went in. My wife was away that night and there I was, all alone ——"

"With thirty-seven thousand dollars in your pocket," I said.

"I didn't sleep. I wasn't so afraid of burglars, because I hid that wad, believe me."

"Where?" I asked curiously.

"They wouldn't let you print it if I told you. All the same, I thought of fire and so I didn't sleep. At seven-thirty A. M. I went to the house of a friend of mine who is the receiving teller of a bank in New Rochelle and I told him I had something for him. I gave him the thirty-seven thousand dollars in cash. I said I wanted to deposit it at once and I handed him my pass book. The darned cuss wouldn't take the money until he had looked in all the New York morning papers for the account of the robbery. I told him a part of the story and right after his breakfast he went with me to the bank. Only the watchman was there ——"

"Some story!" I said admiringly. "I suppose Blankberg got home all right?"

"Oh, yes! That same day he bought some Exwye at 112 and got out at 151. Less than two weeks ago I figured his total profits on paper in this office, mind you, at four million three hundred thousand dollars. I asked him what he was waiting for and he said he thought he would stop when he had thirty million dollars!"

I must have smiled, for Mann said very earnestly: "I know it! That's just the way I felt about it myself, at first. But if you had seen how everything he said came true you wouldn't feel sure that he was crazy. When all is said and done it's a darn sight harder to run a shoe string up to over four million dollars than it is to run up the four million dollars to forty millions. His information was all right and he plunged. And he copped the dough ——"

"But he didn't keep the dough."

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"Yes; but what happened? Certain bankers—you know who I mean—didn't like the bunch that was back of the rise ——"

"And the bankers went for the philanthropists who were making everybody rich?"

"Well, these bankers didn't get in when they were asked to join the pools but after stocks had gone up fifty points they were willing. But they were told the market was there. If they wished they could buy in the open like anybody else. Of course they got sore; and when the time came they sent their emissaries to Washington—and you know what happened. All of a sudden the Federal Reserve Board discovers how immoral stock speculation is ——"

"But, my dear fellow," I protested, "you are talking of the old tricks of the Plunderbund. People don't do such things nowadays in Wall Street. Everything has changed."

"Changed, hell!" said Mann savagely. "If it hadn't been for that bunch of cutthroats and soreheads—yes, bank presidents—you'd have seen prices much higher. Why, it was all arranged to have Exwye sell at 200 on November fifteenth and 250 by Christmas. The break saved Livermore's life. A couple of days before the slump I saw him get out of his swell limousine in front of his brokers' office and I says to myself, thinking of what Blankberg told me was going to happen: 'I wonder who will own that car this day a week?'"

"Who does own it?" I asked.

"Oh, the break saved Livermore. It wasn't his brains."

"And what about Blankberg?"

"Well, in this office he didn't have much left."

"Is he busted?"

"Busted, nothing! He got the news of the buying for control in Swift Dart Motors Common and he's got a million dollars' profit now. And that isn't all."

"It isn't?"

"No. He told me last night the slump hasn't made any difference to him. He's going to make his thirty million."

Mann stopped talking to look at me. He had spent his entire business life in Wall Street. He had seen men come, all manner of men, with and without money and with and without brains; and he had seen some of them get rich and then he had seen those who had gotten rich cease to be rich and go out of the Street. He looked as if he dared me to call him crazy. So I asked politely: "And what else?"

"And I believe he'll make it!"

I looked at him again and saw that he was in earnest. His business is to believe what he says. Otherwise he couldn't advise his customers the way he does.

"Mann," I said to him, "I find Wall Street so changed that I believe every word that you have told me. The fact that I used to hear those stories as far back as 1899 only shows how little I myself have changed. I have a great deal to thank you for."

I cannot swear that Mann did not exaggerate. But even after allowing a liberal discount for the habits of speech acquired in the broker d strict, there was enough left in his story to show that the old order does not change. But I regretted not hearing from Blankberg why he had decided to limit his winning to thirty million dollars.

After leaving the building which Mann's firm honors by occupying the eighth floor, I ran across an old friend on Exchange Place. Years ago he gave up a paying business in his native town in order to have plenty of time to find easy money in Wall Street. He was a schoolmate of a promoter who enjoyed notoriety during a bull market long since passed into ancient history. The famous promoter, while he was still famous, met his old schoolboy friend, gave him a tip and ruined one of the leading merchants of a growing town. It was the first tip the merchant ever got, and full of faith and gratitude he plunged. He doubtless thought it was disloyalty to pike.

It was a glorious success and netted over ninety thousand dollars. The next tip the merchant got from his dear friend broke him. But the poison was in his system and he hung round the financial district. I used to run across him quite often. He was the original of one of the characters in a Wall Street story I wrote in 1901.

He looked prosperous, which pleased me, for it is not always the nice people who find easy pickings. The worst I knew about him was a weakness for believing every stock market prophet. The best was his readiness to put himself out to do a friend a good turn.

He was in the company of a man who was a stranger to me, whose manner annoyed me.

There was something about his lips that suggested an impending smile of superiority, and in his eyes I saw a completeness of knowledge that made me hear in advance a succession of dogmas on all conceivable subjects.

My friend shook hands and then turning to his friend delivered an embarrassing panegyric of me, after which he introduced Mr. Vere de Vere.

I asked my friend how he had made out.

"Oh, fine," he answered, "up to the slaughter last week. They trimmed me, all right. Only paper profits, though. I suppose you were bearish?" He did not ask this sarcastically. It was his nature to believe the best of his friends.

"I wasn't in the market," I answered; "but, of course, it came so soon after the end of October, and you know what October is."

"Er, yes," said my friend.

His omniscient-eyed friend perceived that my friend did not know what I had in mind and he asked me with an eagerness that somehow suggested thirst: "Why should October have anything to do with being bearish?"

"Well," I said, "there is no sense in forgetting seasonal unpropitiousness."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I beg yours"—and I smiled gently. "I have no wish to pry into your affairs, but do you mind telling me whether you trade much?"

"I am not a plunger," answered Mr. Vere de Vere.

"He has been very successful! Very successful!" My friend spoke impressively.

"And in your operations, what system did you follow, Mr. Vere?" I asked gravely. When a man knows all there is to be known it is a cinch he has an infallible system—in everything!

"I study earnings and basic conditions ——"

"In the newspapers?" I interrupted.

"Everywhere!" replied Mr. Vere de Vere so emphatically that I knew it was only in the newspapers, "and, of course, I have good information about certain moves."

I must have looked skeptical, for he went on with a frown: "I pay well for it. I don't believe the man ever lived who could get something for nothing."

"I agree with you," I acquiesced heartily. "Do you use charts?"

"I have seen them," he said, as though one look were enough for him to memorize them.

I nodded to show I understood and then I informed him: "The only man I know who beats the market right along, year in and year out, uses nothing else. He has mathematical experts who prepare the charts for him. They cost him over two hundred thousand dollars a year." This happens to be true.

"Who is he?" asked Vere de Vere quickly.

"You wouldn't know him if I told you his name. He works uptown, for himself and by himself. I don't share his secrets."

"But about being bearish in October ——" began Vere de Vere.

"Well, of course, there are certain speculative maxims which embody the results of the observation and experience of men of great ability. For instance, the late Addison Cammack, the only natural-born bear I ever knew, used to say: 'Never sell stocks when the sap is running up.' I have sometimes thought it would pay to verify the wisdom of this saying by studying the trend of security prices in spring, during, say, a period of fifty years. Then there was Deacon S. V. White, who said: 'Never sell a dull market.'"

A passer-by said, "How do you do, Mr. Vere?" in the respectful tone of voice that Wall Street people use toward stock-market winners. I took advantage to whisper to my friend, the ex-merchant: "Did he beat the game?"

"Oh, my, yes! Big!"

"Was he out of stocks when the break came?"

"No," whispered my friend. "They whacked him for over half a million."

"What was that that Deacon White said," asked Vere.

"He said: 'Never sell a dull market.'"

"I never thought of that," confessed Mr. V. de V. looking slightly chagrined. That as a matter of fact the market is apt to be dull at the top of a bull market or at the bottom of a big decline did not interest him because he was unaware that this was so. He only thought of the possibilities of making money by speculative operations based on a system of infallible maxims. How beautiful life can be at times!

"But I don't quite get your remark about October," insisted Vere.

It was easy to see that in his heart of hearts this man did not know anything about the stock market, and that the consciousness of the incompleteness of his knowledge had come to him only after the break had taken away the paper profits which for months made him consider himself an authority on stock speculation.

"You know the Romans had days when they wouldn't have dreamt of buying or selling stocks, the *dies nefasti*."

"Did they have stocks?" asked my friend.

V. de V. smiled at the questioner—the kind of a smile that would go with whatever the historical facts might turn out to be. You can always accomplish this by making your smile mean: "You poor boob!"—meaning that your friend has allowed himself to be joshed or has proved himself an ignoramus.

"But what about October?" asked Vere.

"Wilson," I replied, "has pointed out an undeniable fact, gathered from a careful study of the phenomena of stock speculation. I happen to remember his words exactly: 'October. This is one of the peculiarly dangerous months to speculate in stocks in.' I may say the author enjoyed an intimate friendship with the late H. H. Rogers, who was one of the ablest of the Standard Oil coterie."

"The President?" asked Vere de Vere, puzzled.

"Pudd'nhead!" I explained.

"I'll say he is," agreed my friend cordially. He is a Republican.

"When did he say this?" asked Vere.

"You will find it at the beginning of Chapter Thirteen. The whole passage reads like this: 'October. This is one of the peculiarly dangerous months to speculate in stocks in. The others are July, January, September, April, November, May, March, June, December, August and February.' Mark Twain said that Pudd'nhead Wilson said that."

My friend laughed; loyal devil!

Vere de Vere frowned; silly ass! He had made money running into hundreds of thousands of dollars but not knowing anything about the game. There were many like him in the old days. But, of course, Wall Street is different now.

I could multiply my talks with stock speculators in 1919 who were exactly like all other stock speculators I have ever met. I heard stories about what Sinclair told a prominent society woman at dinner, just as I used to hear what Keene told a prominent society woman at dinner. And a chapter about the romance of big business; Mr. Durant's amazing rise and General Motors' spectacular career. Twenty years ago it was D. G. Reid and Tin Plate; and before that someone else. And Mr. Jesse Livermore and his stunts and speculative methods, much the same talk I heard about James R. Keene at his best. Incidentally, they tell me that Mr. Livermore, notwithstanding his successes, has put away in trust a million dollars—that he may not die a pauper no matter what the market may do. Men who know him assure me that Livermore is a student of conditions, a clear and dispassionate thinker, who, moreover, is one of the best readers of the tape that ever operated in Wall Street. He has an amazing memory and market instinct, such as Keene had in his prime, which made him avoid a thousand traps. In recognizing the uncertainty of the game by providing against his own complete defeat it seems to me that Mr. Livermore proves that the fear of the market is the beginning of wisdom.

I do not find the important changes in Wall Street that I had been told existed. Because legitimate conditions justified the rise in stocks at the beginning of 1919 it evidently did not follow that the new speculators, operating in the new Wall Street, could not lose money. They lost it in the same way that everybody has always lost it.

Motive has a great deal to do with any man's success in business. To wish to make money is not wrong, just as the buying or selling of stocks is not gambling. But to wish to make money without work and without loss of time is certainly wrong because it is certainly stupid; and it is certainly stupid because it certainly can't be done. There is a difference in making a profit on an investment of ten thousand dollars and making a million by risking one per cent of the million. But men forget this because the delusion of easy money will probably persist till the end of time.

It has been said that a man must work for his money or worry for it. It is cheaper to work for it—and a much surer way to get it. It is too bad that this is so because personally I believe that the man who first invented work was the world's greatest kill-joy.

To be really wise one must be impersonal, and no gambler can be impersonal. The professional loses more philosophically, not more wisely or less humanly than the amateur. Experience based upon the changelessness of human nature has shown that in all bull markets the public always wins at first. If it didn't it would not lose when the bull market culminates. The public, in the beginning, not only logically wins but logically keeps on winning so that in the end his very winnings may beat him. The more the profits grow the more stock the public has. As an old friend of mine expressed it once: "A bull market is a carnival of accumulated margins, and what happens to the speculating public is akin to the phenomenon of overdrinking."

Everybody necessarily is influenced by sentiment, and in Wall Street sentiment is expressed by gossip. Moreover, sentiment varies in intensity and volume with the number of speculators. Sentiment thus is most bullish at the very top, because there are the most speculators then. This makes the temptation to do the wrong thing pretty nearly irresistible. Why should anybody wish to sell when everybody feels certain the rise is going further?

The bull can no more help feeling bullish at the top or the bear bearish at the bottom than any man can help being affected by what Bagehot called the axiom of the locality.

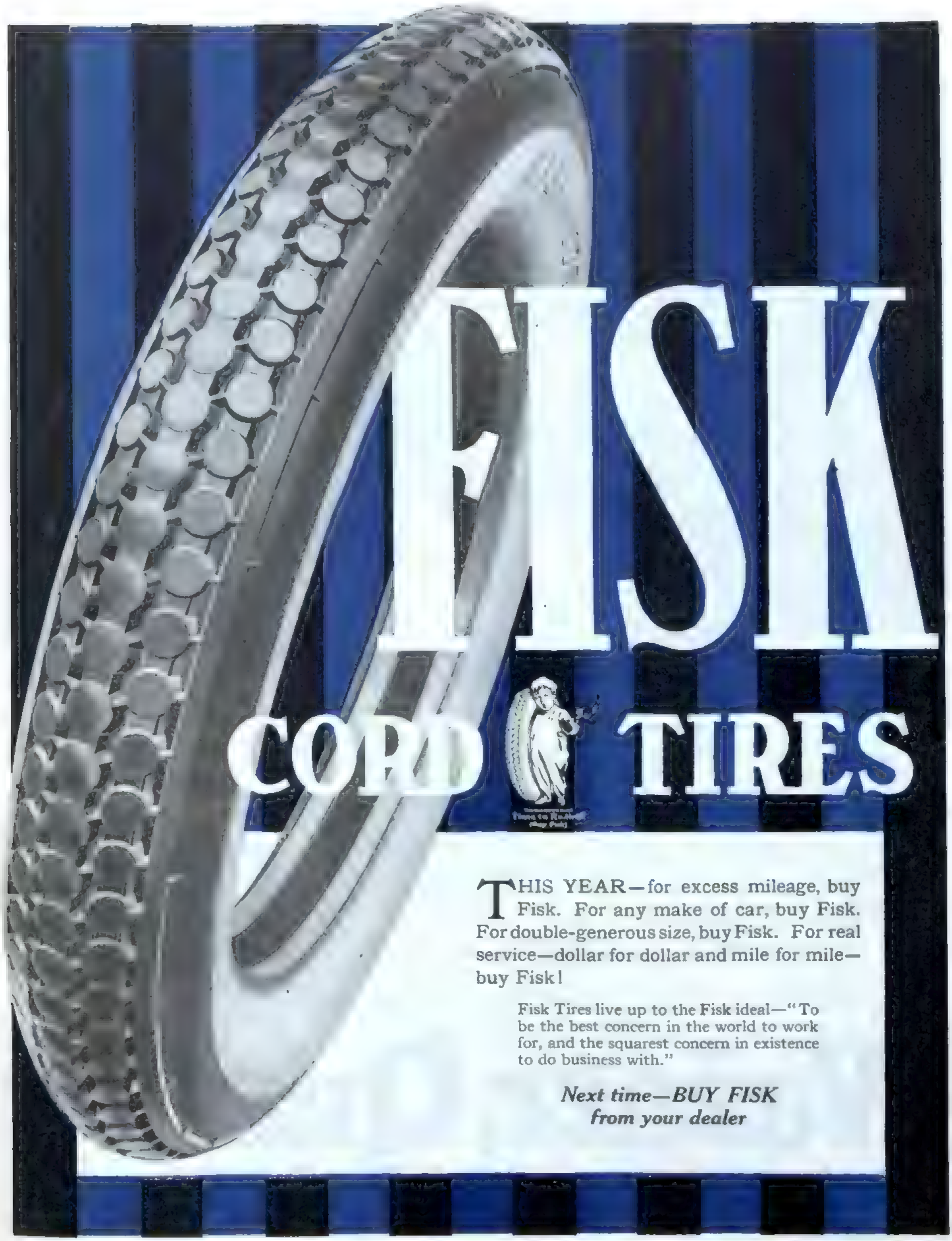
Greed, which warps the judgment; ignorance, which puts out the lamps; the contagion of example, which weakens the individual will; and accidents, against which none may guard—all combine to help speculators fail.

And it seems so unnecessary!

Plato, more than three centuries before Christ, put this prayer in the mouth of Socrates:

"Let me account the wise man rich; and of wealth, let me have so much as a prudent man can bear or employ."

And more than ten times three centuries before Plato the first man was told: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread!"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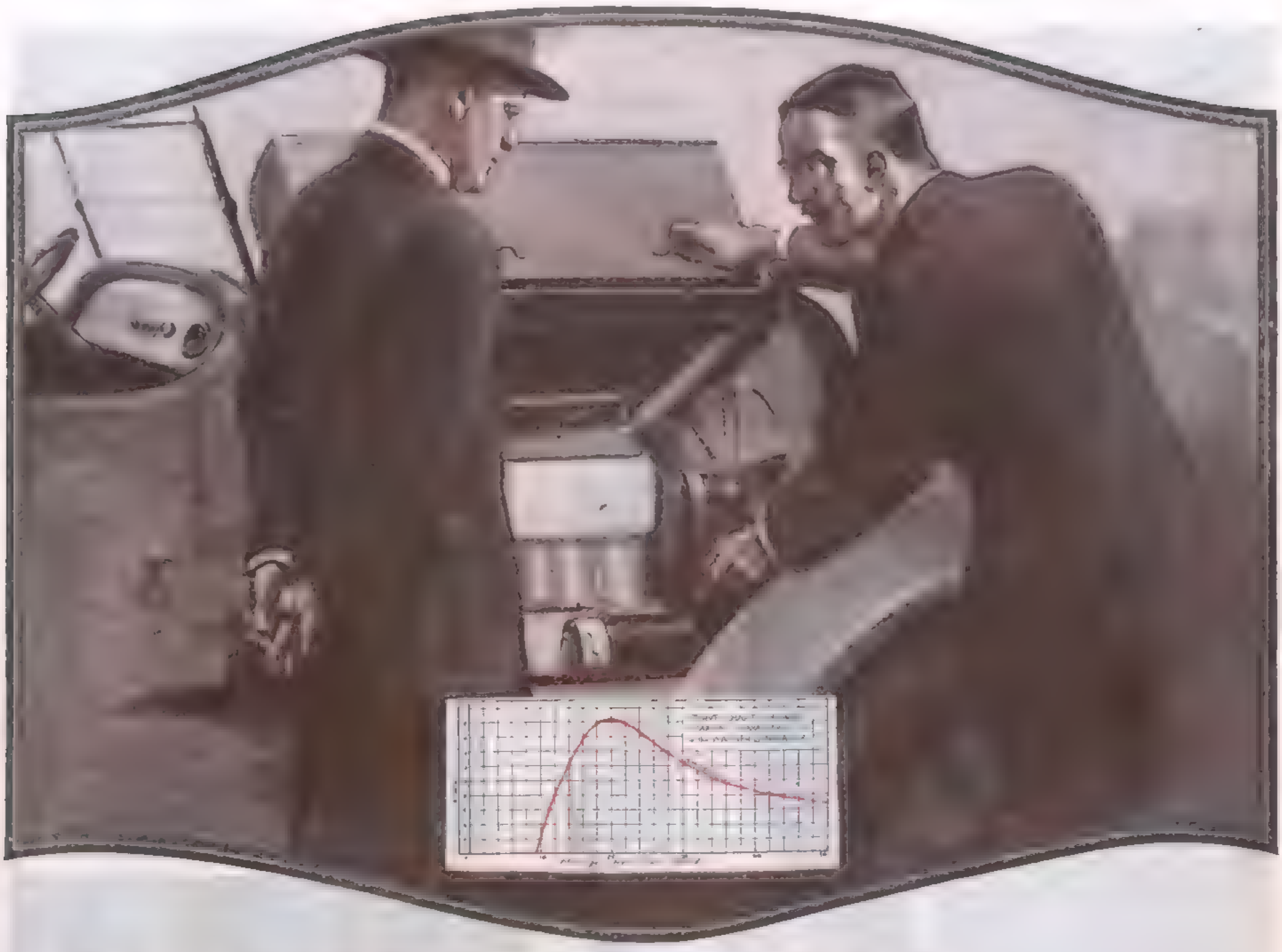

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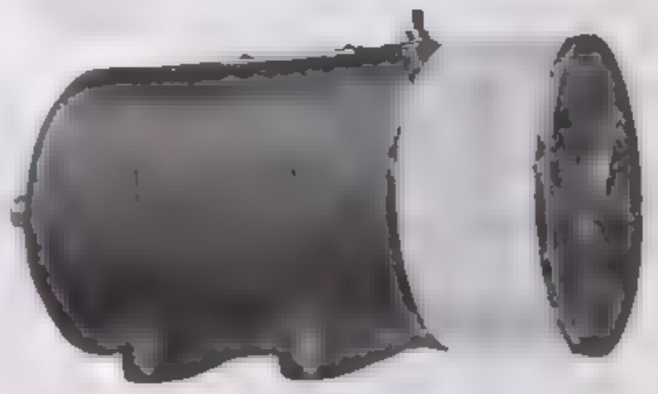

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BILL'S PHANTASM

(Continued from Page 21)

"The date of your accident," said Miss Perkins. "You were bitten, you know."

"Bitten?" said the mate. "I'd like to know 'oo bit me. This is all news to me."

"You must have forgotten, Bill," his wife began, but Miss Perkins interrupted.

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Hutchins, or you may put ideas into his head! We ought to question him very carefully. The intellectual scalpel should be sterilized as carefully as that of the surgeon. Let me see." She consulted a notebook. "It was his right arm, wasn't it?" She nodded, and looked at Mrs. Hutchins.

"Yes. Let's have a look at your right arm, Bill."

Mr. Hutchins rolled up the sleeve of his blue jersey and bared a muscular forearm perfectly normal and undamaged except for the realistically tattooed picture of Susanna escaping from the Elders.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Perkins!" cried Mrs. Hutchins hastily. "I forgot that Bill had that picture on his arm."

Miss Perkins blinked, a little startled.

"I'm sorry too," said Bill, rolling his sleeve down again. "I thought that was what you wanted the lady to see. It's done beautiful from an artistic point of view. All artists are like that. You can't argue with them. I'd have liked it toned down a little myself, but as the artist said, 'You'll 'ave your own clothes on, even if Susanna don't, so where's the odds? Truth is truth,' he says, 'and I won't palter with my artistic integrity or sell my soul,' he says, 'even if I have to starve for it.' Besides, it's a Bible picture, ain't it?"

"We wished to see the marks of the bite," said Miss Perkins without answering the question. "I'd better explain, Mr. Hutchins. Four nights ago you were bitten—that is, you appeared to your wife and told her that you had been bitten ——"

"By a shark," said Mrs. Hutchins.

"Quite," said Miss Perkins. "By a shark. Your right arm was badly swollen and we were afraid you had blood poisoning. I heard of this remarkable communication from a resident here who is entertaining several members, including myself, of the R. I. S. R.—the Royal Institute of Spiritualistic Research, you know. Such communications, in fact, are not infrequent between husband and wife. At the request of my fellow guests—and you may be interested to know that Sir Joshua Boodle, the eminent bimetallist, is among them—I have been making a careful record of the whole case. We hoped that you might be able to verify the details from your ship's log or your—er—dead reckoning or whatever you call it. It's a strictly scientific question, you know. None of our members has any imagination. It's a curious fact that poets and artists are seldom interested in our methods."

"If I'd been bitten by a shark," said the mate, "I'd have verified it all right. But I never seen a shark."

"Curious," said Miss Perkins, regarding him with introspective eyes and cocking her head like a cross-examiner.

"Never seen anything worse than a dogfish," the mate continued. "And an ugly brute he was too."

"Ah," said Miss Perkins, "this is very interesting. The dogfish belongs, I believe, to the shark family—a sort of first cousin. Now, did you handle this dogfish?"

"Yes, mum."

"This is most interesting! What is that dark stain on your thumb-nail? Was there any blood on your hands after you had thrown this dogfish overboard?"

"Yes, mum. But it was fish's blood."

"Excuse me, that's an assumption. Tell him, Mrs. Hutchins, exactly what you saw."

"I had a dream, Bill," Susie began impressively.

"Far, far more than a dream!" interrupted Miss Perkins. "It was a most interesting case of a phantasm of the living."

"I had a phantasm, Bill," Susie corrected herself. "I saw you standing in the moonlight by the bedroom window and your right hand was covered with blood, Bill, and you says to me, 'Susie,' you says, 'take care of the children. I been bitten by a shark.'"

"You see," said Miss Perkins, "in every detail it was correct. In fact, the more closely one examines the story the more wonderful it seems. There were you, hundreds of miles away, handling this—er—family connection of the shark in the moonlight with blood upon your right hand; and here was your dear little wife visualizing the whole thing at home. I think we shall find, when the whole story is properly written up, with the stress laid upon the significant points—stress is the secret of nearly everything, don't you think?—we shall have one of the most vivid cases in our records. How pleased Sir Joshua Boodle will be, and the dear society! Good-by, Mrs. Hutchins, for the present. I must keep in touch with you and your good husband. Curious, isn't it, how much easier it is to keep in touch with the next world than to correspond regularly with one's friends. Rather like astronomy. Tee-hee-hee! Well, you and Mr. Hutchins have a very precious gift. How I envy you!"

The door closed behind her. Bill Hutchins looked at his wife with a grin. But there was no answering sign of amusement. She sighed. Her eyes were intensely serious. Her face was pale. Her hands moved nervously.

"'Oo's that woman?" said the mate at last.

"She's not a woman, Bill. She's a real lady from Lunnon."

"Balmy, I s'pose," said the mate tentatively.

"You oughtn't to say things like that, Bill. She's in tune with the beyond and she's a friend of Sir Joshua Boodle. It's been very pleasant for me while you've been away. They've asked me to tea with them twice—along of that phantasm."

"Along of that what?" cried Bill, staring at his wife as if she had suddenly become a perfect stranger.

"Phantasm, Bill. And some day you will see one yourself, I 'ope. They're going to ask us on a visit to Lunnon to meet the other members of the society. Miss Perkins has given me a lot of beautiful books to read that will 'elp us both. Come and see."

The dumfounded seaman followed his wife into the yellow-plush parlor, which hitherto had been reserved for state calls from the curate or the doctor. The wax flowers were still there under the glass bell. Queen Victoria's picture still presided over other horrid treasures dear to the simple hearts of those with whom—if we are to believe those poets of the people who dine at the Ritz—the only truth and the only reality reside. But Susie pointed to an array of books with strange titles, unrealities from an alien world.

"Take a squint at them, Bill, while I'm getting tea ready. There's one there about the next world and how to communicate with it by Miss Perkins herself; and there's a lovely one about auroras. Everyone's got an aurora—only you can't see it unless you've got the right kind of an eye. Miss Perkins has got a mauve aurora. She says that mine's old rose, and Bobbie's is hedge-sparrow's-egg blue. I wonder what yours is? She's coming in to-morrow afternoon to have a good look at you. It's important to know what your aurora is."

"If the lady that ain't a woman is coming here again, Susie," said the mate indignantly, "mine will be the aurora borealis and you may lay to that!"

Even his tea did not mollify him, and Mrs. Hutchins was puzzled by his explosive references to red herrings during the meal whenever she tried to resume the subject. Bill's first evening at home, in fact, was a failure and he laid it all to the account of Miss Perkins.

On the following day all Susie's pleadings were in vain. Bill crushed his hat on his head and said that he had an important engagement with Cap'n Joe at the Pig and Whistle at three o'clock.

"But Miss Perkins is coming specially to see you, Bill. She's taking a great interest in our case and she wants to see your aurora."

"Why don't you 'ave a phantasm about it? Then she could discuss it with you. I'll come back when she's gone. How long do you think she'll stay?"

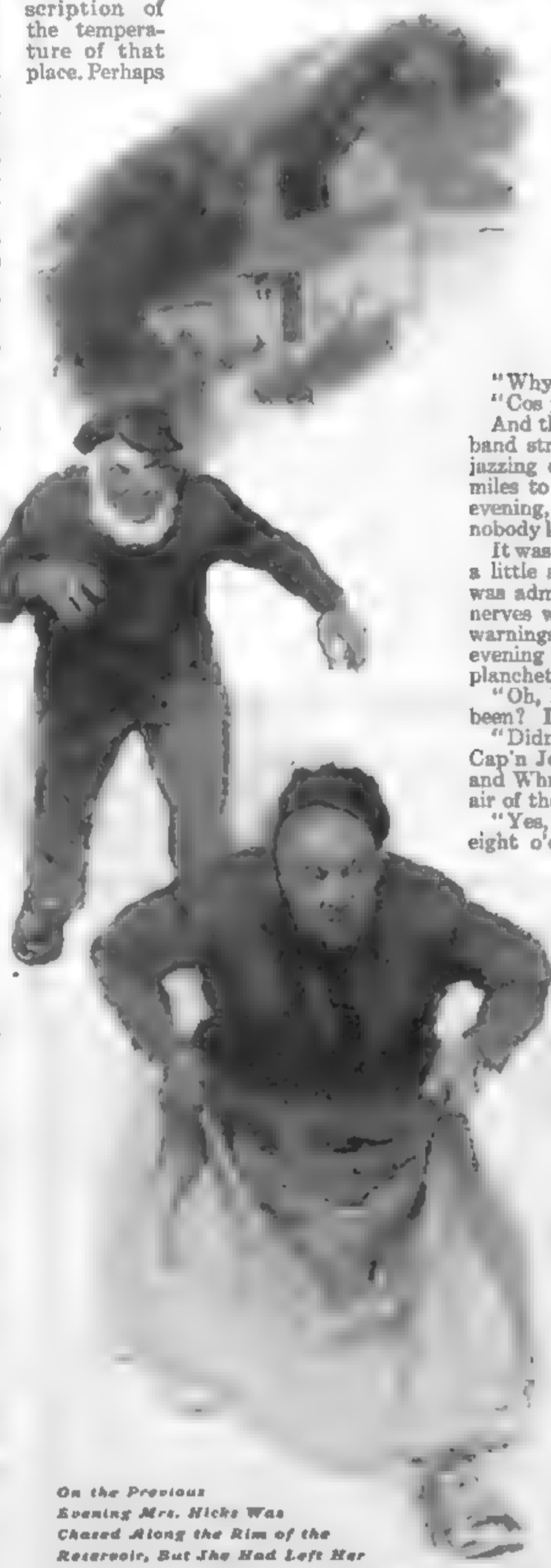
"Oh, I can't possibly tell, Bill. She may decide to have a sitting."

"A sitting? What's that?"

"You don't understand, Bill. She can talk with the spirits."

Bill stared at her and made inarticulate sounds like a desperate hen when her solitary chick sails into the middle of the duck pond. It was altogether too much for him.

"Well, I'm off to the Pig and Whistle," he said in a voice trembling with suppressed emotion. "I'll be back about eight o'clock. That'll give Miss Perkins and her spirits time to get back to the place where they belong." He slammed the door, drowning his description of the temperature of that place. Perhaps he was conscious of the misfire, for a moment later the door opened again and his face, contorted with fury, appeared in the crevice.



On the Previous Evening Mrs. Hicks Was Chased Along the Rim of the Reservoir, But She Had Left Her Spectacles in the Family Bible at Home, So That She Cannot Swear to His Identity

"I 'ope you'll sprinkle the 'ouse with 'oly water when they've gone," he said unctuously. "I thought I smelt brimstone last night. And if I was you I'd drop a line to the curick and tell him you want to 'ave little Bobbie baptized again."

This parting shot apparently satisfied him, for he closed the door softly this time and went on his way humming a song.

It was not by his own design that he met Rosy Martin in the village street. But the fates were weaving their web about him. The Pig and Whistle was not to see Bill Hutchins that afternoon, nor did he return home at eight o'clock. Perhaps the conversation of Rosy was a relief to him after the intellectual assault and battery of the last few hours. Perhaps it was the thought of paying Susie out. Perhaps it was the exhilarating rush of the hired motor car; or the steak and onions with stout for two at the halfway house; or the lights, the music and the shuffle of jazzing feet in the Pier Pavilion at Tarrytown-on-Sea. But whatever the cause, Bill felt himself relapsing into the sensations of his bachelor days. It was not a very serious relapse. Fortunately for him, he was not the complete captain of his soul. But at ten o'clock, when Susie was looking out of her bedroom window for the fourteenth time and the night looked lonelier than ever before, she might have heard—if she had been truly telepathic—twenty miles away in a corner of the pier at Tarrytown this ghostly fragment of a whispered conversation:

"No, you mustn't do that, Bill."

"Why not, Rosy?"

"Cos you been eating onions, Bill."

And that was really the end of it, for the band struck up and swept them into the jazzing crowd again. But it was twenty miles to Tarrytown, and late, late in the evening, Bill Hutchins came home and nobody knew where Bill Hutchins had been.

It was after midnight when he knocked—a little sheepishly—at his own door. He was admitted by his agitated wife, whose nerves were none the better for the dark warnings transmitted to her earlier in the evening by the agency of Miss Perkins and planchette.

"Oh, Bill," she cried, "where have you been? I been so frightened!"

"Didn't I tell you I was going to see Cap'n Joe and talk things over at the Pig and Whistle?" said Bill with the surprised air of the accomplished liar.

"Yes, but you said you'd be back at eight o'clock, and this is only your second night home and it's after midnight, Bill."

"Ah, well," replied Bill, "we had a lot to talk about. Cap'n Joe is getting an elderly man now, and if he retires of course I ——"

"Was that what you were talking about? Why, Bill, you've been eating onions—that's exactly what the planchette ——"

Susie broke off. Bill had given her fresh proofs of the veracity of that instrument, but she hesitated about mentioning them now, just as Bill would have hesitated probably about answering them with proof that both planchette and himself were liars.

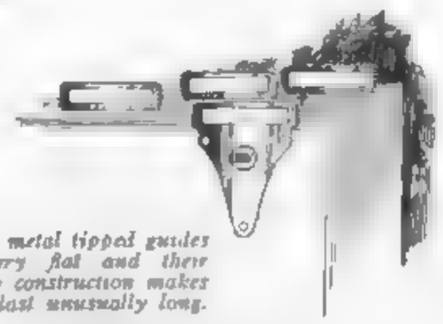
"Well, come to bed, Bill. We'll talk it over in the morning," she said, and her voice was the murmur of doves in Lebanon. So for the next eight hours there was a truce to all metaphysics, in the house of Mr. William Hutchins, though within the last five minutes he had woven a far more tangled web than he could be expected to know.

On the next morning Mrs. Hutchins had laid the table for breakfast, the rashers were sizzling and the fragrance of the coffeepot filled the house before her husband was out of bed. While she was waiting for him she picked up the local newspaper and glanced over the headlines. Her nerves had been strained of late and at the sight of a certain prominent paragraph she had to bite her lip to suppress a scream. This is what she read:

STRANGE DEATH OF AN ELDERLY SEAMAN

Alleged Secret Romance of Nautical Misogynist

"The career of Captain Joseph Morgan, well known in this neighborhood as Captain Joe, has come to a sad end. His body was discovered yesterday morning in the reservoir and was removed with difficulty, as it transpires that the unfortunate man's head was firmly imbedded in the feed pipe through which the drinking water is conveyed to Tarrytown. Nothing is yet known



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to account for the tragedy, but late last night a statement was made to the police by Mrs. Hicks, the wife of a plumber.

"It appears from this statement that the deceased had cherished a hopeless passion for her. On the previous evening Mrs. Hicks was chased along the rim of the reservoir by an elderly satyr who bore close resemblance to Morgan, but she had left her spectacles in the family Bible at home and it was growing dark, so that she cannot swear to his identity. She heard a splash and supposes that he lost his footing and fell in, for that was the last she saw of him.

"Mrs. Hicks, who is an attractive woman inclined to embonpoint, believes that no mistake is possible. She heard the unhappy victim of her charms muttering something about red herrings as he pursued her. This was a favorite witticism of Captain Morgan, she asserts. Captain Joe was popularly supposed, however, to be a confirmed woman hater and, unless further evidence develops, his many friends will find it difficult to believe that a romance was the cause of his death. The affair has been complicated by the sudden appearance of another lady, who claims to be his widow.

"It is a curious coincidence and suggestive of Time's revenges that the feed pipe into which the elderly mariner's head was jammed had been laid in its present position by Mr. Hicks. Mr. Hicks is a man of few words and on being interviewed, though he corroborated the above statement, his only comment was '*Verb. sap.*' He is greatly respected in the neighborhood and has been a sidesman at St. Luke's Church for many years."

Mrs. Hutchins gasped. The paper slipped from her hands. Captain Morgan had actually appeared to her husband at the very moment when the account of his death was being printed. This was exactly the kind of phantasm for which Miss Perkins had been looking. She must get into touch with her at once. In the meantime she must cut the paragraph out of the newspaper and keep Bill in ignorance of what had happened. Otherwise the evidence might be vitiated.

Perhaps in reaction from the wrath of yesterday, Bill was unusually good tempered at breakfast, and he answered his wife's questions with an innocent eye, quite unaware of any mystery behind them.

"Was Captain Morgan in good health last night, Bill?"

"Wonderful for a man of his age. We had a steak and onions together at the Pig and Whistle"—Susie remembered that corroborating kiss—"never saw an old man with such an appetite. Good spirits too. You should have heard him laugh over some of the stories he told. Cap'n Joe's a woman hater, you know. 'Look out for the red herrings,' he says. Another cup of coffee, please, Susie."

For half an hour Bill continued eating, drinking and inextricably entangling himself with every word he uttered. When he had finished his breakfast, Susie announced that she had to go down to the village. She obtained a promise from him that he would smoke his pipe in the back garden and not leave the premises till she returned. She gave him the newspaper, explaining that she had cut out a new recipe for the stuffing and roasting of pork. Then, without a hint that she was going to consult the visiting members of the society, she left him to his own thoughts in the sunshine.

They were not very comfortable thoughts. He was truly penitent this morning and the sincerity of his remorse was not lessened by the fear that Susie might come to hear of his adventure. It was nearly noon when she returned, but his penitence had not allowed him to become restive. In fact, when Susie came into the garden and told him in a grave whisper that three gentlemen were waiting in the parlor and that they wanted to see him on business he rose and followed her as meekly as a schoolboy summoned to punishment.

His first glimpse of the solemn group in the parlor was a distinct shock to him. Standing on the hearth rug were three very serious old gentlemen with bald crowns, white fringes of hair and bushy white beards. They all looked exactly like a portrait of Charles Darwin that Bill had once seen. They scrutinized him fiercely from under shaggy eyebrows.

"Lawyers," thought the conscience-stricken Mr Hutchins. "Susie must have heard." He wondered if she were contemplating a separation.

There was a portentous rustling behind him as if the court were filling. He turned and saw Miss Perkins entering the room with two very stout matrons in deep mourning. These two ladies regarded each other with profound dislike, but as they both squinted slightly the unfortunate Mr. Hutchins thought their disdainful glances were meant for himself. They were very much alike in build and feature except that one was red faced and the other pale. Behind them came a very determined-looking little man with fierce spectacled eyes and a jaw like the ram of a destroyer.

"This," said Susie, leading forward the red-faced matron, "is Mrs. Hicks."

"*Verb. sap,*" said the determined little man beside her.

The three Darwins on the hearth rug bowed.

"And this," said Susie, leading forward the pale-faced matron, "is the widow, though she hasn't seen him for twenty years."

"Never see him any more," said the fierce little man.

The three Darwins bowed again.

"Very 'appy, I'm sure," said the widow, mopping her eyes with a virgin handkerchief to which the shop ticket still clung. Mrs. Hicks tossed her head slightly and tapped the floor with her right foot as she noticed it. For a moment she restrained herself, but the opportunity was too good to be resisted. She nudged the widow.

"Excuse me, my dear," she said, "'adn't you better remove that ticket? You may 'urt yourself."

The widow glared at her. Both of those ample bosoms heaved dangerously. Susie intervened with great tact.

"I'll bring you both some sherry and a biscuit in a minute," she whispered just as if it had been a funeral. Bill grew more and more puzzled. Could anyone have died and left him a legacy? Were they going to read a will? His face brightened a little.

"This," said Susie, pointing to the fierce little man, "is Mr. Hicks."

"Few words," said Mr. Hicks, nodding to the three Darwins one after another. "Very few words—*verb. sap.*"

"And this," said Susie solemnly, pointing to Bill, "is my husband."

"Ah, hum!" said the three Darwins. "Very interesting. Spiritual type—very. May we all sit down? We should like to ask him a few questions."

There was a polite scrambling for chairs in the course of which Bill just contrived to mutter savagely into Susie's ear, "'Oo are those blurry old gorillas?"

But there was no time for a reply before he found himself seated on a three-legged stool in the dead center of a ring of intense faces.

Darwin Number One sat fronting him and seemed to be studying the bumps on his forehead. Darwin Number Two sat on the left and was so deeply interested that he kept tickling Bill's ear with his beard. Darwin Number Three was equally interested and tormented the right ear in the same way.

"We should like," said Darwin the First, "to ask you about your conversation last night with Capt. Joseph Morgan at the Pig and Whistle. Do you remember the nature of it?"

"Certainly," said Bill, drawing on his recollection of former conversations at sea. "He was saying that it wouldn't be long now before I might take his berth on the Susanna. You see, he's an elderly man and he knows it will have to be—sooner or later."

"Most interesting. Very direct," said Darwin the Second, moving his chair closer. "What else did he talk about?"

"Why," said Bill, "he was telling me stories most of the time—stories and limericks about women."

"Ah!" said Darwin the Third, clearing his throat so savagely against Bill's right ear that he almost jumped off his stool.

"Can you remember any of those stories or limericks?" asked Darwin the First coaxingly. He too was edging his chair up in front and his beard wagged in threatening proximity to Bill's eyes and nose.

"I think so," said Bill, rummaging again in his memory for odds and ends with which Cap'n Joe had enlivened the night watches at sea.

"Did any of them strike you as at all peculiar?"

"There was one of his rhymes that struck me as very peculiar," said Bill. "It was about a plumber."

(Concluded on Page 56)

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(Concluded from Page 54)

"Ah, exactly!" said Darwin the First.

"Precisely!" said Darwin the Second.

"Just so!" said Darwin the Third.

"Continue!" said all three Darwins together.

"It went somehow like this," said Bill, desperately reminiscent:

Into the drinking well,
Which the plumber built her,
Aunt Jemima fell.
We must get a filter.

"That's my name!" sobbed the widow. He always called me Aunt Jemima! It was his pet name for me, like."

"Sherry and a biscuit," whispered Susie, nudging her with a tray from behind. The widow helped herself with alacrity, still sobbing.

"Really, this is most amazingly complete," said Darwin the First, sitting back and admiring Bill as if he were solely responsible.

"A plumber, mark!" said Darwin the Second.

"*Verb. sap!*" said the voice of Mr. Hicks somewhere in the background.

"If I may be allowed to speak," said Mrs. Hicks, all her beads a-quiver with satisfaction at the cue, "I suppose the reservoir might be called a drinking well in a way. Only it was 'imself that fell into it, pore soul!"

She looked disdainfully at the widow. Her bosom heaved like a midnight sea.

"Sherry and a biscuit?" said Susie at her elbow. Mrs. Hicks helped herself with dignity, whispering, "Don't give any sherry to Mr. Hicks. Everyone's been treating him this morning along of that feed pipe and he's got that nasty look in his eye."

"It's true of course, as Mrs. Hicks has pointed out, that it was the unfortunate man himself who got drowned," said Darwin the Third. "But one has to remember that messages of this kind should be interpreted in the dry light of the man's character, which—I take it—was of a sardonic color. It would be just like him to make a grim joke of the matter."

"Precisely!" said Darwin the First. "The number of—er—bull's-eyes that have been made in this affair is really astounding. The bull's-eye in fact has been shot away."

"Exactly!" said Darwin the Third. "It's the final demonstration—the climax and crown of a long accumulation of evidence."

"Quite, quite conclusive," said Darwin the Second. "Make a careful note of that, please, Miss Perkins. It is worth plowing through a wilderness of sand to hit upon these grains of gold."

"Now, did you see Captain Morgan's face quite plainly while he was talking to you? There was nothing misty or vague about it, I suppose? You felt quite sure that he was—er—really there?" said Darwin the First.

"I seed him as plain as I see you now, sir," replied the mate, feeling more and more like a bumblebee in a spider's web as the three bushy white beards badgered him from side to side, irritated him in turn and then caressed him all together.

At this point a shadow darkened the window. Bill looked up and—to his horror—though he could not quite see how matters could be made worse, he was aware of Rosy Martin walking up the garden path toward the front door. Susie excused herself and went out of the room to meet her. For the next half hour Bill saw out of the corner of his eye that Rosy and Susie were wandering up and down the garden with their arms about each other's waists. He felt that he had been abandoned to the mercy of his examiners and he distrusted the conversation that was taking place outside. It was a pretty picture—the blond head and the brunette whispering together under the lilac tree. But Rosy seemed to be doing most of the talking. Susie looked serious, almost angry. Then he heard them both laughing. He wondered what they were laughing about. He was never to know with absolute certainty.

He was not allowed to escape from his inquisitors for fully an hour. The questions grew madder and madder. He would never have stood it, except that he had a guilty conscience and felt he was too deeply involved to withdraw. Besides these old gentlemen had an air of vast authority which it was difficult to oppose. Miss Perkins addressed one of them as Sir Joshua Boodle. Bill suspected them of being justices of the peace, for he had vague ideas on the machinery of the law. When they asked him anything unusually insane he supposed they were trying to trap him, especially as they always avoided all reference to anything that had actually occurred. They cross-examined him on the most absurd details. They attached great importance to the alleged remark at the Pig and Whistle about red herrings. They even tried to trace some wild kind of connection between the name of the trawler, Susanna, the name of his wife, Susie, and the picture tattooed on his arm, Susanna and the Elders. Finally, there was an awful moment just as Susie reëntered the room when Darwin the First lowered his voice.

The questions became so startling that Bill began to wonder whether his tormentors were physicians endeavoring to prove him a lunatic. The muttering beards grew weirdly confidential.

"I want to ask you a question now about a matter that is of great controversial interest in many similar cases. When you saw Captain Morgan at the Pig and Whistle was he—er—wearing any clothes?" whispered Darwin the First, and all the three beards tickled Bill horribly as they closed in upon him for the reply.

"Certainly," said Bill. "He wouldn't have stayed there long without 'em."

"Thank you. The controversial question in these cases of course is as to where and how the clothes are produced."

"He told me he always got 'em from Jenkins, the draper in Tarrytown," said Bill, anxious to be quite normal.

"Thank you. I don't think we need trouble you any more this morning, Mr. Hutchins. But when we have your statement drawn up, with the significant points properly stressed, we shall probably want you to sign it for publication. Good morning."

Miss Perkins and the three Darwins bowed themselves out very courteously. The two matrons followed, and as neither would give precedence to the other they had to edge through the door sideways. Mr. Hicks nodded to his host and hostess and walked into the hall. A moment later he tip-toed stealthily back into the room, poured himself a glass of sherry, winked at Susie and drank it at a gulp.

"'Elp yourself," said the mate sardonically.

Mr. Hicks poured himself a second glass, winked and swallowed that also at a gulp.

"Do it again," said the mate.

Mr. Hicks obeyed, and went through the process a third time in complete silence. Then he took a biscuit, reeled in a graceful circle up to Mr. Hutchins and gripped his hand.

"I'm man of very few words," he said, nodding confidentially, "but I like you! Stick to it! It's all ri'! They can't resurrect him! Let 'em try! Let 'em do their worst! I know all about that pipe! My work—don't be afraid! Perfectly all ri'—*verb sap.*"

Mr. Hicks wrung Bill's hand again, blew a kiss to Susie and tightroped very carefully out of the room.

The exhausted mate staggered to the sofa and lay there mopping the sweat from his brow with his red-silk handkerchief.

"My 'ead's aching 'orribly," he said with a cowed glance at his wife. "They can't all be balmy, so I s'pose it's me. I didn't understand a word they said to me. Who are they? What do they want? Who were those old geezers with the bald heads?"

"They're great men of science, Bill, and they wanted to have a look at you."

"Why, what's the matter with me? Seemed to me they was looking at my 'ead, and I didn't half like it neither. Who called 'em in?"

"They thought you was an unusual specimen, Bill. They thought you 'ad a phantasm."

"Why, what d'you mean, Susie?"

She handed him the newspaper cutting. There was a silence, a long silence.

"It's a fair knock-out," said Bill at last, sulkily.

"Yes," said Susie rather wistfully, "I s'pose it was me that had the phantasm."

"It would never 'ave 'appened but for that Miss Perkins," said Bill. Then a somewhat puzzling question occurred to him. "Why, don't you believe in these 'ere phantasms now, Susie? You must have believed in them this morning or you wouldn't have brought them old baboons down on me."

"Ah," said Susie, rubbing her nose gently against his cheek, "you been eating onions, Bill."

Mr. Hutchins gave a start and scrutinized his wife's innocent face. Her eyes were shining like those in the picture on their bedroom wall—The Soul's Awakening—the untroubled eyes of an angel.

"I suppose," she said, "it seemed kind of pleasant to have a lady from Lunnon dropping in just as if she was a friend, so I made believe to myself that I believed in it. But we don't want them coming here any more. We can drop them gradual like."

"I don't see why I should 'ave to crawl on my stummick telling 'em what I said was ——"

"All lies, dear? No, you needn't do that. Just tell 'em you've made your statement and you've nothing to add to it. They like to hear that. Gives it a kind of Bank of England touch. It won't do 'em any 'arm if they want to believe it. As Miss Perkins said herself, they 'aven't any imaginations."

On the sea front at Tarrytown there is now a cozy little tobacconist's shop known as The Hutch. There you may still obtain an excellent brier pipe for one shilling and sixpence. At the door there is a rack of newspapers, illustrated magazines, penny dreadfuls and the latest pink novelettes of the Forget-me-not Series. In the window there are bowls of a magical mixture called Hutchins' Own. It is made by opening tins of somebody else's mixture, adding a little Latakia and charging a little extra. Purchasers get full weight of course, but mathematicians will observe that, owing to the addition of Latakia, there is enough left over from the original mixture to fill the proprietor's pouch very comfortably.

In the evening the latest novelettes may be read by the proprietor's wife in the back parlor. The small boy reads Deadwood Dicks, most delicious of penny dreadfuls in yellow and red since the days of the broad-sheet ballad. The proprietor himself reads detective stories in the most widely circulated magazines. There is a family compact that all this reading shall take place without detriment to the commercial value of the stock. The result of course is that the proprietor and his wife can make intelligent recommendations to readers hesitating in the doorways of romance, old ladies fingering the title page or young maidens glancing at the conclusion. Thus we see how old saws may be refuted, how pleasure may come before business with benefits to all concerned and how it is possible both to eat and have your cake.

To this epitome of heaven on a certain afternoon six months after the lamentable discovery at the reservoir came the merely terrestrial postman. He delivered a square package addressed to Mr. and Mrs. William Hutchins. It was Susie's turn to play at keeping shop, so of course she cut the string and had the first look at the contents—a fat green journal entitled Review of the Royal Institute of Spiritualistic Research. She turned the pages curiously. A familiar name caught her eye.

"Bill!" she cried. "Bill, here's your phantasm! Oh, look, Bill! Here's your phantasm! They've printed it!"

Bright eyed, breathless, bubbling with laughter, she dashed into the back parlor and spread the Review on the red tablecloth before her husband. They read it aloud together, Susie sitting on the arm of his chair and Bill vainly trying to keep his pipe alight.

The following specimen sentences are all that any philosopher will require to convince him once more that the lightest of fictions is usually more strictly true than the heaviest of facts:

"A well authenticated case of a phantasm of the dead is reported by four members of the society who personally investigated it. A sailor named William Hutchins told his wife on April sixth that he had met the captain of his boat on the previous evening and that they had had a long talk together. The captain told him that a new captain would be required ere long and made a grim joke about drowning in drinking water.

"The very next morning Mrs. Hutchins discovered from the newspaper that at the exact hour of this apparition Captain Morgan had been drowned in the reservoir at Tarrytown.

"She reported the case at once to Miss Perkins, who by great good fortune was staying at a neighboring house with several of our most eminent members, including Sir Joshua Boodle, the distinguished bimetallist. They were able to visit Mr. Hutchins and cross-examined him before the news of the death had reached him. Sir Joshua Boodle states that there was not the slightest doubt of Mr. Hutchins' complete ignorance of the captain's death. Some very remarkable results were obtained. Mr. Hutchins mentioned a joke about red herrings that the captain was heard to make a moment before his death.

"Mr. Hutchins mentioned a plumber whose profession—in a sense—was responsible for the death.

"Mr. Hutchins used the pet name of Morgan's widow, though at the time he did not know that the captain had ever been married. It was an unusual name—Aunt Jemima."

Here followed an elaborate full-dress version of the whole story as it appeared to the leading intellects of the age. All the significant points were properly stressed; and "stress," as Miss Perkins would say, "is so important, don't you think?"

Finally, Sir Joshua Boodle, the eminent bimetallist, in a note to the editor stated that if this material were regarded as the climax of a great mass of cumulative evidence it would be practically conclusive. "But," he said, "I should be content to rest our case for the appearance of phantasms of the dead, for the immortality of the soul, and the restoration of faith to mankind on the facts provided consciously, unconsciously and subconsciously by that simple British sailor, Mr. William Hutchins, mate of the Susanna."

"Goo' Lor'!" said Bill.

"Ain't it awful?" said Susie.

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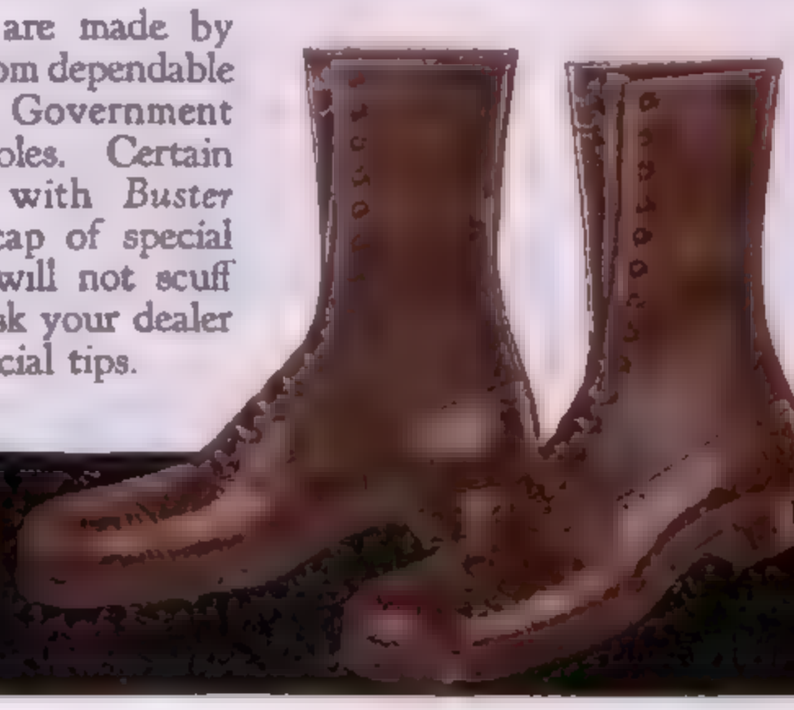

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BENNY AND HER FAMILEE

(Continued from Page 11)

was an extra rush of work. No, sir! You can bank on Benjamin Franklin Tucker's gratitude every time."

"Thanks, Benny," I says. "That's a great load off my mind," I says. "So you've made up your mind to quit helling round and to settle down and get rich. It's a pious idea. Would I seem anyways sort of nosey if I made bold to inquire how come this turning point in your young life and who the fortunate young lady is?"

"I wouldn't tell nobody but you at this stage of the game and then only in strict confidence," he says. "Because," says he, "the matter ain't technically settled yet, the young lady not knowing the happiness what is in store for her, so far only may be suspicioning it and hoping for it. But I aim to take her into my confidence before many moons and either carry out my program or bust several hame straps. It come this-a-way: I was over in the Pass Creek Valley the day before yesterday at a little before noon and as I happened to be sort of dry—— That reminds me. Where do you keep your drinking water, Mr. Stegg, if you please, thank you kindly?"

I told him where he would find the full bucket I'd just brought in and where was the well, only I'd thank him to go light on the well, account of having a considerable stock to water in the next three weeks. He said he'd bear that in mind and conduct himself with moderation, and I don't reckon he did take in more than two or three gallons.

"If for me the cup you fill, oh, fill it from the sparkling rill," he says when he come back. "I don't see why water ain't good enough for anybody," he continues, "and why folks don't use it more. Did you ever try it as a beverage?"

"Continue your story," I says. "You was dry and you turned in to Pirbright's ranch to get you a drink of your favorite liquefaction and Miss Eudora ——"

"Wrong," says he.

"Miss Magdalena ——"

"One more guess," says he.

"Miss Abilene brung you the sparkling cup and as soon as you seen her ravaging liniments, says you to yourself, 'Here's where I start saving my wages.'"

"There ain't no need of telling you nothing," he says. "You was probably hid behind the door. But there's an elegant young lady, Mr. Stegg."

I told him that was the impression she'd give me and that speaking roughly I should say she was a little daisy and real intelligent and sweet dispositioned.

"And George Washington give the impression of being a tolerable good sort of a general and was well behaved and had a reputation for truth and veracity," says Benny scornfully. "Speaking roughly, it's broad daylight when the sun is shining in a clear sky at noon, ain't it? Or is your impressions to the contrary?" he says.

"Well, you write down what you think she is and I'll sign it," I told him. "Also put down that old man Pirbright is one of Nature's high-toned noblemen and the boys is what you would call the flowers of all manly virtues and the moldings of fashion and the glasses of form and bright and shining examples and patterns for all who would be what they are. I know them words may seem poor and cold to you, but you fix 'em the way you want to suit yourself."

"I don't know as I took particular notice of the rest of the family," says Benny. "But they seemed to be all right. It's a large family, but I like large families, and I aim to have one of that kind myself. Mr. Pirbright certainly seemed like he give the impression of being a whole-souled, genial old cuss, but I ain't proposing to take him to my bosom. It's Abilene I'm after. I ain't marrying the whole family."

"I didn't think of that," I says. "Why, that's so, sure enough! It's just the lady that your matrimonial intentions is concerning of naturally. Of course! Shucks! I guess I'm getting sort of dumb and slow-witted. You ain't marrying the whole family—certainly not. Consequently the rest of the family don't cut no figure whatsoever. By the way, Benny, you ain't acquainted with Attorney-at-law Tracy O'Neill, are you?"

"No," he says. "Why?"

"No reason, only that he's a right nice young man and a powerful good talker," I says. "I allowed you might know him. You didn't get dry a little piece on from Pirbright's and meet up with Pete Kellogg, did you?"

"I seen a fellow of that name at the round-up last fall, but I didn't get acquainted with him," says Benny. "Sawed-off little runt with a twisted nose and the half of one ear missing, ain't he? Has he got a ranch on Pass Creek?"

"Right close to Pirbright's," I told him. "You ought to get acquainted with Pete," I says. "You'd enjoy his conversation."

"I might if he comes out with whatever happens to be on his mind and doesn't set round grinning like an old fool and hinting and beating about the bush," says Benny. "I'll tell you one thing," he says, "I ain't no ways disturbed in my mind about Mr. Kellogg. The closer he lives to Pirbright's and the oftener he calls the poorer his chances would be with Abilene or any other lady of good taste. I tell you I seen him. And as for this Mr. Tracy O'Neill, I'm modest, but I'll back myself to outtalk any dog-gone lawyer in the kind of talk that counts with a girl. I don't say I ever done it, but I know I could, and I don't feel no tremulations whatsoever regarding either of the gentlemen."

"No reason why you should," I told him. "Tracy and Pete is both of them respectable married men and living with their still-surviving wives. I just thought you'd find them both congenial companions if you knew them—which you probably will."

He looked at me for a minute or two and then allowed he'd got an engagement with some yearlings that he intended to purchase with the money I'd preserved for him.

"So I'll take one more drink on you to show there's no ill feeling," says he, "and then I'll light out and start the beginnings of the notorious Benjamin F. Tucker beef monopoly. You make a note of this here day. It's a-going to be a momentous one in the thrilling annuals of the West. Where did you cache my saddle?"

About a week after that I got a chance to refresh my memory in regards to Miss Abilene Pirbright. I didn't know her at first, only that she was a Pirbright, them girls being tolerable close together in their ages and liable to get mixed in a man's mind if he didn't have no particular and special interest and hadn't been a regular visitor. And yet as she sat on the spring seat of Dave Pirbright's wagon acrost the street from where I was resting from my toil I could see even at that distance that she was a little extra for looks and up and down and all round about the pleasantest thing on Main Street for a man to look at, which being the case I kept right on looking at her and I took notice that she seemed uneasy in her mind, turning her head this-a-way and that-a-way like she was expecting of somebody and wasn't any too well pleased about it. Finally she clumb down out of the wagon and that was an interesting spectacle too and didn't show nothing that didn't reflect credit on her, so to speak. For about five minutes she looked in at Miss McArdle's milliner-store window, after which she stomped her foot and walked back to the wagon. I started acrost the street thinking I might help her in, but she beat me by about three seconds.

"Waiting for father, dear father, Miss Pirbright?" I asked her.

She gave me a smile that made me appreciate Benny Tucker's references to George Washington.

"Howdy, Mr. Stegg," she says. "Yes, Miss Pirbright is a-waiting for father, dear father, and Abilene's good and tired of waiting. You must have forgot my name."

"You've growed a considerable, Abilene," I says.

"I must have growed two inches since pa went to see a man in at Moran's and told me he'd be back in a couple of minutes," says she. "I reckon I'll get gray haired and stoop shouldered afore he comes out. See any gray hairs?"

She brushed back some of the little curls under her hat and looked at me mighty sassy and sweet. It was a straw hat with a wide brim trimmed up with cherries and ears of wheat and her hair was about the color of the wheat, only with more shine to it. And I'll mention that offered the choice between cherries and Abilene's lips I know which I'd have took and given some boot.

"No silver threads there yet," says I.

"I've been worrying a heap too," she says—"wondering why you never come to see us no more. I'm mad at you! And then calling me Miss Pirbright and setting acrost the street like a bump on a log and never coming near! Why ain't you never been up to the valley?"

"Why, You Miserable Lit' o Bundle of Mischief, What Do You Mean, Deceiving Me Thisa-Way?"

"I've got a heap of work on my hands here."

"You could have a heap of work on your hands there," she answered. "Pa would find something for you to do, I reckon, if that's all that's been keeping you away. He can most generally scare up some little chore for our boy visitors."

"But I ain't no boy, sweetheart," I says.

"Huh! I don't know so much about that," says she. "But if you ain't I'm glad of it. I'm good and sick of these awful young boys. Give me a real grown man that's got some sense."

I told her I'd look round careful and see what I could find for her, and then I asked her if she thought Benjamin Franklin Tucker would come anywheres near her notion, and she allowed that Benny had less sense than any of them.

"I like whiskers on a man," says she, looking hard at mine, which I kept trimmed up kind of neat with the horse clippers in them days.

"But I wish pa would come," she says, her sassy look fading out. "I know you don't like to go into them places, Mr. Stegg," she says, "but just to please me, if you'd go into Moran's and drag him out by the ear I'd never stop loving you. Tell him that the clock in the steeple is a-striking twelve and if he ain't here to go home with me by the time it quits striking I'm a-going to drive this team back to sister Belle's and he'll have some walking to do."

I took notice that she had a considerable of a chin on her when she pressed her lips together and stuck it out. It was a nice chin, well rounded and as pretty as it could be, but it wasn't undersize.

"I'll bring him, dead or alive," I says. Just wait a minute or two longer."

Overcoming my well-known dislike of entering into places where liquor is dispensed in vinous and malt quantities, I sauntered into Mike Moran's and there was Pa Pirbright—big, red-faced, curly whiskered pa—leaning with one arm on the bar and in the act of pouring. Alongside of him was Bert Herndon and Johnny Root, two of the Bar T boys, and Johnny was in the act of gathering up his change.

"All the same, it's a-going to be my turn next time," says pa. "I can accept of a gentleman's hospitality as free and willing as the next man, but there had ought to be a limit and you two boys hadn't ought to be setting 'em up all day long without no interruption on my part. Ain't right."

Then he seen me and bellered out a invite to line up, which—being as Johnny Root seconded the motion—I accepted.

"Here's Mr. Pirbright's very good health," says Johnny.

"And his family's very good health," says Bert. "Mr. Pirbright, may you live long and die easy and happy and with no compulsion about it! My respects to you, sir."

"Drink hearty, gentlemen both," says pa, beaming at them. "I mean gentlemen all," he says, catching my eye. "I want to say that you are both—all of you—welcome at my house night or day at any hour or minute. And the womenfolks is all of 'em of my mind and feel like I do."

"Now this next time it's a-going to be on me," says Bert.

"The last wasn't done properly to suit me, so it's got to be done over again—on me," says Johnny.

"It ought by rights to be on me," says Pirbright. "Honest, boys, you ought to give me a chance oncet, don't you reckon you ought?"

"Not by no means," says Johnny.

"We don't get Mr. Pirbright in town every day in the week," says Bert. "Your money ain't good here, Mr. Pirbright. Not while I'm round."

"Nor while I'm round," says Johnny.

"Gentlemen," says I, "I'm like the Irishman. I hate to have to say anything that would disturb the hi-larity of the occasion, but I've got a little private, pressing and particular business outside with Mr. Pirbright, our loved and honored guest, which business can't be put off without inconvenience to him resulting."

Pa Pirbright said that we was all friends here and what was the business anyway, so I told him that Miss Abilene was a-waiting near by outside and I had orders to see that he didn't keep her a-waiting no longer. I'd no sooner said that than Johnny and Bert made a break for the back door and disappeared.

"Well!" says Pirbright, looking after them with his mouth open. "What do you think of that? Well!"

"I was just a-going to set up a round," he says, "and now they're gone I can't. Too bad! They're right nice boys, them two. They come to see me at the ranch a whole lot and there's always a good meal of vittles set out for them, and a welcome. Yes, they think a heap of me and so they ought. If you seen my grocery bills ——"

"Abilene's a-waiting for you," I says.

"They're ain't no rush," says he. "You're always welcome, too, Stegg. And I know the womenfolks will always be tickled to death to see you."

"One of them will be tickled to death to see you right away," I told him.

He looked sadly and lingeringly at Mike's wooden face and then said he supposed if Abilene was waiting he'd better go. So he went, but when we looked where the wagon had been it wasn't there. Just about the same time Bert Herndon and Johnny Root come round the corner trying to look as if they had just got into town. Pirbright hollered to them, but they shook their heads and passed on.

"You'll find her at Mrs. O'Neill's, I reckon," I told the old man. "She said she was going there if you didn't arrive middling prompt. Half a mile ain't much to a good walker like you."

Saying which, I went back to the livery and took up my weary round of toil.

I reckon it was a month after that before Benny Tucker come into town again. I told him he was a-looking well, and he said right away that either my eyesight was a-failing me or I had a little favor to ask him.

"I've lost all of twenty pounds since I last seen you," he says. "I'm a-getting so I'll have to pack rocks in my pockets to keep from blowing away if I keep on the

(Continued on Page 61)

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SELLERS KITCHEN CABINETS

"The Best Servant in Your House"

(Continued from Page 59)

way I'm doing. Look at these here hollow cheeks of mine! See where I'm buckling my belt to—and then tell me I'm looking well!"

"Excuse me," I says. "I thought maybe you might be sort of sensitive about it and wouldn't want folks remarking too candid. I know I was that-a-way. One time I got right down to skin and bone under the same circumstances—when I was a heap younger. I didn't look for nothing but an early grave and I didn't want nothing else either. There was a week at a spell that the sight of a pan of pork and beans browned on top and smoking hot didn't excite no more cravings in me than nothing at all. You could have pushed fried spring chicken and milk gravy at me and I would have shuddered and waved it aside like it was fricasseed buzzard. These here pangs of unrequieted love is sure hard on a man's appetite."

"Maybe they are," says he. "I'll take your word for it, not having been afflicted that-a-way myself ever. I'm eating hearty and I don't want no grave, early or late, until I get good and ready for it in the undertaker's opinion. No, sir. It's hard manual labor that's a-pulling me down to the featherweight class.

"But I like it," he says. "It's sure good for a man. You get all soft and fleshy, laying abed until four o'clock in the morning and doing nothing the balance of the day but ride a hundred miles or so and wrastle a few contrary cow critters and obstropolous cayuses and such like. What you need to keep in good condition is to take a few hours extra in spare time and go visit some little hive of industry like Pirbright's and not be made no stranger of. Look at my hands!"

He pulled off his gloves and showed me some calluses and one fresh blood blister.

"So Pa Pirbright is busy these days, is he?" I asked.

"He's a busy man," says Benny. "If it wasn't for that misery in his back, which he's a martyr to and requires rubbing with alcohol a whole lot, there wouldn't be no holding him. As it is, it keeps him on the keen jump supervising us boys when we try to lift a little of the burden from that poor back of his. And then he does a heap of studying to keep Bill and Valentine and young Dave and Mitchell and Crawford out in the free open air daytimes, with plenty of room to move round and no restraining influences except his own and maybe a little mosquito bar over the windows nights. He's building a new barn now—a good big log barn."

"That's good," I says. "It shows enterprise and progress."

"And he's figuring on putting a pole fence round thirty-five acres he's got in sod oats—three poles high and a rider. Johnny Root says he'll undertake to snake out the poles as fast as Bert Herndon can cut 'em. There's two sapheads for you! I reckon they think they'll make themselves solid with the old man, but they're a-going to be surprised one of these bright balmy days. I know just what the old man thinks of them."

"I presume likely he told you in confidence," I says. "Who's working on the barn?"

"Sam Kennedy and Mose Haynes," he answers. "Them two fools is hanging round Magdalena. And then there's Eudora's fellow, Edmond Watts, has been helping too. I've been amusing myself a little, lifting a log here and there and hewing a few into shape with a broadax."

"Just to keep yourself in good condition?" says I.

"Just to keep myself in good condition," says he. "And I'm naturally helpful and handy. Furthermore you can't go into a man's house three or four or seven times a week and eat his good beef and distract the attention of his womenfolks from their household duties without making some sort of a return in recompense—like helping with the chores or bringing along, say, a plug of tobacco or so or something that would do to rub a lame back with at a pinch if it wasn't a sinful waste."

"That's true," I says. "So they always have plenty of good beef, do they? I reckon them Pirbright boys ain't altogether useless after all."

"As to that, they acquitted Val Pirbright and he left the court without a stain on his character, as you know darned well," says Benny with some feeling. "Anyway, when a gentleman eats beef at another gentleman's board it ain't no part of good manners to ask to see the hide that covers it. I'm a stock owner myself and I propose to buy me a couple of heifers to-day and become more so, so it ain't likely I would favor rustlers nor rustling, but at the same time I don't look for brands on steak nor make insinuations regarding the same. I'd like to have the little horse fed about half a peck of oats, if you please, Mr. Stegg, sir."

"I'll see that he gets 'em, Benny," I says, "and I hope you don't think I meant any offense.

"Before you go, too, I'd like to have you tell me in strict confidence of course—how you are a-getting on and progressing with Miss Abilene."

He looked all round him mighty careful and then lowered his voice to a whisper.

"In strict confidence, she thinks the world and all of me and I might say worships the ground I tread on," he says. "But," says he, "she's particular opposed to letting me and everybody else see it. A person that hadn't made a study of her and didn't know no better than to go by appearances and actions might think that she hadn't a particle of use for me, but I ain't fooled—not for a holy minute. No, sir-ee! I'm on to her. Once I kill off them two Bar T loafers, Root and Herndon, which I aim to do when I get a good chance, I won't have nothing to worry about. I kind of think maybe that Root is the one that really needs to be exterminated, but I'm a great believer in taking a little extra trouble to make sure, and I reckon there'll have to be two little empty bunks at the Bar T ranch."

"It's best to be thorough," I says.

Then I took notice of his saddle, which was one of those old-time Mexicans, with a horn as broad as a dinner plate and all scuffed up and so brittle that I snapped off a corner of the skirt like a soda cracker.

"This here is a sure-enough deadly insult to your horse, Benny," I says. "Where's the new Cheyenne Collins you had?"

"I loaned it to Mitchell Pirbright," he says, and then looked kind of foolish. "Oh, I'll get it back all right, all right," he says.

There's a right smart of wonders in the world. I don't claim to have seen all of them, but I've seen aplenty that made my eyes bug out and my mouth fall open and my shirt seem kind of close fitting and strained at the seams with the emotions that was a-swelling within. I've watched the north lights shooting and shifting and dancing in the sky up in the Possessions and I was at the Colorado Cañon before Powell come anigh it. I seen the Chicago stockyards twicet and in Santone a Mexican showed me a chicken with three legs that he had raised from the egg and swore come out of it that-a-way. Besides that, I've read a considerable and I've seen pictures took from photographs of things that was out of the ordinary to an extent that would take a man's breath, but all said and done I don't think there's anything that seems to a man so kind of strange and sort of wonderful, when you come to think of it, as a young woman when she's all fixed up to go to church or a dance or a buggy ride or something special with a male object—particularly a dance. I don't say that every young woman strikes you that-a-way, but I reckon most of 'em do.

You look at one, and here all of a sudden you realize that you ain't never looked at her before. She ain't plain woman like you always believed she was. Certainly not! Her hair ain't human hair. It's too bright and clean and silky and it smells too sweet and them pretty ribbons just belong there like they couldn't belong no place else, except maybe round her waist or in a breast knot, or wherever she's happened to put 'em. Same way with her skin. Seems like there ain't nothing you can think of that's similar—all smooth and soft and pinky white—no human hide about it! You're a-skeered to touch it. If you do you touch it as tender and careful and gentle as if it had a wet-paint sign on it—which of course it hasn't. And her necklace—maybe pearl beads, maybe blue or red or green beads. Anyway and whichever, you take them beads and the neck they're on and it sure strikes you all of a heap and when you quit studying this and that and kind of take in the whole picture you get dizzy.

What is she? What is she a-thinking of when she looks at you? What kind of thoughts does she have anyway? Not the same kind you have. There ain't nothing you could understand about her, not in six months of Sundays. She's one of these here plumb miracles!

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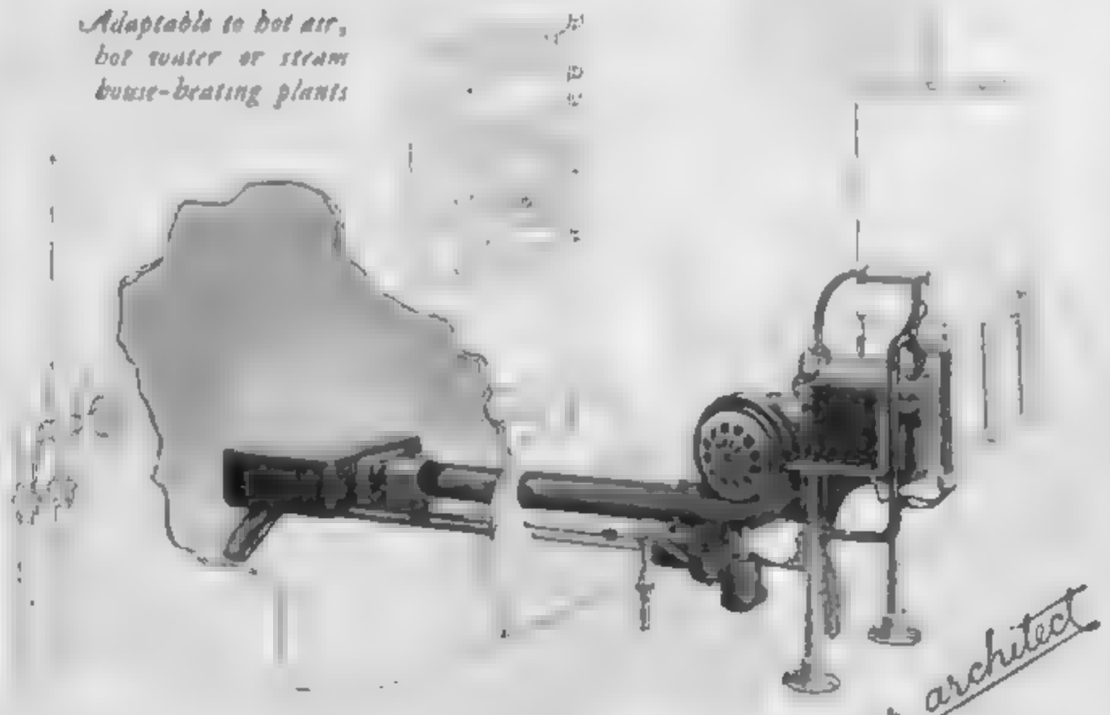

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Ask your architect

I wouldn't wonder if Benny Tucker didn't feel a good deal set back and awe-struck and generally flabbergasted when he first seen Abilene Pirbright with her wraps off and all tricked out in her pretties at the dance they give in Blueblanket for the boys to buy their hook-and-ladder truck. Took the last lingering smitch of conceit out of him, I should say, and the rest of it Abilene had removed by methods not altogether painless, going by what Benny had told me and what I judged from the things he didn't tell me. Anyway, I seen him a-standing by where she was a-setting and a-looking down at her like he'd made a big discovery and was a considerable exercised in his mind about it—whether it wouldn't run away or float out of an open window if he spoke out loud or made any brash movement. I could see that there wasn't a fold of her fluffy white dress that he wasn't taking notice of and not a line nor a curve anywhere from the top of her head to the tip of her slipper that he missed, and everything making him realize deep down in his heart what a crawling, scaly centipede he was after all.

Just the same, he made out to ask for her program and to mark "B.T." against most of the dances.

"I don't aim to take everything," he says, "and if you'd like to dance the Virginia reel with anybody else I won't make no public fuss."

"That's right liberal and clever of you," says Abilene, looking at the card. She tucked it into her sash and pulled out another one, having provided herself with two in case of emergencies. "They're beginning the grand march now," she says, favoring him with a smile. "I might as well let you have that, being as you was kind enough to trouble to bring me."

So they promenaded off and Benny did get the waltz following the march, but when that was over and he wanted to do some more pencil work Abilene told him to go to Magdalena and Eudora and see if he couldn't make some of his turkey tracks on their programs.

"And ma dances real well and enjoys it," she says. "Maybe you can persuade her to give you one or two square dances."

"I'll do my level best to get her to," says Benny meekly, and he went off and made a bluff at all three ladies—and got his bluff called.

Then being kind of reckless by that time, I suppose, and figuring that he might as well make a miserable night of it, he tackled Mrs. Pete Kellogg and Mrs. Tracy O'Neill, who wasn't neither of them as young and slender and popular with the boys as they used to be once on a time. The result of that was that Abilene had a perfectly elegant time and Benny didn't, not by no means, or if he did he sure didn't look it.

Every once in a while I'd see him go up to Abilene and I'd see Abilene smile at him and shake her head and then he'd stand by her for a minute or two, looking like affliction sore long time he'd bore and chewing his mustache one end at a time. Then he'd sidle off. I reckon he took it pretty hard when finally she gave pa one of them precious waltzes.

"But I just naturally love to dance with pa," she says. And then she says kind of sharp, "What did you remark, Mr. Tucker?"

"Nothing," says Benny.

"I wouldn't like it right well if you did," she says. "Particular if it was what I thought you said. I guess I'll go home with pa too. There's aplenty of room in the wagon for me and no need of putting you to the trouble."

"No trouble—it's a pleasure," says Benny sort of absent-mindedly. He was a-looking at Johnny Root and Bert Herndon, who was a-talking together by the door. Then he gave a sigh. "Well, if I can't dance with you I might as well be finding something for little hands to do," he says.

"What do you mean?" she asks, but he had moved off, and just then pa come up a-smiling all over his red face, which he'd washed and polished, and with his curly beard combed and a pair of new morocco boots on, and Abilene looked at him like he was the fairy prince and stepped out on the floor with him.

"Just like she enjoyed it," I says to Tracy O'Neill, who stood at my elbow looking about as gloomy as Benny.

"I reckon she does too," says Tracy. "That's the hell of it," he says real bitter. "Every last one of them girls of his thinks the world of the worthless, loafing, whisky-soaking old scalawag. My wife does. I thought I'd get everlastingly shut of the whole darned no-account sponging outfit after I'd got married, but not so. I don't mean the girls, you understand, but I've just naturally spoiled every political chance I ever had defending Val and them other pups every time they get arrested for cattle stealing or some other deviltry. I wouldn't get a vote for dog pelter from any one of the cow ranches. Poor old Pete Kellogg is another suffering victim. He—I guess I'd better keep my mouth shut. But it certainly makes me sore to see that old skeezicks out there capering like a goat full of loco weed."

Pa was certainly a-capering, and lame back or no lame back he was sure an elegant and a limber dancer.

"Kind of rough on Benny Tucker," I says. "He's been a-trying to get a dance with Abilene all evening. I've had a heap of sport watching him. I wonder he don't get mad."

"A good thing for him if he did and stayed good and mad," says Tracy. "He's a good boy and he's been steadied down and working hard ever since I first met him. Saving his money and buying stock, too, but much good it will do him with pa and the boys to bum it off him and Abilene to back 'em up! I'm fond of Abilene and she'd be all right, but I've got a powerful lot of sympathy for any man that marries into the Pirbright family. I've warned him and Pete has warned him, but ——"

He was looking round the room.

"Where is Benny, anyway?" he says. "I don't see nothing of him."

I looked round myself.

"I don't see nothing of Johnny Root nor Bert Herndon," I says. "Tracy, let's you and me step quietly outside and get a mouthful or two of fresh air. I've got an idea. I may be right and I may be wrong."

I was right. There wasn't much to guide us in the dark, but the night was still, and listening hard we could hear grunts and the scuffing of feet and once in a while some bad language that seemed to come from the other side of the post office next to the hall. We hurried round there and made out one figure sitting down with his back to the clapboards and two others dancing and dodging round in the sunflowers a considerable lively and slamming at each other real enthusiastic. Just as we had took in the situation there come a smack like a three-base hit and one of the two went down so quick you couldn't see him fall.

"Get up and try it again," says Benny Tucker's voice, kind of breathless and hoarse, but cheerful and encouraging. "Once more for the cigars, sport! If at first you don't succeed, walk round your chair and call for a new deck. You never know your luck. All right, rest if you want to—I'll wait. Maybe Johnny's ready to take another whirl at me by this time. How about it, Johnny? Let's keep a-moving or we'll catch cold without our coats on."

"I've had all I need for to-night," says Johnny, who was the one leaning against the post office. He talked like he had a harelip. "S'm'other night, maybe, if you think you can keep your feet out of my stomach."

He got up slowly and limped over to where his coat was and begun to put it on. Benny walked back to Bert Herndon, who was heaving to get the soles of his boots onto the ground.

"That's good," says Benny. "That's the spirit I like to see. Take your time to it and then get your breath good. There's one whole side of my face that you ain't touched yet all ready for you. Want I should help you a little? What? Say, you ain't quitting? Well, I wouldn't have believed it! They always did tell me that you Bar T waddies was opposed to all forms of violence, but I allowed there must be some mistake, the two of you piled onto me so willing and unanimous. Think better of it, boys! I'm so weak this moment that I can't scarcely stand and you'd have an everlasting cinch. See if you can't find a club apiece somewheres. No? Well, well!"

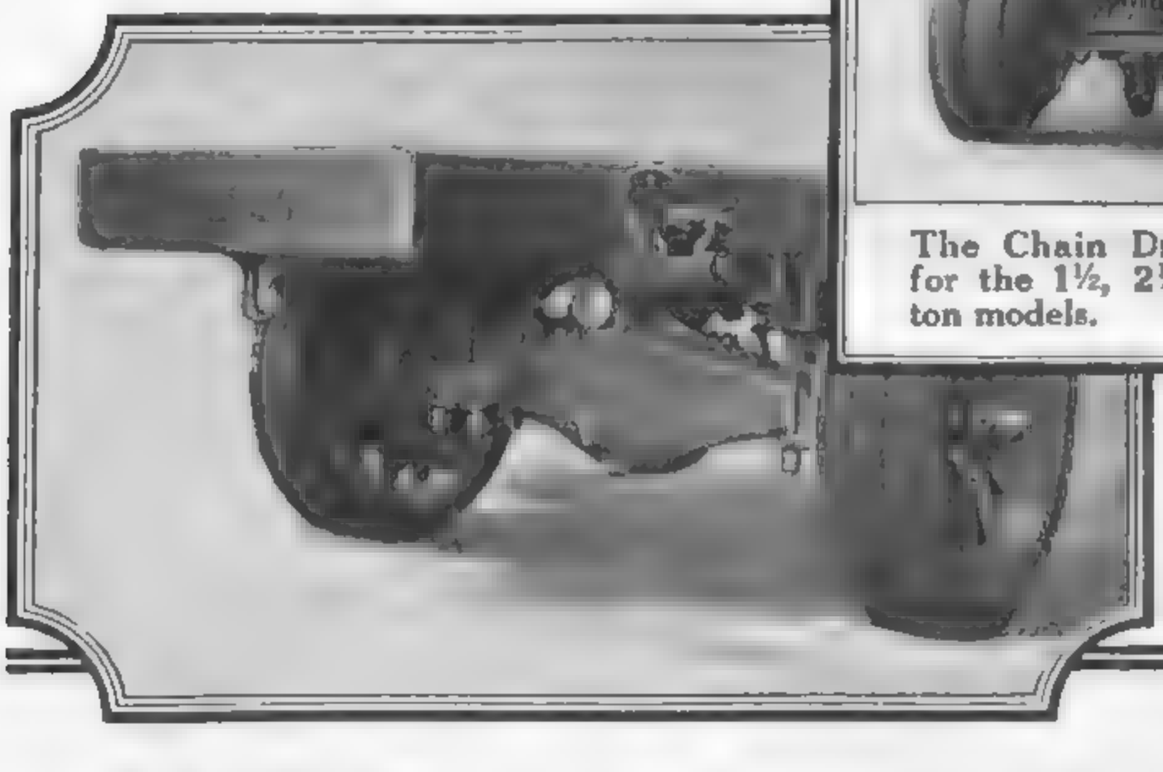
Bert stopped on his way after Johnny.

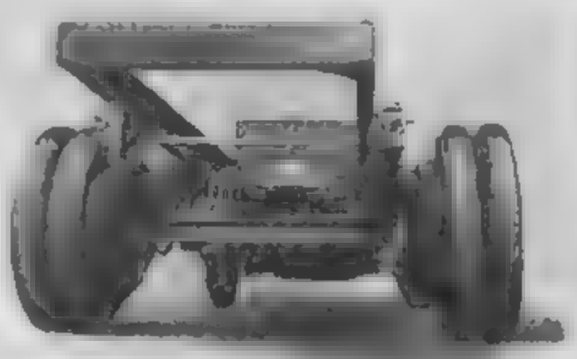
"You try and keep from being too disappointed, Ben Tucker," he says. "It won't be but a question of a little time afore we give you all you want. It ain't as if we wasn't never going to meet again."

"I'll be pleased to meet either or both of you and any assistance you want to bring along," says Benny. "Only don't on no account let it be anywhere in the Pass Creek or in any society that you think I'd be likely to object to your being in. Remember not to forget that, because I ain't

(Continued on Page 65)

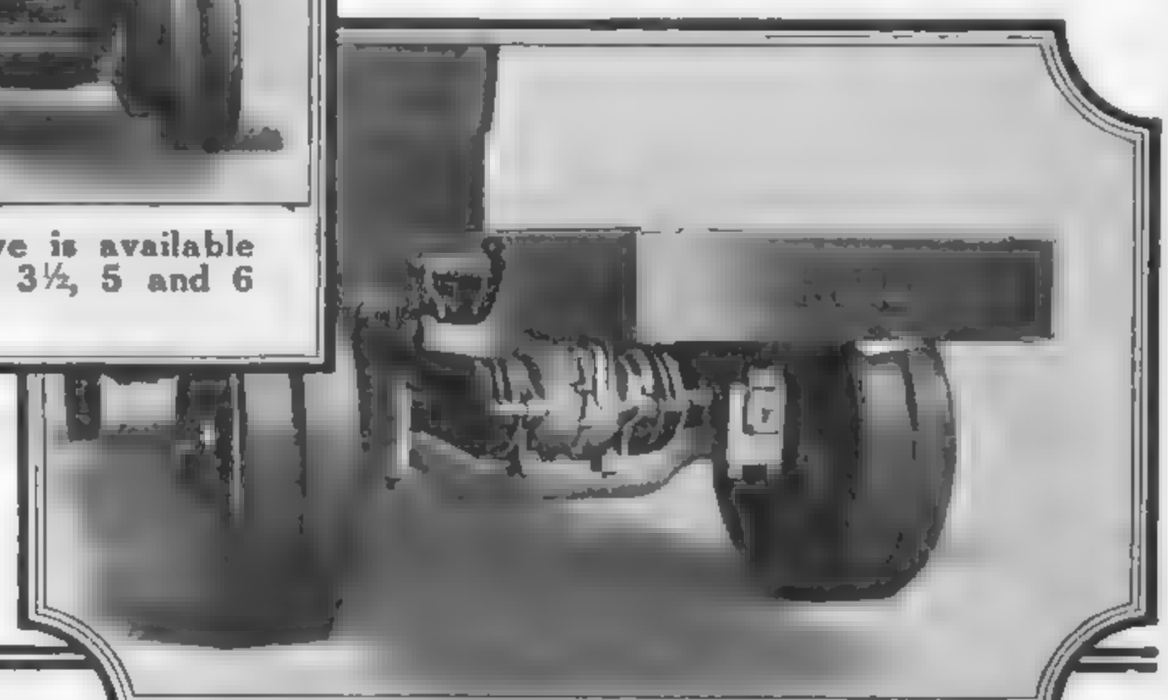
The Worm Drive is equipment for the 1½, 2½ and 3½ ton models.





The Chain Drive is available for the 1½, 2½, 3½, 5 and 6 ton models.

The Overhead Drive is applied to the 3½ ton model.



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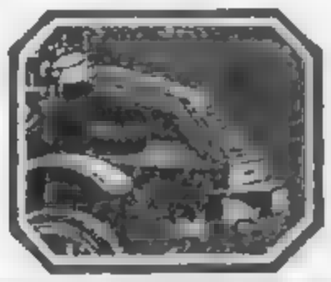

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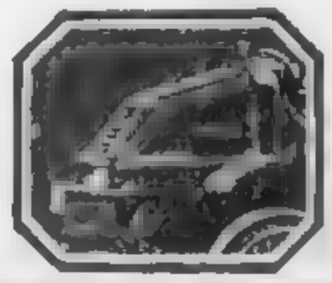

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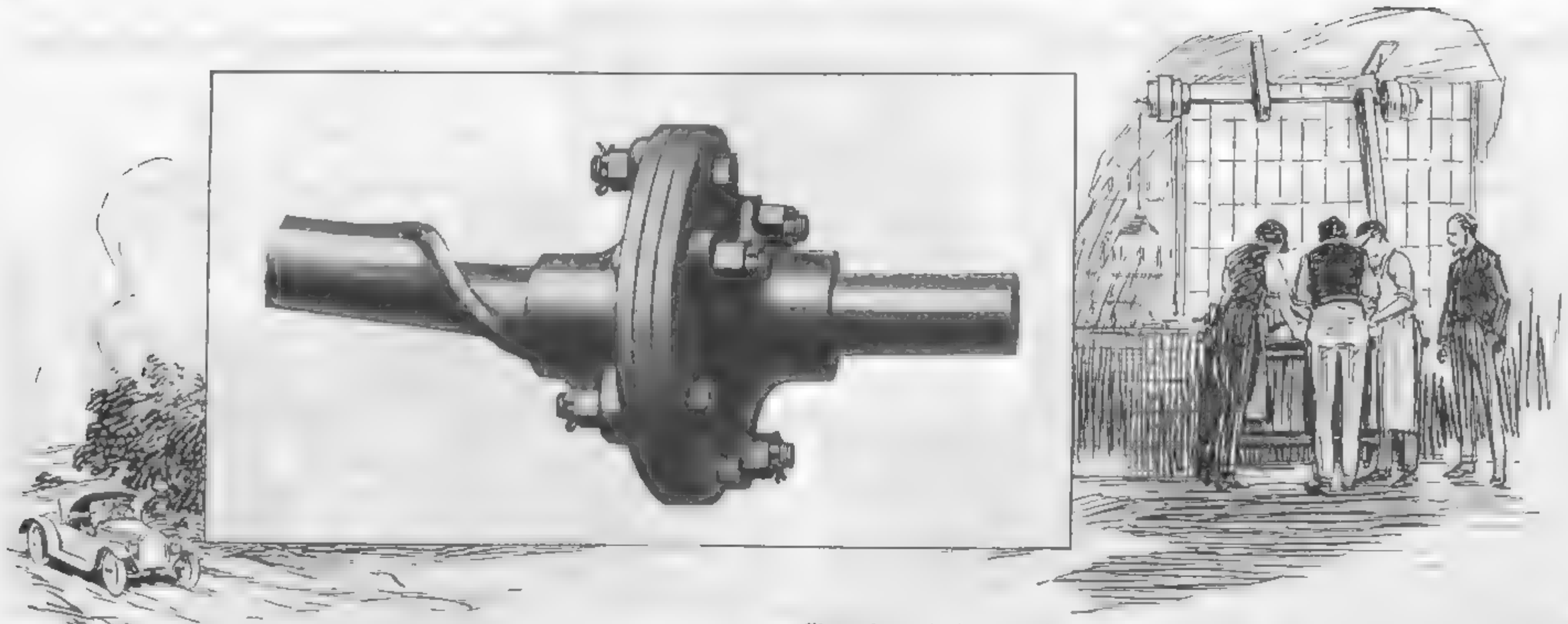

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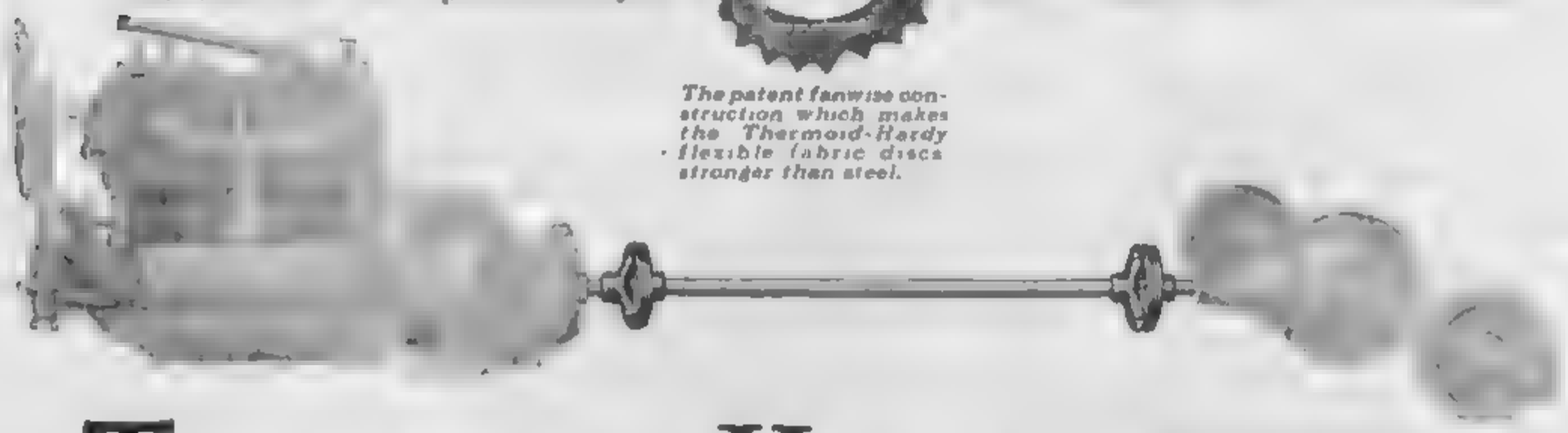

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(Continued from Page 62)

always as easy and forbearing as what I am to-night."

Bert and Johnny didn't make no answer but silent contempt to that, and Benny, after watching them out of sight, chuckled as if he was right well pleased with himself and picked up his own coat. Then he seen us for the first time and come up close enough to recognize us.

"What's this here disgraceful scene about?" asks Tracy.

"Nothing whatever," Benny replies. "I just called them two boys outside to give them some good advice about keeping late hours and letting their horses stand and allowed it was high time they hit the trail for the ranch so's they could get up fresh for the day's work—just friendly—and the hot-headed fools got right on their respective ears and begun to pull their coats. I'm glad I shed mine, because this here shirt sleeve is tore to ribbons and I've got something to cover it up. Mr. Stegg, sir, would you mind striking a match and inspecting my eye?"

I done that and found that the optic was some puffed but no rainbow hues. His left jaw was swelled some too, but not noticeable except front view.

"Most of the damage is round the short ribs, excepting a couple that Johnny got in on the back of my neck," says Benny. "If he hadn't done that he wouldn't have sustained that shock to his digestion that he was just mentioning, but I couldn't look back of me to see where to place my foot, account of Bert distracting my attention in front. If either of you two has got a few pins my pants would appreciate 'em. I don't know but I may dance some more. I sure feel like action and if I ain't marked up like you say I ain't —— I reckon I've dropped my comb out of my vest pocket. Lend me yours, Tracy."

I called his attention to the fact that they was a-playing the Home Sweet Home waltz right now and Tracy made a run for the hall while Benny and me scooted for the livery, where Benny got into his big wolf-skin coat while I hitched up his team in jig time. Even so, we didn't get round none too soon. Some of the Pirbright family was already in their wagon and Abilene was a-waiting her turn to be helped in when Benny come up and took her gently by the arm.

"I ain't a-going with you, Mr. Tucker," she says. "I'm a-going with pa. Ain't I, pa? There ain't no need for Mr. Tucker to drive way out to the valley."

"Mr. Tucker would just as lief and some liefer," says Benny. "He's sort of bull-headed, Mr. Tucker is, and he's set like the rock-ribbed granite hills on having Miss Abilene's company home. Mr. Dave Pirbright is a good friend of his too, ain't you, pa?"

"The best you ever had," says the old man. "Abby, don't let's have no foolishness. You don't ride in this wagon nohow."

"Just as you say, pa," says Abilene, and she let Benny take her and put her in the buggy.

But if ever you seen a young lady on a middling dark night that acted like she was a-suffering for a noble cause and aimed to be dignified about it, it was her. Benny couldn't see her right well, but that fur coat of his wasn't no protection against the chill that he got on his left side.

"I've sure got to apologize to you, Miss Abilene," he says after they'd gone about three mile without speaking. "It was mighty mean and low-down of me and I'll put in the balance of my life regretting it."

"Regretting what?" she says.

"I don't know," says he, "but it must be something. Maybe it's because I didn't ask pa to dance with me."

She didn't make no answer to that.

"I hope I ain't crowding you," he says after a while.

"That's past hoping for," she told him. "But there's an end to everything and I'll see you don't get another chance. Won't them horses go no faster?"

"We'll try," says Benny, and he give the team a flick with the whip and slacked on the bits.

There wasn't no doubt they could go faster. They done so. Some of the places in the road was higher than what others was and them was the ones that the buggy hit. When that happened Benny would let out a yip and touch 'em up again. But Abilene never peeped. You'd have thought she was enjoying the motion and the fresh air or had maybe went to sleep. Finally they come to the pass, where the grade sloped about a third pitch and the creek bed about a thousand feet below, and Benny wiped the sweat from his forehead and put on the brakes.

"What are you a-slacking up for?" asks Abilene.

"Because me nerve ain't equal to yours, and I've been praying as hard as I know how for the last five miles," Benny says. "There ain't no sense nor use a-straining the patience of a merciful Providence too far. You win."

They got down to the foot of the grade and then Benny spoke up again.

"I hope you won't take no undue advantage of this here after we're married," he says.

"I won't do nothing you don't like—after we're married," says Abilene. "After we're married I'll ride to Putney on a pig and come back floating down the river on a grindstone. But until then I'll thank you to keep away from our place. If that ain't plain enough I'll get Brother Crawford to make it plainer."

"I'm sorry you think that-a-way about it," says Benny.

"I'd be sorry if I felt any other way," says she.

"Why?" he asks.

"Because," says she.

"If you want me to stay away I'll sure do it," he says.

"That's good," says she.

They didn't either of them say no more until they got to the house. Then Benny said he'd go in and start the fire for her so's not to have to wake Crawford and Bill. She told him to please himself, but it wasn't necessary, and she kept on her wraps and stood while he started the heater to going.

"Now if you want me to go I'll go right now and promise you faithful to stay gone," says Benny.

"Thank you kindly," says Abilene.

"But I don't believe you want me to," says Benny.

Then he took a quick step toward her and grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her until her head rocked.

"Why, you miserable little bundle of mischief, what do you mean, deviling me this-a-way?" he says sharp and savage. "Acting without rime or reason! What do you reckon I am that you think you can play horse with me like I was nothing at all? Nerve! Do you think that because I didn't want to break your neck back at the pass that I'm a lump of putty? Look me in the eye and tell me!"

He held her off, frowning at her. She had her lips close set and her chin stuck out.

"Which eye do you want me to look at?" says she. "The one that's bunged up or the other one?"

Benny frowned at her harder than ever and tightened his grip. For a full minute they stood fighting, look against look. Then Benny's hands dropped to his side.

"Kiss me," says he.

Will you believe she kissed him? She did! And the next thing she had her hot little face burrowed into his wolfskin coat and was a-crying.

"Y-you d-d-damned my pa, Benny!" she sobbed.

"For that matter, I blessed him up hill and down dale right away," says Benny, telling me. "And why wouldn't I?" says he. "He's Abilene's parent and that would cover a multitude more sins than he'd ever have the time or disposition to perpetrate—give him credit for that. We've all got our little weaknesses and pa may have his, but I ain't a-trying to make Abilene admit it nor yet own up that her brothers ain't all that they had ought to be. She's sensitive on that subject. She knows she's got the finest pa and the loveliest ma and the best and smartest brothers and sisters that there is anywheres, and yet there's a passle of low-down, dirty-tongued, envious and lying folks round this here town and county that's trying to backcap the family.

"Would you believe that she got a notion that I didn't appreciate pa and that I didn't have no extra-high opinion of the boys? Yes, sir, and that's what come near setting her against me. I told her that while I thought a heap of her it was my ambition to get connected up some way with the Pirbright family that brought me to the valley in the first place. I told her I was proud to be pa's son-in-law. And I am. He's all right when you come to know him and make allowances. The boys too. They're right nice boys—or will be when they sort of steady down and get their notions of other people's property untangled and quit whisky and go to work."

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"How did pa take it?" I asked.

"Tolerable well, considering," says Benny. "He ain't none too well pleased about having Johnny Root and Bert Herndon quitting on their job of fencing for him, but he's a-going to hire a man at his own expense to help me and Pete Kellogg and Eudora's fellow and the two that's after Magdalena. We'll make out. I'm in town to-day to go on pa's note so's he can pay the new hand a month's wages. That's the least I can do, being as it's my fault that it's necessary to hire help."

"When do you figure on getting married?" I asked him.

His lip kind of fell.

"Not for quite a while yet, I reckon," he answers. "There's a right smart of work to be done first and I've got to hang onto my job with the Lazy X. But that don't faze me," he says. "If that old Bible rooster, Jacob, could work seven years for old man Laban to get his girl I reckon I can hustle for a year or two to get Abilene."

"Well, I congratulate you, Benny," I says. "I like to see a man look a situation square in the face and make the best of it. You aim to take up a ranch in the valley near pa, I reckon?"

"Abilene wants we should," he says. "I reckon that's what we'll do. There's good range and plenty of water there. Yes, I reckon I'll have to, dad blame it!"

I figure that Benny was too much occupied the rest of that fall and winter to come into town and get a touch of high life. I might have thought he'd left the country if I hadn't got word of him now and then from Tracy O'Neill. Tracy didn't say much either, only that it was too dag-gone bad and by gosh he hated to see it. Poor old Tracy had tried for district attorney that fall. He got the nomination, but like he'd expected, the cow vote swamped him at the election. The only comfort he had was that he was acquiring a reputation for being able to get anybody off for anything, no matter what the evidence was. That was after the grand jury had indicted Val Pirbright for the third time and Tracy had got him acquitted. Bill Pirbright was in that, too, but he skipped for Montana and that made one less.

"Yes," says Tracy, "my heart bleeds for that poor boy, Benny. He reminds me of myself when I was young and hopeful and didn't have no notion of the influence of women folks. I wish I could help him, but by ginger, he won't help himself! Pa and the boys have about worked him dry, and he takes it all good-natured account of Abilene."

He went away shaking his head.

Another time he come in and brung the news that the bank had foreclosed on Benny's cattle and that the Lazy X had fired him for no reason only he was too thick with the Pirbright boys.

"Family ties is all right, but you wouldn't think a girl would want her man hog-tied by 'em," he says.

I asked what Benny was a-doing and he told me Benny was working at Pirbright's for his board and Abilene's approving smiles.

But finally along about the beginning of May on a Saturday afternoon Tracy comes in on his way from the house a-smiling all over his face.

"What do you think has happened?" he asks, and then not waiting for me to guess—"Benny Tucker's busted loose," he says, and let out a real whoop of joy. "Yes, sir, him and Abilene has had a few words and parted and Benny's shook the dust of the valley from his feet for keeps. If you don't believe me go into Mike's and see."

It wasn't that I didn't believe him, but I went over to Mike's right away, and there sure enough was Benny a-sitting at a table by himself in a far corner of the room, a-considerable flushed up but otherwise not showing no signs of what he'd been celebrating with. Being early, there wasn't nobody else in the place except Mike, who was on his way with the bottle and a clean glass.

"One for Mr. Stegg, Mike," says Benny, nodding at me and motioning for me to sit down.

"What's the good word?" I asked him.

"There ain't no good words," he says. "They ain't using them no more where I've been. But it's all in a lifetime and the longer you live the less you learn. Naked I come into the world and now I own this here suit of clothes I'm wearing in fee simple and not no more, except a little loose change I got for my horse a while ago. I'm a-going to herd sheep now and won't need no horse for that. All I'm afraid of is my character ain't good enough for a sheep herder. I've been told so. A lady as good as told me that."

"Tracy just told me he thought there was some trouble betwixt you and Abilene," I says. "I hope it ain't nothing serious."

"Just my way of bursting into song," he explains. "It seems to annoy some folks. Remember when I come and sung Kathleen Mavourneen to you one morning bright and early? Well, you was real peevish about it yourself. Abilene was more so."

"You ain't no great shakes as a singster, Benny," I says. "Still, it don't seem like Kathleen Mavourneen was no just cause or impediment. I forgave you and ——"

"It wasn't Kathleen Mavourneen," says Benny. "It was this here"—he cleared his throat and commenced to sing soft and low so's Mike couldn't hear:

"I don't like your familee—
Familee;
They don't make a hit with me—
Hit with me.
I get tired—rather, loaning money to your father
While your poor relations sponge on me.

"Something we'd been discussing put that into my head," he says. "There's more of it:

"I don't think your Uncle John—
Uncle John
Ever had a collar on—
Collar on.
You're a perfect lady, but when I get hitched for life
I'll pick
An or-phan.

"You acquainted with any likely female orphans of marriageable age, Mr. Stegg, sir?"

"Hum!" says I. "So that was it, was it? Just a little thing like that!"

"And a little thing like that was aplenty," says he.

"She'll get over it," I says.

"Sure," he says. "Give her a little time—about a million years. The trouble is I ain't a-going to get over it—not to the extent of endowing pa with no more of my worldly goods nor cherishing of him in no way, shape or manner. I've got other plans."

"Like endowing Mike Moran," I says. "You're starting well. That's the right idea—showing folks that you're all broke up over this here and don't care two whoops how low-down you get or what becomes of you. Seems like that's all you can do, now that the tuck is took plumb out of you and you ain't got no pretensions to being a man."

"Do you reckon?" he says, giving me an ugly look.

"It seems reasonable, don't it?" I says. "Well, I've got to be getting back to work, not having no blasted hopes to drown in rotgut. So long."

I left him right there, fingering his whisky glass and sort of studying. About ten minutes after that he walks into the livery kind of brisk and with his head up.

"Would you lend me the loan of twenty-five dollars and take chances on getting it back?" he says, looking me straight in the eye

I went right down after my weasel and gave him what he asked for.

"Now I can soak myself good and plenty inside and out," he says.

"You can," I told him.

"Or I might indulge in a little stud," he says. "Lucky at cards unlucky in love—ain't that right?"

I told him I'd heard rumors to that effect, and he looked at me kind of curious and walked out and I didn't see him again for nigh on three months. As soon as he left me he went and bought his horse back and then took the old Indian trail up Beaver and fetched up on the Milk River, where he went to work for a man name of Bradley at foreman's wages. I didn't know about that until he come back though. Once or twice I seen Abilene Pirbright on the street, driving in with pa to see sister Belle, and it struck me she looked mighty big-eyed and white and peaked, and there wasn't no mischief in her smile. It come like it was dragged.

"Heard anything of Benny Tucker since he left?" I asked her one time.

Out went her chin and her eyes struck me as mighty cold and hard.

"I'm glad to say I ain't," she says. "If you have you can keep your news to yourself, Mr. Stegg, please."

"Well, I ain't got any," I says. "I reckon he must have gone back to Texas."

"It looks a heap like rain," she says, and that was all I got.

I made up my mind right there that wherever Benny was he was better off. But it wasn't but a short time after that he walked in on me looking as natural as ever and acting the same, only there was some lines in his face that hadn't been there when he left, and after the first glad greetings was over he seemed kind of older every way. Before I forget, I'll mention that he paid me back what he owed me. He'd done pretty well with Bradley and a side deal in some Oregon ponies that Bradley had helped him to buy. On top of that an uncle of his in Texas had died and left him some money and about a thousand acres of land that he didn't know was any good or not. He aimed to go to Texas and find out, maybe. Maybe he'd stay on at Blueblanket and buy and sell stock. He wasn't dead sure what—only there was one little piece of business here that he calculated to attend to. He had heard that Bert Herndon was infringing on Pass Creek Valley again. Was that so?

I told him that there was reports that Bert had been seen there, which might or might not be true.

"In a general way that ain't no concern of mine," says he. "Still I promised Bert something if he strayed over that way and I'll have to make that boy understand that I keep my promises."

I tried to make him see that there wasn't no use having more trouble. I told him that Abilene hadn't got no earthly use for him, present or absent, and she had got to be fallen off in her looks anyway, and Bert might be the last chance she'd have. But it wasn't no use. He just nodded and rolled him a cigarette, and the first time Bert come to town he lambasted that waddy in a way that wasn't a bruise or broken rib short of shameful. He made Bert another promise after that and Bert must have figured he'd keep it. Anyway Mr. Herndon drew his pay from the Bar T as soon as he was able to travel and he traveled. Johnny Root missed him.

After that business was done Benny buckled down to buying stock here and there, a head or two or three at a time mostly, and shipping when he'd got enough of them for a mess. He was a good buyer and keeping track of the market he done well. He boarded with Ma Frush when he was in town and rented one of her rooms, where he played solitaire most of his evenings. Once in a while he'd come and gas with me, but not often. He'd got kind of thick with Tracy O'Neill and I guess Tracy saw more of him than what I did. His only other diversions was laying for any new company Abilene happened to get and manhandling them to the best of his ability. Getting shot up once in a while didn't dampen his enthusiasm for this here sport. Charlie Goss put a bullet in his shoulder one time and another time Otis Blanchard come near placing him on file, just grazing his ear and shooting so close he burned Benny's cheek. But neither one of them fellows done much bragging of it. Benny didn't use nothing but his fists, but he was sure efficacious with them.

Him and Abilene met up once in a while. The first time she turned as white as chalk and then flushed scarlet when he looked at her and at pa and at a calf they had in the back of the wagon without no difference in the looks he gave each of them. After that I reckon she braced herself. She wouldn't pretend she didn't see him, but he might have been a hitching post or an empty molasses barrel for all she showed. It was sure kind of pitiful to watch. I mentioned it to Tracy one day and he couldn't help owning that it was a pity.

"My wife says she ain't been like the same girl or much of any kind of girl since the split up," he told me. "I'm afraid Benny has got a hankering after her too, but I hope he don't give in to it. Him beating up them fellows looks bad to me. But I glory in his spunk," he says. "I wish I had some of it myself. Some day maybe I will make a break. Oh, pa and the boys has got 'em hoodooed."

It wasn't long after that, though, that pa missed his step and fell quite a heap in Abilene's esteem. There wasn't no doubt that Benny was making money. Folks talked about it and old Peemuller at the

(Continued on Page 69)

Cook a small package of spaghetti twenty minutes in boiling salted water. Drain, rinse with cold water. Heat one package of Libby's Chili Con Carne, drain liquor over spaghetti and cook ten minutes—until flavors are thoroughly blended. Remove to serving plate; top with hot Chili Con Carne and sprinkle with grated cheese. Serve hot

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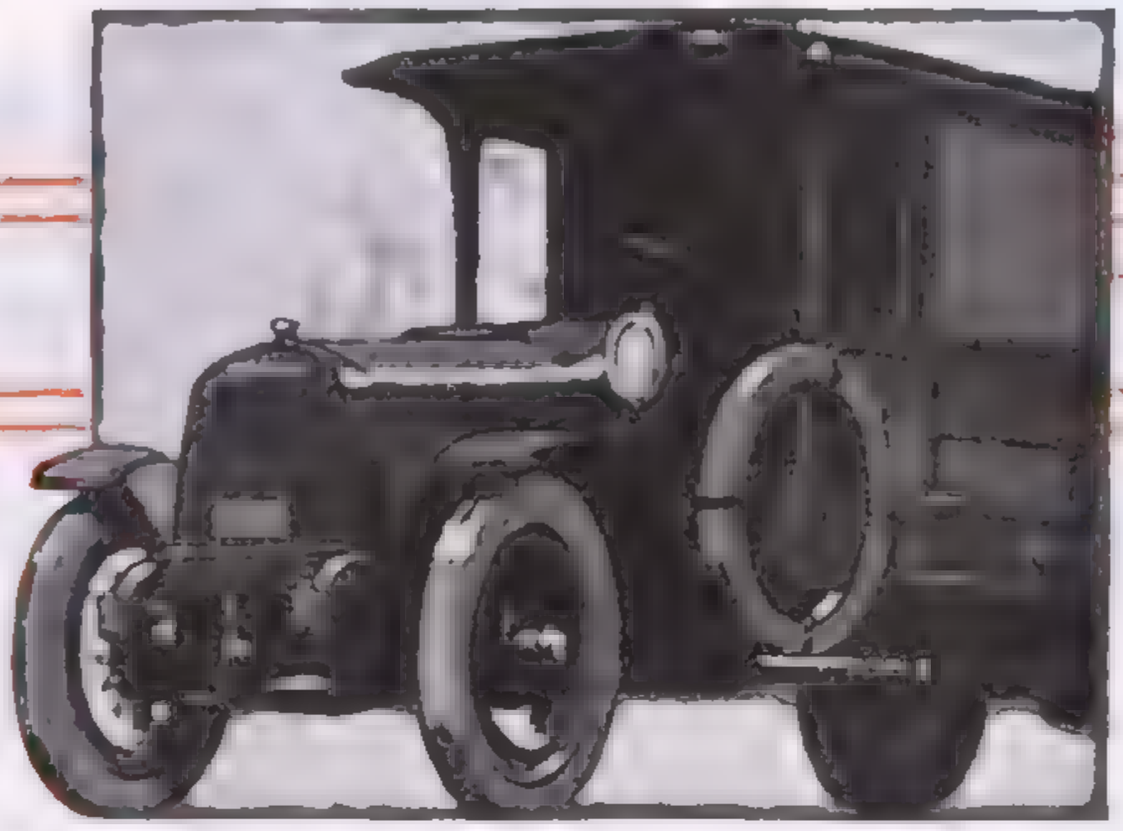

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BETHLEHEM MOTOR TRUCKS

The Motor Truck bought to-day without Electric Starting and Lighting will be out of date to-morrow

(Continued from Page 66)

bank couldn't be too sugary when him and Benny met. Then it got out about Benny's uncle in Texas and all of this got to pa's ears and set him to thinking. One day he come round pumping me, but my valves was dry that day and he didn't get much.

"It's a pity though that him and Abilene had to fuss," says pa. "Abilene is sure quick tempered and she can't take a joke like you and me and she says more than she means sometimes, but that ain't no reason why loving hearts should be sundered. I think a heap of Benny—always did."

I reckon he mistrusted I wouldn't carry the glad tidings to Benny and allowed he'd do it himself and be sure they got to the right party. Where he made his big mistake was having Abilene along. They had come into town on one of their trading trips and pa was just pulling up his team in front of Palmer's grocery when Benny come along with his hat brim drawed down over his eyes. He was a-walking past when pa hailed h'm.

"Why, hello, Benny!" he says real jovial and hearty. "Getting so proud you won't notice your friends? Why ain't you ever been over to the ranch since you got back to give an account of yourself?"

Benny stopped short in his tracks and looked at him—looked at him like I don't want nobody to look at me.

"I reckon you know why," he says. "Kind of funny for you to ask."

"Shucks!" says pa. "Let bygones be bygones. Hard words don't break no bones, the way I look at it, and I know you didn't mean the half of what you said. Here's Abilene will tell you the same thing. You two young folks don't want ——"

Abilene had been looking down the street with her underlip clamped tight between her teeth. Right here she cut in:

"You give me the lines and I'll drive on while you get out and lick Mr. Tucker's boots," she says.

Benny turned and looked at her and lifted his hat sober and respectful.

"I hate this on your account, ma'am," he says. "I reckon Mr. Pirbright knows right well I meant what I said. I ain't never changed me mind in regards to him—nor yet in regards to you," he says, looking hard at her. "You remember that part of it too."

She smiled at him—and I don't want no woman to smile at me that-a-way either. Benny lifted his hat again and walked on and Pa Pirbright turned in the wagon seat, his face purple, and shook his fist after him.

"I'll cut your heart out for that, Mr. Tucker," he says under his breath. "I'll cut your heart out and eat it. You wait!"

"You'll cut your regular victuals same as usual and eat them as hearty as if you worked for them," says Abilene.

Pa whirled round on her, but checked up when he seen her face.

I don't know just when it was that talk started about Benny Tucker rustling cattle. It come by degrees—a joking remark here and a hint there—mostly among the stockmen. The big outfits was working together more or less and I reckon they didn't favor common cow hands that was fired on suspicion setting up for themselves independent. And there was sure signs and tokens of rustling—like there always has been. And innocent folks suspicioned—like there always will be—and a close-mouthed man that ain't sociable and tends to his own business, like Benny had got to be, is as likely to be suspicioned as anybody else. Whether or no, there was talk and it grew and the Pirbright boys and an outfit named Davis at the head of Calico Cañon was a considerable mixed up in the talk about Benny. Some allowed that Benny and the Pirbrights just let on to be on bad terms as a blind—plumb foolishness, but that was the talk for quite a while.

Then one cloudy afternoon Jim Harmon, the sheriff, walked a-past the stable arm in arm with Mitchell Pirbright, with a few foot-loose citizens of Blueblanket trailing along behind. Mitchell's right hand was wrapped round with a red handkerchief and stuck in the bosom of his shirt. He was grinning, but it didn't look natural. Then him and Jim turned into Doc Ammerman's office and when they come out they went on up to the jail. Seemed like Mitchell and two other boys was engaged in cutting up a steer that morning and Harmon and a couple of deputies happened along kind of all at once and unexpected and asked them to put up their hands. Mitchell didn't put his high enough and Harmon's second shot got Mitchell's trigger guard and trigger finger and lodged in the palm of his hand. The two deputies must have got buck fever. Anyway they had running marks to shoot at and the marks got to their horses and kept right on a-running and got clear away, the both of them. That was all there was to it—excepting ——

Well, it gave folks something to talk about. Along about eight o'clock Pa Pirbright come into town from the valley with Magdalena and Sacora and Endora and young Dave and they all went up to Tracy O'Neill's house without stopping. Ten minutes after they got there Tracy come out in a hurry and talking to himself and the heavenly powers and headed for town and went up to his office and locked the door. All a body could make out was he'd lit a lamp. Then a bulletin come into Mike's that pa had gone up to the jail as a visitor, and finally there was another report that the deputies had arrested a Davis boy and Benny Tucker over at Buffalo Gap.

Just about that time about ten billion tons of black powder was touched off somewheres overhead, seemed like, and all the water in the world that wasn't being used for oceans and creeks and such begun to come down on a large section of the foothills country with a hurrah. Right away public interest was turned to getting home as dry as possible and setting the tubs out under the eaves. I made a quick run over to the stable and let the boy go that I'd left in charge. Then I sat down with my pipe and studied over happenings between claps of thunder and the darndest lightning ever I see. I didn't take a heap of stock in the report that Benny had been arrested, account of seeing Benny go into Ma Frush's for supper after he'd left his horse with me. He couldn't have got a third of the way to the gap, even with the horse, no matter how much he wanted to get arrested. But it looked like there was trouble ahead for the Pirbright family, especially if Tracy O'Neill kicked out on defending Mitchell, which I judged he had.

From where I sat I could see the light still burning in Tracy's office over the hardware store away after eleven o'clock, and once I put on a slicker intending to go over there and break in on the boy's meditations, but as soon as I put my nose outside the drive of the rain and the rush of the newborn Main Street river sort of discouraged me. Still some way I didn't feel like going to bed, but I must have dozed off just the same, because the first thing I knew was somebody a-rapping on the window with the head of a quirt and a horse's hoofs stomping round on the plank sidewalk. I got up and throwed the door open and in rides a woman drenched and running streams from every tag and end of her and her horse. I held up the lantern, and lo and behold, it was Abilene Pirbright!

"I'm all right now, Mr. Stegg," she says. "Don't ask me no question, please. I just rode in from the valley—on some particular business. I know you'll do me a favor, won't you?"

She couldn't have asked me one I wouldn't have done—not in that pitiful trembly voice. I told her so.

"But you'll catch your death, honey," I says. "Let me take you up to your sister Belle's—the rest of your folks is up there."

"It's Tracy I want to see," she says. "I seen a light in his office as I come a-past, but I'm afraid pa is in there, or some of the boys. Will you come over with me and go up first and if pa's there call Tracy out? Now—right away!"

I wouldn't right away. Nor I wouldn't let her. I made her come into the office first and choke down a drop of something I kept in case of sickness and it done her good.

"Now about dry clothes," I says.

"Don't be foolish," she says with a flash of temper. "If you don't want to go with me I'll go alone."

I pulled a fur coat down from a peg.

"This will keep you from chilling anyway," I says, and held it out. Just as she was putting her arms in the sleeves she stopped.

"Whose coat is that?" she asked.

I told her it belonged to a friend of mine who wouldn't mind her using it and as I was getting a spare slicker to throw over it I saw her lay her cheek for a moment against the old wolfskin. Then I put on a slicker myself and we waded to Tracy's and she stood in the hallway while I went up the stairs and knocked at Tracy's door after I found it locked. I had to knock two or three times.

"What the devil do you want this time in the morning?" asks Tracy, when he opened the door.

"Nothing much," I says. I looked at the open books on the table. The room was thick with smoke and Tracy had a long stogy in his mouth in full blast. The door of the little private room at the back was shut, I noticed.

"I thought Mr. David Pirbright, Senior, might be here," I says.

"I guess he knows better than that," Tracy snaps. "This office is one good place not to waste time looking for Pirbrights from this on. You might try my happy home. Look in the best bed there is in the house. If pa's there that's where you'll find him."

"I don't need him," I says. "I've got a caller here for you—on business."

I walked to the door intending to call Abilene, but she had already come up. When I opened it she walked in. Tracy was a considerable took aback, but he braced up and scowled at her.

"It ain't no use, Abilene," he said. "You might as well save your breath. They've all been at me and Belle says she'll get a divorce, but I've told 'em I'm through, and I am. You get out of here like a good girl, because I ain't going to listen to you."

"Excuse me, Tracy," I says. "I don't want to seem officious or arrogant, but you're a-going to listen as long as she wants to talk and I'm right here to see that you do. Here's a girl that's just rode sixteen miles at black midnight through this devil's brew of a storm and over a road that forked off right or left into eternity every hundred yards or less. She does that all by herself, without no regard for life or limb, to speak for her own flesh-and-blood brother and you tell her you won't listen to her. Oh, I reckon you will!"

"You don't say you rode in from the ranch!" says Tracy. "Why, Abilene, you poor, fool girl—and you're wet as a drowned rat! What did you do it for?"

"Not on Mitchell's account," says Abilene. "I'll tell you that to start with. I wouldn't walk ten steps on a bright summer day to save him from being sent up for twenty years. Now don't you fuss about me being wet. I'm warm in this coat. You just pay attention to what I'm saying. It's Benny Tucker I want to keep out of jail and it's my own father and brothers that has been fixing up a dirty lying scheme to put him there."

We was certainly struck of a heap—I was. Tracy was the first to speak.

"Some folks had better stay where they happen to be until they're called on," he says.

"I'm not that way," says Abilene. "When Crawford got to bragging after the folks had gone, and let it out, I wasn't going to wait to be called. He tried to stop me and I took a stick of stove wood to him, if you want to know, and if he's hurt bad it's his own fault. And I pushed ma into her room and locked the door," she says. "I saw her getting through the window by the first flash of lightning just as I started, but all that doesn't matter. What pa and the boys cooked up was to butcher a steer out on the range and go off leaving it as if they had got scared, and whoever come up and found it would find Benny's old wagon that he loaned to pa a year ago standing close by and Benny's Patsy horse that Val borrowed from him and got all sore backed so's Bennie had to turn him loose on the range tied up to the wagon wheel along with the Oregon horse that he rode in from Milk River. They'd catched up that horse, too, and they'd dumped Benny's saddle in the wagon, the one he'd let Mitchell have and Mitchell never gave back—and there would be a knife of Benny's stuck in the steer. The devils!

"Well, it seems like they hadn't figured on Sheriff Harmon slipping up on them and so Mitchell got shot up and they nearly got Val and Lem Davis. But they're going to hang it on to Benny, just the same, if they can—a man that's as straight as a string and never did a crooked thing or spoke a crooked word in his life!"

"Lay low!" says Tracy. "I mean, how do you know he ain't crooked? There's been talk of him rustling, I can tell you that."

"If he's crooked there ain't no straight nowhere," says Abilene. "If he's a thief I wouldn't trust the Angel Gabriel with a copper cent. If he's a liar the truth ain't never been spoke. He may have been a fool for ever mixing himself up with the Pirbrights on account of a girl that wasn't worth a second thought from a man like him, but he's got bravely over that, and I—I deserve it. If you're against him just say so, but I give you notice right now that I'm on his side while there's breath in my body and against kin and ——"

She stopped and gave a little scream.

The door of Tracy's private room had opened and out walked Benny Tucker.

"I ain't a-going to stay where I happen to be until I'm called on and I ain't a-going to lay low no longer," he says to Tracy.

Then he walked up to Abilene and caught her in his arms.

"On my side and by my side from this on," he says.

In a moment or so he looked back at us over his shoulder.

"You two ain't needed here for a while," he told us. "We've got things to say."

"So have I," says Tracy coolly. "And not much time to say them," he says. "You sit down in that chair, Abilene, and Benny, you sit here on this side of the table. Well, sit where you like, but pay attention to me. The rest of that will have to keep. Abilene, you ain't chilling in them wet clothes?"

She certainly didn't look as if she was and she said she wasn't. She was a-glowing like a June rose and I'd have sworn she was five years younger than she had been five minutes before. She showed Benny the coat she was wearing, pushing her little hand out of the sleeve. Benny took it and kissed it.

"When you're ready, I'll begin," says Tracy, and they turned to him, but they kept hand in hand.

"I know all you told me," says Tracy to Abilene. "Sheriff Harmon told me about the wagon and the horses and all the rest of it, and what's more, Mitchell has made a confession implicating Benny, and Val and Lem Davis bear him out. They've got Wirtz, the Dutch butcher at Buffalo Gap, to testify that Benny told him he was a-going to have some meat for him cheap, but he was to keep his head closed about it. The boys thought the steer belonged to Benny and he hadn't had time to vent it. Benny was the brains and they was the poor but honest dupes."

"See here," says Benny, "all this is plumb foolishness, because ——"

"Keep still!" Tracy barked at him. "I'm doing the talking." He shook his finger in Benny's face. "I say it looks mighty bad for you; I say the evidence is clear against you; I say Sheriff Harmon thinks so and I say that if you're here you'll be arrested the first thing in the morning—this morning, by Godfrey! And if the case comes to trial, you'll go over the road. Who knows about this, you or me?"

"But ——" Benny begins.

"I say, keep your mouth shut," Tracy roared. "What was you going to say, my dear?" he asks Abilene.

"I can prove that they made it all up between them to get Benny into trouble," she says, white and trembling again.

Tracy smiled at her sadly.

"Oh, no, you can't," he says. "What you have is just hearsay, not proof. Your word against theirs, and they'll outswear you. No, I'm afraid Benny is due to spend a year or two behind the bars. I've been advising him to leave the country, but he's obstinate and he won't go, he says—didn't you, Benny?"

He gave Benny a queer look and a quick wink and Abilene turned her head.

"Why wouldn't you, Benny?" she asked him.

"I could stand Harmon off if once Benny got clear of town," says Tracy. "He could go to Texas and stay there. I could look after his interests here. He could make the morning train east at Hermosa if he could find somebody to drive him over there. But he's mule-headed."

"Why won't you go, Benny darling?" she asks him.

"And leave you?" he says.

"Would you want me to go along with you?" she asked.

Tracy got up.

"Come on, Stegg," he says to me. "I can't stand this."

And with that we went out and left them to say the things they had to say and hurried over to the stable. It had quit raining and the stars was shining above the false dawn. Tracy laughed and thumped me on the back and I thumped him.

"Funny how that come out," he says. "Benny and I were talking all this mess

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over and when you knocked he thought it might be pa and went into the back room. I didn't lie to Abilene either—not much. Pa and Mitchell and the rest is sure trying to hang it onto Benny, but the tangle of stories they're telling is plumb ridiculous. Harmon laughed his sides sore telling me about it. Mitchell will go this time, and Crawford and Val, too, and two of the Davis gang. Maybe Wirtz. Wirtz has forgot the conversation he didn't have with Benny already though. Young Dave will probably behave himself and pa's harmless and the girls will both marry off before long. So I'm free and this time next year I'll be in the legislature—maybe! Yip-pee! Get the stoutest team you've got and the strongest double-seat rig. The roads will be pretty tough between here and Hermosilla.

"Better throw in a spade and an ax—and hustle!"

"You going along?" I asked as I walked the team out.

"Cert!" says he. "Got to get 'em married before train time and I may have to get Benny some currency. He had figured on the trip to Texas and back anyway, and he may be heeled, but maybe not. And Abilene will have to buy her some duds. I'm going to tell her that she can't write home from Texas, account of putting the bloodhounds of the law on Benny's track," he giggled. "Hustle, or somebody may wake up and tell her that the boy ain't in no danger."

"There's one thing I'm afraid of," I says as I hooked the check reins. "Benny may get mad at her some time in the dim after years and throw her family in her face. That's all I see threatening a long and happy married life for them."

"You know that uncle of Benny's?" says Tracy. "He didn't die—not to say die."

"No?" I says, considerable took aback.

"No," says Tracy. "They hung him for stealing horses."

The Poets' Corner

The Song of the Usetobees

DOWN to the River Euphrates, ages and ages ago,
Little Methuselah wandered, picking up mussels and snails,
Chasing the terrified tigers, twisting the elephants' tails,
Marking a flight of flamingos curse in a rose-colored bow
Down to the River Euphrates, ages and ages ago.

Then came the voice of his mother: "Thusie, you come here to me!
Quit now a-teasing the tigers! You let them elephants be!
You ain't a baby no longer—most eighty-seven years old.
Why don't you go help your father? Why can't you do as you're told?"
Grumbled the little Methuselah, turning to do what was bid:
"Darn it, there ain't no more chances, now, like when pa was a kid."

In Macedonian valley, loafing in shade of a hill,
Sat Alexander the little, watching a phalanx at drill.
Queried the wise Aristotle: "Allie, what ails you, my son?
Why sit ye sad and sequestered, leaving your lessons undone?"
Sobbed out the small Alexander: "Life is a snare and a toy.
Earth is all shriveled and shrunken since Father Phil was a boy."

Pensive on bank of the Avon, noting the rabbits at play,
Strolled in a leisurely manner wild Willie Shakspere one day.
Thundered Sir Thomas de Lucy: "Wastrel, my patience wears thin!
Wot ye not well how your sire lacketh your aid at the inn?"
"Marry, fair sir," quoth young William. "Rusty, in scabbard defiled,
Sticketh the sword of Ambition since Sire John was a child."

Posing on Corsican headland, youthful Napoleon B.
Mournfully peered at the mountains, sorrowful stared out to sea.
Timidly spoke Brother Joseph: "Poley, what makes you so sad
While in its beauty around us Nature is smiling and glad?"
"Joseph," said gloomy Napoleon, "present and future seem bare.
Silent the trumpet of Glory. Loudly it rang for Mon Père."

Calm at his club in Manhattan, Wright Uptodate sat at ease,
Puffing a mild panetela, tapping a stick on his knees.
Sputtered his uncle, indignant: "Wright, I'm disgusted with you!
Why don't you get down to business, something worth while try to do?"
Glib came the often-used answer, smoothly it rolled from his tongue:
"Really, good openings are scarcer, now, than when father was young."

As it has come down the ages, still shall be chanted the song.

Usetobees buzz in the present, just as they did in the past;
And as it was with the first one, so it will be with the last.
While the blue waves of ocean roll in a symphony long,
As it has come down the ages, still shall be chanted the song.

—*Charles A. Perkins.*

The Profiteering Circle

I TOOK my trusty ax in hand and started out to rid the land
Of what appeared to be most feared, the dragon profiteer,
And challenged loud: "Where is he, pray? Let me St. George him right away,
That all our land may frolic and rejoice around his bier."
And instantly the farmer rose and pointed with both hands and toes,
"Right there," cried he; "yon factory is where he makes his lair.
He is the dread monopolist, with fiery fangs and iron fist,
The human fiend that must be beaned, the genus millionaire."

Right in the factory I burst to axify the fiend accursed.
"And is he here, the profiteer?" I fiercely made demand.
Then from the desk marked "President" uprose at once a smiling gent,
Who greeted me effusively and warmly grasped my hand.
"He is," he cried. "Step right this way. Yon man, sir, gets ten bucks a day,
And so, of course, we must perforce our prices raise a span;
But he's the chap who makes us hike the price to levels you dislike.
'Tis very clear the profiteer is he, the workingman!"

With vim I raised my trusty ax, but ere I dealt the hearty whacks
The workingman perceived my plan and halted me with jeers.
"I'll show you my ten bucks a day," he said, "are scarce enough of pay—
The butcher and the grocer grand, they are the profiteers."
And quick he took a pencil out and proved to me beyond a doubt
That every cent he made was spent for shelter, clothes and eats.
And I departed on my way convinced that those I ought to slay
Were middlemen in every den along the city's streets.

I caught and ranged them up to die, but when they learned the reason why
The whole blest crowd in chorus loud exclaimed: "You're off your base!
Who handles first the food and wool and hides you eat and wear, you fool?
Assassinate the farmer, mate—start in the proper place."
Then suddenly I saw it clear—we're each of us the profiteer.
Throughout our land on every hand most ev'ry fellow strives
To gain his uttermost each day. And so I hid my ax away.
Yes, some may doubt, but truth will out—the profiteer survives!

—*Lee Shippey.*

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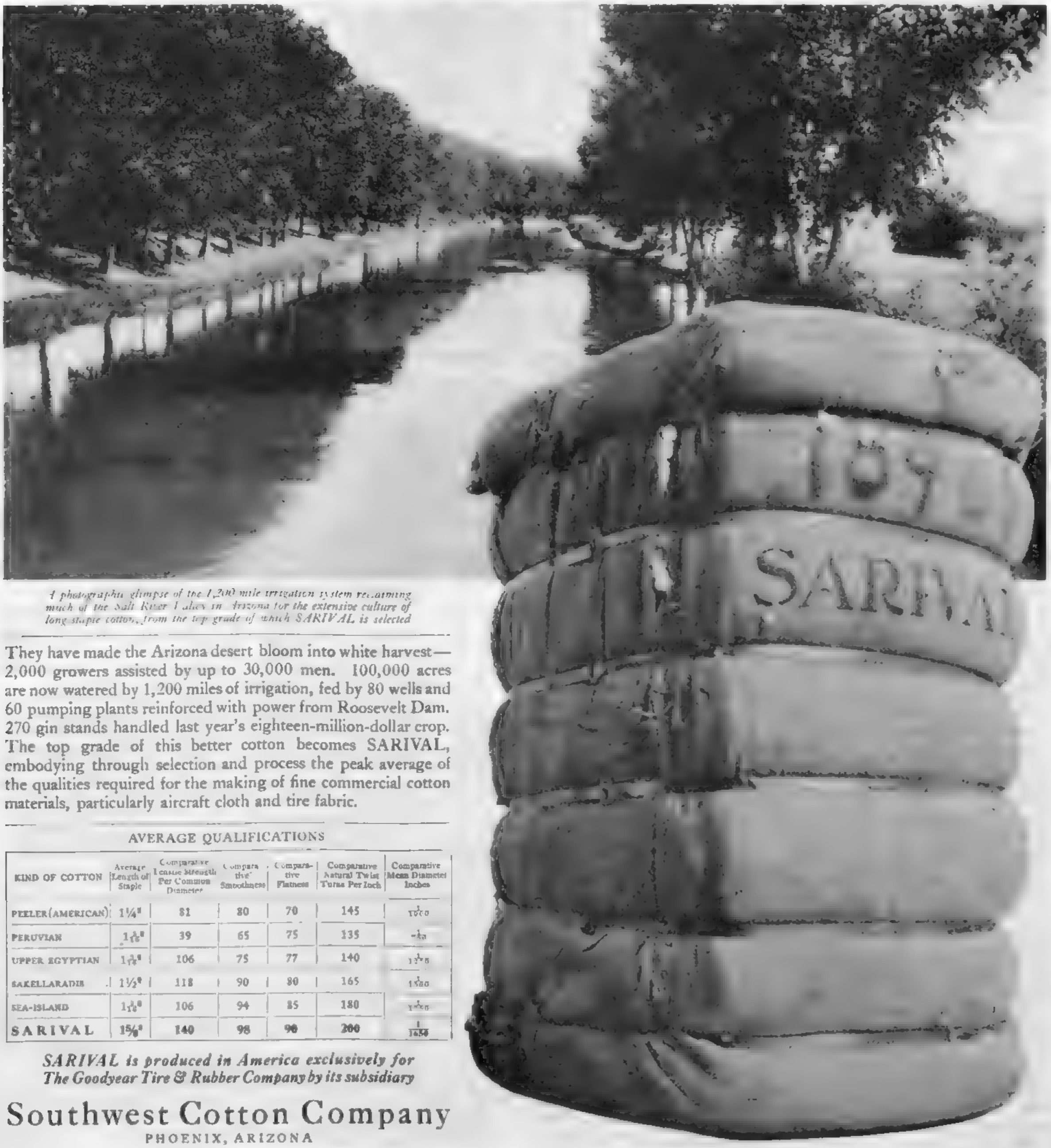

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KIND OF COTTON	Average Length of Staple	Comparative Tensile Strength Per Common Diameter	Comparative Smoothness	Comparative Flatness	Comparative Natural Twist Turns Per Inch	Comparative Mean Diameter Inches
PEELER (AMERICAN)	1¼"	81	80	70	145	1/1000
PERUVIAN	1 1/16"	39	65	75	135	1/833
UPPER EGYPTIAN	1 1/16"	106	75	77	140	1/1176
SAKELLARADIS	1½"	118	90	80	165	1/1500
SEA-ISLAND	1 1/16"	106	94	85	180	1/1666
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WILD SHOTS AT GOLF

(Continued from Page 19

But this extreme sensitiveness to small things means nothing. One who observes the suffering of a golfer at various infinitesimal matters would be justified in thinking that in his office or his home he would be so sensitive and so high-strung that the tapping of typewriter keys would throw him into convulsions, while the constant ringing of a telephone bell would unnerve him to such a degree that at every ring he would scream as though he were being knifed. So one might think. But in this, as in so many other cases, one would have another think coming to him.

I know a golfer whose golfing temperament is bland and equable as golfing temperaments go, but because an untrained caddie committed the heinous and unpardonable offense of removing a marker from a hole and dropping it on the putting green where the red flag caught the eye of this bland and equable golfer as he was about to negotiate a two-foot putt, he flew into a passion and rebuked the guilty caddie with such ferocity and malignity that the depraved child promptly fell down on the putting green and indulged in a magnificent epileptic fit which clawed up the velvety turf in a heartbreaking manner. Yet this very same man four hours later accomplished the arduous and delicate task of making out his income-tax return while three small children rolled round the floor at his feet and played at being bear hunters with many a raucous and blood-curdling yell. One who had observed his fury at the caddie might reasonably have expected him to slaughter the three children out of hand and order them served *en casserole* for dinner. Yet they distracted him not at all and his income-tax return showed neither blemish nor error.

But we were speaking of the two golfers who were shooting a friendly round at the Forest Hill Field Club of New Jersey. Their scores, with the exception of the last hole, had been excellent, and with that hope which springs eternal within all golfers' breasts they were both hoping for a three on the last hole. The first player then adjusted his ball on the tee with extreme care, removed all traces of sand from his fingers, pulled up his trousers, squiggled his feet until he had located them in the most comfortable positions which the locality offered, and then after numerous wavings and wagglings of his club proceeded to take a healthy swing at the ball. It described a graceful parabola, descended neatly on the putting green, rolled gently toward the hole and popped into it like a frightened rabbit, giving its owner a total of one for the hole.

All You Do is Hole It

The action of this golf ball, if I may be permitted to digress again, is strongly reminiscent of the perversity of the average golf ball when it finds itself on a putting green. To the lay mind, the operation of striking a round white ball on a small, smooth, velvety lawn in such fashion that it will drop into a hole located approximately in the center of that lawn is apparently an operation of childish, not to say idiotic, simplicity.

Not long ago there was a hue and cry in Massachusetts over the legality of Sunday golf. In order to tone down the hue and muffle the cry the Massachusetts Golf Association staged a test case to determine whether or not the game could be played on a Sunday without the player being haled or hauled into court and forced to separate himself from a considerable part of his income in fines. A state policeman was dispatched to the golf links on Sunday to witness the disturbance caused by two golfers engaged in their possibly criminal activities, and when he appeared in court a little later to give his evidence in the case he stated that when he reached the links he found one of the men "knocking a small white-rubber ball round on the grass with a little stick and that he had more of these little sticks in a long bag which he carried over his shoulder. He would hit this little ball from something that he called a tee and by repeatedly hitting it he would finally get it to what he called a green, in which there was a hole with a flagpole in the middle of it. He would then knock the ball into this hole."

There it is in all its delightful facility. When one gets the ball to what one calls a green, one then knocks it into the hole. So argues the untutored mind. As a matter of fact, one knocks it into the hole if one is lucky. If one isn't lucky, one only knocks it halfway to the hole. Or maybe one knocks it several feet to the right or even to the left. Or possibly one knocks it as far on the other side of the hole as it was on the hither side when it started. Possibly one knocks it against the rim of the hole and sees it run halfway round the rim preparatory to dropping in, only to remember a previous engagement and roll gayly off at right angles to the direction from which it came. Possibly one knocks it up to the hole by easy stages until one finally has only a six-inch knock left, and then gives it a sudden superknock which nullifies all previous knockings. A golf ball on a putting green can assimilate almost as much knocking as some of our most prominent cabinet officials before showing any beneficial effects.

If I were not a golfer and should devote an afternoon to watching strong, masterful men squat down on a putting green and figure out how to make two and three and four foot putts which look as though they couldn't be missed unless the putters fall down and suffer a compound fracture of the leg when they are in the very act of putting—if I should watch these men and then see one of them after the other, after painful deliberation and elaborate preparation, miss shot upon shot with unfailing regularity I think that I would probably join that large class of unsympathetic souls who derisively shout "Fore!" whenever they see a man with golf clubs and who declare in harsh voices that golf may be all right for old men and cripples, but that any healthy guy who wants exercise would do better to take up lotto or jackstraws.

Golf Balls Have Temperament

I would probably join in whole-heartedly with the antigolf element by relating in a pseudo-serious manner the whiskered wheeze about the manner in which the left wink of the Harvard tiddledywink team had wrecked his abilities as a winker by taking up golf; or I would send my own little coterie of friends into gales of laughter by telling how ten minutes' exercise with a ouija board had exhausted a golfer to such an extent that he hadn't been able to play golf for a week. That is probably the effect which a close study of putting would have on me if I had never attempted to play golf. It is only natural to suppose that there is something radically wrong with the man who is obliged to hit a ball from two to four times in order to get it across four or five feet of close-cropped grass and into a commodious hole. A casual observer would be justified in thinking him either weak in the head or weaker in the muscles. But after one has attempted to play golf one sympathizes deeply with him. One is not even tempted to laugh when he accomplishes the astounding feat of missing a two-foot putt by six feet. On the contrary one is more inclined to burst into tears at the sad and familiar spectacle, so keenly reminiscent of one's own reverses.

There are golfers who have devoted years to a study of putting in a determined attempt to make a golf ball on a putting green go where they want it to go. They have even carried their troubles into the home and tortured their families during the long winter evenings by moving the tables and chairs back against the walls and whacking a ball all over the floor, scuffing up the rug and driving the nervous members of the family almost insane. Most of them, after their years of study, arrive at the conclusion that a golf ball on a putting green can be about as deeply influenced by the manner in which it is hit as by a few well-chosen cuss words. If it feels like rolling into the hole it will so roll, regardless of the humps in the ground or the strength of the wind. And if it does not feel like rolling into the hole it will not so roll, whether or not its owner uses an aluminum putter, whether or not he chops at the ball, or whether or not he addresses it with foul and searing profanity.

There is wide diversity of opinion among golfers as to the most effective manner in which to putt. One school advocates the flexible wrist, while another school holds out strongly for the stiff wrist. I do not care to hurt the feelings of the members of either school by declaring that one of these methods is better than the other. I will therefore content myself with stating that I have given both of them a fair trial and both of them appear to me to be equally rotten. Whichever method is used, the ball occasionally goes where it is aimed—but it more often doesn't.

An inventor of my acquaintance had been an enthusiastic golfer for many years. His drives, his iron shots and his approach shots were excellent; but his putting could not have been worse if he had used a frying pan as a putter. Much as he loved the game, the disappointments which he suffered on the putting green brought all his evil passions to the surface and made him so morose and bitter that whenever he returned to his home after a day on the links the children would hide beneath the bed in the nursery while his wife would steal out by the back door and seek sanctuary with the neighbors.

He tried every known method of putting, as well as a few methods which he originated himself, such as standing with his back to the hole and one foot on each side of the ball and knocking the ball backward between his legs. All his efforts, however, were fruitless. Then one day he conceived the idea of a sure-putt golf ball. His theory was all right. It consisted of making a golf ball with a small core of heavily magnetized steel, so that if it approached within twelve inches of a golf hole the iron sides and base of the hole would so attract the magnetized ball that it would pop right in.

He realized that such a ball would be too heavy to permit of getting long drives or iron shots, but he was willing to sacrifice distance to accuracy. So he retired to his workshop and carefully constructed half a dozen sure-putt golf balls and when they were completed he hastened to the links, procured a caddie and went out for a private demonstration. His drive carried one hundred and eighty yards and he felt that all his troublous problems were solved. But when he addressed the ball with his mid-iron preparatory to making his second shot the magnetized ball stuck to the steel face of the club and refused to leave it. With a low, thrilling curse he whirled his club round his head, whereat the sure-putt ball flew off and hit his caddie in the pit of the stomach with a dull thud. The inventor pried the sure-putt golf ball from its resting place against the caddie's steel belt buckle, resuscitated the young man with some difficulty, salved his outraged feelings with a five-dollar bill and officially renounced the game of golf. His contention was that he had exhausted his last hope of ever becoming a decent putter and that it would be better for him to devote his energies to a game at which he might hope to become proficient after five or ten years of vigorous endeavor. So he took up roulette, and in addition to losing his temper as often as he did at golf he now loses his money as well.

When Putts Listen to Reason

Fortunately for the average golfer, something of a miraculous nature usually occurs just as a series of missed putts has caused him to wonder whether or not life is really worth living. Time after time he has thrown himself on his stomach behind his ball and sighted over the top of it to the hole, studying every excrescence, every dip, every grass blade, every undulation; time after time he has got up from his stomach and brushed the grass blades and the dirt from his garments and hit the ball with all allowances for excrescences, dips, grass blades and undulations, only to see the ball proceed to the exact spot where he does not care to have it go. And then in a spirit of dangerous desperation he makes a long careless shot in the general direction of the hole, without lying on his stomach to examine the lay of the land or falling into any of the piquant and striking poses so frequently affected by putters, and lo, the ball goes firmly and undeviatingly to the hole and hurls itself into it with a most musical and entrancing clatter.

Thereupon the golfer intimates loudly that the ball has at last acted as he intended it to act and that it was about time, for of all the rotten luck he has has been the worst—hasn't had a decent break since about four years prior to the landing of Columbus—if he ever ran across a piece of good luck on a putting green he wouldn't know whether to drop dead or try for admission to a psychopathic ward—of all the luck—well,

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A Vital Shaving Truth

Does your razor shave "clean and smooth" one day, then scrape and pull the next?

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say, if his first putt was headed straight for the center of the cup he'd bet nine to four that an earthquake would close up the hole. Good luck? Good night! And so forth for the next two thousand yards. But the miracle, which he will not accept as a miracle, has buoyed him up and he will endure another orgy of missed putts until the next miracle occurs.

And that brings me round again to the two golfers who early last September were shooting a friendly round at the Forest Hill Field Club of New Jersey. The first golfer, it will be remembered, drove from the eighteenth tee and saw his ball land neatly on the putting green, roll gracefully up to the hole and vanish therein for an awe-inspiring total of one. The newspapers, which chronicled the event, failed to state whether or not he then turned carelessly to his opponent and remarked, "Well, old chap, you've got this for the hole." But I am inclined to think that as he moved modestly to the back of the tee to await his opponent's shot he thought with deep satisfaction that there was one hole that nobody could get away from him, and that there may have been some luck to it, but that, after all, he had been aiming at the hole and that he had had enough wretched luck in the past to entitle him to have at least one shot do what he had intended it to do.

At any rate, his opponent teed up his ball and internally, I venture to believe, he was thinking a number of red-hot thoughts about the luck of some people and brooding bitterly over the unkind fate which forced him to stagger along entirely on his skill as a golfer and without a trace of the supernatural luck which dogs some people. He then swung at his ball, which described a magnificent parabola, landed neatly on the putting green, rolled gracefully up to the hole and vanished therein, thus halving the hole with his opponent in one.

The newspapers went no further in describing this unique incident, but I feel sure that, when the first player saw that his own score of one for the hole had been tied, he promptly began in his own mind to accuse his opponent of having all the luck because he also got a one; and something tells me that the second player, who had been inwardly accusing the first player of having all the luck, suddenly ceased to regard a score of one as being particularly lucky and began to consider himself even more unlucky than usual, because at the very moment when he scored a one his opponent had to go and do the same thing. It may be that I wrong these two golfers in what I think they thought, but if their thinkers are built according to the specifications of my own thinker and those of the gentlemen with whom I am accustomed to play golf they thought as I think they thunk.

But what I started to say was that I pity these two golfers from the bottom of my heart, because for the rest of their lives they are going to be off their games at the eighteenth hole of the Forest Hill Field Club of New Jersey.

Each one of them, as he holes out for a four or a three, or even for a two, will shake his head sadly and recall the happy day when he was really on his game and got the hole in one.

The Contortions of Whacking

Many people have seen fit to expend a great deal of sympathy on the father of golf because he had to make all his shots with a rudely shaped shepherd's crook, and because the solidity of the pebble which he used for a ball not only prevented him from getting long shots with it, but also must have stung his hands severely whenever he met it squarely with his club. It seems to me, though, that the father of golf was spared so many of the evil features of the game that he is more to be envied than pitied.

For one thing, the father of golf didn't have to stand round with his brain in a hopeless muddle while somebody else told him upward of fifteen or twenty things that he needed to do all at once in order to hit the ball correctly. He merely lifted up his shepherd's crook and whacked the white pebble as viciously as possible. Nowadays it's a very different proposition. The person who starts out to whack a golf ball must do his whacking in a scientific fashion. A normal whack delivered in the wild, free manner that characterizes ordinary whacking is an offense to the eye of the skilled golfer. What is more, it has little or no effect on the ball.

The original golfer may have obtained satisfactory results from his crude, untutored whacks, but they wouldn't get him anywhere to-day. To-day if anyone wants to whack a golf ball in such a manner that it will go straight down the course without slicing or pulling or otherwise misbehaving, he must adjust his entire body so that it turns on the pivot of the head of the right thigh bone working in the cotyloidal cavity of the *os innominatum*, or nameless bone, the head, right knee and right foot remaining fixed and the eye being glued to the ball with an intense stare which verges on the rude and unmannerly. On the upward swing the spine rotates on the head of the right thigh bone. On the downward swing the fulcrum changes rapidly from the right to the left hip and the spine rotates on the head of the left thigh bone, the left knee being fixed.

All this of course is simplicity itself, but there are other phases which complicate the matter. The handle of the club must be clutched firmly with the fingers of the left hand, but held loosely in the fingers of the right hand. Before the arms start on the upward swing the club head must be carried backward close to the ground with the wrists alone. When the arms have reached the top of the swing the club must be flicked downward with a snappy movement of the wrists before the arms have started to move. The body must be poised and the ball hit in such a manner that the head of the club continues straight onward and outward in the peculiar movement known as the follow-through, which, like the real-estate bargains, must be seen to be appreciated. Throughout all these contortions the gaze must be directed at the ball with passionate resolution.

Why Not Findable Balls?

If each and every one of these requirements are not carefully and even rigorously observed, something unpleasant happens. The ball responds to a mighty swing by dribbling weakly along for a few yards, or by popping feebly into the air, or by curving violently to the right and coming to rest in a heavy growth of tall uncut grass, where it is as hard to find as a needle in a coal bin, or by curving equally energetically to the left and coming to rest out of bounds, where it is as hard to find as two or even three needles in the same coal bin.

Right here I wish to speak of something that has been preying on my mind for some time. The price of golf balls has risen, along with practically everything else in the world, until it is hovering uncertainly round one dollar per ball. Everything, we are cheerfully assured, will be higher before it will be lower. That sad sweet song has been poured into my ears so frequently that I have reached a state where I hesitate to protest to the gentlemanly brigand in the tailoring shop when he wants me to pay one hundred and fifty dollars for an ordinary suit of clothes without platinum buttons or cloth-of-gold pants or any of the little refinements that a price of one hundred and fifty dollars would seem to call for, and where I dare not howl with anguish when the carpenter, who is toying with my humble dwelling at a cost of about eighty-seven cents for each second of toying, informs me malevolently that a window which once cost in the neighborhood of one dollar and nine cents is now priced at four dollars and a half.

My courage has thus deserted me, because I know that if I raise a single objection, or even raise one eyebrow in painful cogitation, the person who is about to relieve me of my money will take umbrage because he thinks that I am thinking that he is charging me more than he is justified in charging—which, by the way, is exactly what I am thinking—and will hurl at me the statement that everything will be higher before it will be lower. The amount of umbrage that is being taken these days by persons who are charging more than they ought to charge, but who are averse to being suspected of doing so, is truly stupefying. The more a person overcharges the more umbrage he takes at being suspected of it. The stock of umbrage is being rapidly depleted and it wouldn't surprise me at all, with the way things are going, if the nation had to be put on umbrage rations in the near future.

At any rate, the thought of everything being higher before it is lower is one that irks me beyond endurance, for if everything gets higher before it gets lower—everything, that is, except the price which is paid for magazine articles of the general tenor of this one—it is my belief that a great many of us will have to withdraw from such activities as golf playing, writing, eating, wearing clothes and similar pursuits, and devote the rest of our lives to sleeping or to the hermiting business in the depths of the Maine wilderness, where life may be sustained indefinitely, albeit somewhat monotonously, on pickled dandelion greens and dried whatnots. The subject is depressing and we had best revert to that of golf balls.

The price of the high-class golf ball at the present moment is one dollar. Even if things should overturn current prophecies by failing to be higher before they are lower, the sum of one dollar is nothing to be snorted at. I can conceive of few situations in which the sum of one dollar, taken by itself and lacking any accompanying irritants, conditions or provisos, could cause me to burst into any protracted snortings or even to give vent to a single snort capable of disturbing the most sensitive individual. None the less, the golf ball, which represents one dollar in the somewhat deflated currency of the present day, is one of the most easily lost articles in the vast empire of inanimate things and the millions of golfers in this and all other countries who silently endure such a state of affairs are in effect snorting at dollars with vociferous snorts.

It is no uncommon spectacle on any golf links in the world to see groups of from two to eight people hunting industriously but fruitlessly for a golf ball which has hidden itself with demoniac cunning beneath their very feet. And though the hunters know to a certainty that the ball which they seek lurks within a given area, and though they prod and pry into every nook, depression, whin, brake and bent within that area, they are only too frequently forced to relinquish the search without uncovering the ball.

At the present time, when the need of economy is so imperative if living costs are to be reduced, it seems to me an almost criminal waste to permit the golf ball to lose itself with such extreme abandon and success. This is an era of commissions to investigate this and that, of boards to look into these and those, of experts to devise schemes to do away with thus and so. I would suggest that some of the government experts be taken from their profound delvings into matters which are bound to remain unaffected by their findings and put to work discovering a nonlosable golf ball. If they were unable to devise a golf ball which would whistle shrilly at fifteen-second intervals after being struck they might employ a variation of the submarine finder and equip each golfer with a sensitized instrument which would ring melodiously when it came in range of a lost ball and increase the loudness of its rings as it approached nearer and nearer to its quarry.

Easy for Shepherd-Golfers

The annual loss from lost golf balls runs up into robust figures, and when I contemplate the vast number of talented, wealthy and thoughtful men who supinely endure such waste I sometimes question the sincerity of the ear-splitting demands for less extravagance which are rising from every side.

At all events, if catastrophe and agony of soul is not desired, a golf ball must be whacked in the correct fashion, and the correct fashion of hitting a golf ball was nothing in the life of the father of golf. He never had to spend hours trying to get a perfect swing, only to find that the swing had no effect on his ball except to cut large unsightly gashes in it and give it the general appearance of having been attacked with a hatchet wielded by a particularly strong and particularly mischievous child. The early chronicles of America fail to state the length of time which the late George Washington took to cut down the cherry tree with his little hatchet, but if his hatchet did as much relative damage to the tree in one chop as a golf club can do to a golf ball in one stroke when a golfer is swinging poorly, the cherry-tree-chopping event was run off in the neighborhood of nothing and four-fifths seconds.

The father of golf never had to seek the help of a professional in order to find out what was wrong with his swing, only to have the professional clasp his head feverishly with his hand because of the mental stress roused in him when the swing was exhibited and announce that outside of the position of the swinger's hands, feet, shoulders and head, the manner in which he brought the club back, the manner in which he brought it forward and the position in which the club finished his swing was quite all right. The father of golf knew naught of all this and it would take a large amount of heated and pointed argument to convince many golfers, among whom I hasten to include myself, that the father of golf wasn't a lucky boy. In the words of the free-verse poets, he didn't know when he was well off. He was free to hit his white pebble with the same motion that he would have used in breaking open a packing case; and there was no one round to regard him with a pitying smile and to remark that he probably wouldn't mind if he was told that he could do a good deal better if he would keep his head down and his elbows in and pull through with his left hand and a few other things.

No, I cannot seem to work up a great deal of sympathy for the father of golf. His shepherd's crook may have left something to be desired as a weapon, but I question whether it left more to be desired than do the thirty-odd pounds of hardware with which the average golfer stocks his bag. I know a great many golfers who talk the language fluently and wear the natty golf trousers set off by golf stockings decorated in loud, not to say ear-splitting colors, and carry enough clubs to dig a tunnel under the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and yet their golfing efforts would be more commendable if they used nothing but a shepherd's crook. The crook wouldn't dig up as much turf, and since it lacks a cutting edge it wouldn't be so hard on the ball.

Using the Boo Handicap

Many of these men sigh deeply when they think of the father of golf struggling along with his one rough club, and wonder sadly how he could ever have got enough pleasure out of the game to keep on playing it; and then they select a nicely polished jigger that cost four dollars, or a snappy brassy with an ivory face that set them back seven dollars, and take a mighty swing at the ball with much the same effect as that obtained by the King of England when he deigns to remove the first shovelful of dirt for a new government building. At such times it occurs to me that if the father of golf with his one club were to engage some of these gentlemen who wax so sad over his early struggles, using his shepherd's crook against their bags of clubs, he could allow them a handicap of one stroke a hole and give them such a drubbing that within three hours they would be placing orders for shepherds' crooks with their favorite sporting-goods house.

The matter of golf handicaps, it seems to me, is something which should be looked into with more care than has hitherto been displayed. In the past, golf handicaps have been too conventional—too cut and dried. A, whose handicap is four, when playing a match against B, whose handicap is eleven, allows B to take one stroke on any seven holes out of the eighteen. It is my belief that the difference between players should be emphasized more strongly, for a person who has applied himself to golf so assiduously that he is consistently better by seven strokes than another person has done more than better his score. He has bettered his nerves, his steadiness, his powers of concentration, his golfing form and his golfing judgment. Therefore, unless my reasoning is at fault, the better golfer should be handicapped for his mental advancement as well as for his material advancement as shown by the number of strokes which he uses in playing one round of golf. In addition to the stroke handicap, for example, there should be a boo handicap. I have given the matter deep thought, and in my opinion the boo handicap is the baby that will do the trick.

Nothing could be simpler than the boo handicap. Suppose that A has a handicap of ten and that B has a handicap of fifteen. If boo handicaps were in vogue B would not only be allowed a handicap of five strokes by A, but A would also have to allow him five boos. Each of the five strokes of course would have to be taken by B on a hole designated by him before the start of the match. The boos, however, would be loose, so to speak, and could be used by him at any time when they were needed or desired.

The method of using a boo would be as follows: A is about to make a difficult and

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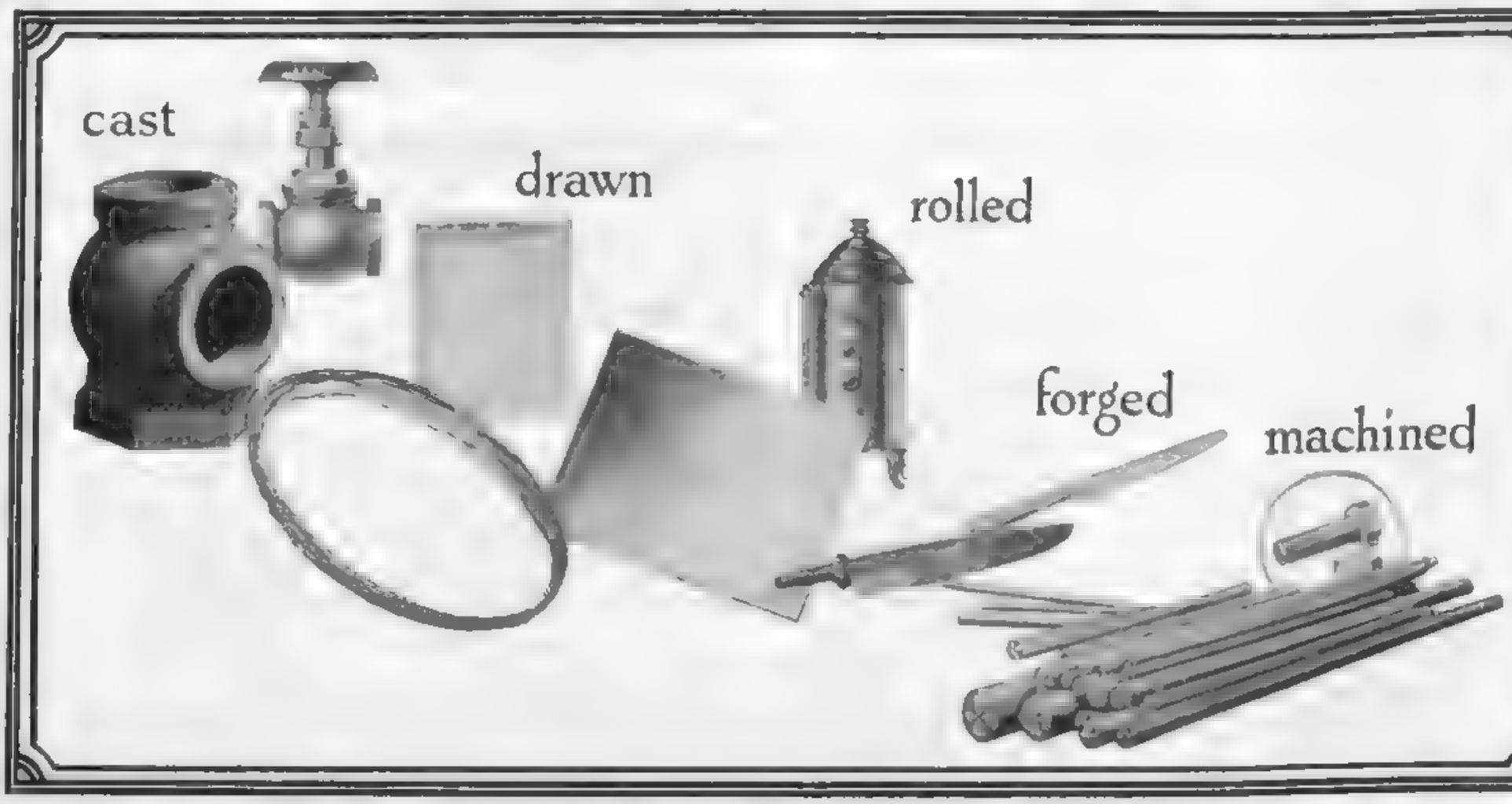

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decisive shot. He may have spent the better part of five minutes in selecting the line for a putt or he may have molded a perfect tee, removed countless particles of sand from his fingers by wiping them on a clean shirt and waggled his anatomy so long and so violently in addressing the ball that onlookers have been filled with longing to tell him that the shimmy isn't being done by nice people any more. At a distance of about eight feet behind A stands B, a poorer player and consequently granted the privilege of a certain number of strokes and a certain number of boos which are denied to A. As A's club reaches the top of its swing and as A's mind and muscles are completely coördinated and concentrated on—to say nothing of wrapped up in—the shot which is about to come off, B opens his mouth and in a loud, hoarse, strained, offensive voice shouts "Boo!"

A tenth of a second before this frenzied boo rings out A has been aware of nothing in the world but his golf ball, but as soon as the barbaric shriek strikes his eardrums his attention is distracted. He may look up for the fraction of a second, he may jump slightly from nervousness, his mind may flop round in search of an offensive cuss word to apply to the boo-er. If any of these things happen A flubs his shot. In other words, the strokes take care of A's physical advancement over B, while the boos take care of his mental advancement.

Let us suppose that C has a handicap of seven and that D has a handicap of eight. D then would receive one stroke and one boo from C. One stroke doesn't begin to offset the greater steadiness possessed by C, but the one boo does. If C waits for sixteen or seventeen holes in expectation of hearing D bawl out a ferocious boo whenever he is particularly anxious to make a good shot, he will hurry in order to beat D to it. And when he hurries he flubs. And there will doubtless be times when D, standing behind C, will open his mouth and take a deep breath just as C is about to hit the ball, and C—hearing the breath—will think that a boo is coming and will wince slightly and as a result will flub.

Tell it at St. Andrews

I offer this excellent bit of constructive criticism of the handicapping situation to the golfers of the world free of charge. I would like very much to have it offered to the members of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, Scotland, who are responsible for most of the rules of golf, so that they can get it into the next edition of the rule books. If anybody who reads this article contemplates a trip to Scotland in the near future I wish he would familiarize himself with the boo-handicap idea and visit the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews and propose it before a meeting of the club. He might even get into a game with the captain of the club, who is probably a prince or a duke, and try out a couple of boos on him. I would do this myself if it were not impossible for me to get to Scotland this winter. I hope that somebody will do it for me and that he will wear a good heavy suit of chrome-steel armor when he does it. Scotchmen are quiet bodies, but they are apt to work fast when they get started.

Back in 1491 King James IV of Scotland published an edict which declared that "it is statut and ordainit that in na place of the realme there be usit fute-ball, golfe, or uther sik unprofitabill sportis." Probably King James had been flubbing his approaches or dubbing his putts and had sworn off temporarily, for a short time later the records of the lord high treasurer of Scotland show that King James IV was hanging up his crown and locking up the throne room at two or three o'clock every afternoon and dashing out to the links to forget the troubles of kinging in a friendly round with the Earl of Haggis or the Duke of Hootmon. Doubtless by that time he had corrected his swing and was causing the earl and the duke a great deal of mental discomfiture.

Moaning at the Bar

That, however, is neither here nor there. Back in 1491 King James referred to golf as an unprofitabill sportis. I wish to take issue with King James on this point. King James was doubtless a good old scout and he was probably rated AA1 among the kings of that day. I haven't a word to say against his kinging, but I think that his powers of observation must have been somewhat dulled if he regarded golf as unprofitabill. It is possible of course that King James had never had the pleasure of knowing men who couldn't bear to carry a bundle across the street and who, when asked to walk round the corner to post a letter, would set up a moaning reminiscent of the bar referred to by the late Mr. Tennyson—not the sort of bar formerly found near the edges of hotels, but the variety found near the edges of oceans. The moaning done by the first variety of bar, if not nonexistent, is entirely drowned by the moanings of the persons who were wont to gather round it.

But if King James were disporting himself round America to-day he would find lots and lots of men who are far too weak to carry bundles or to walk fifty yards for the purpose of posting a letter, but who are enabled by the magic of golf to pick up a bag of golf clubs weighing fifteen pounds and walk three miles over extremely undulating country without a sign of weakening.

This alone is a clear demonstration that King James IV was gravely in error when he referred to golf as unprofitabill.

And there is this about it: The gentlemen with whom I have played golf during the past few summers have never found the game unprofitabill, but most of their profit came out of me. If that boo-handicap scheme were generally accepted the people that have relieved me of my hard-earned money in the past at syndicates and other golfing devices would have their nerves so jarred by my frantic boos next summer that I could afford to sit back and give the high cost of living the cold metallic laugh. King James IV to the contrary notwithstanding, golf would no longer be an unprofitabill sportis for me.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Salmon Fishing

A CURIOUS story of salmon fishing appears in one of the sport magazines over the signature of Mr. W. J. Hunsaker, of Saginaw, Michigan, who was fishing last season on the Grand Cascapedia River, of Quebec. In what is known as the Moen Pool, Mr. Hunsaker rose and fastened a heavy fish, probably round forty pounds. After a hard battle he got the fish under control and his boatmen took him downstream for the gaffing.

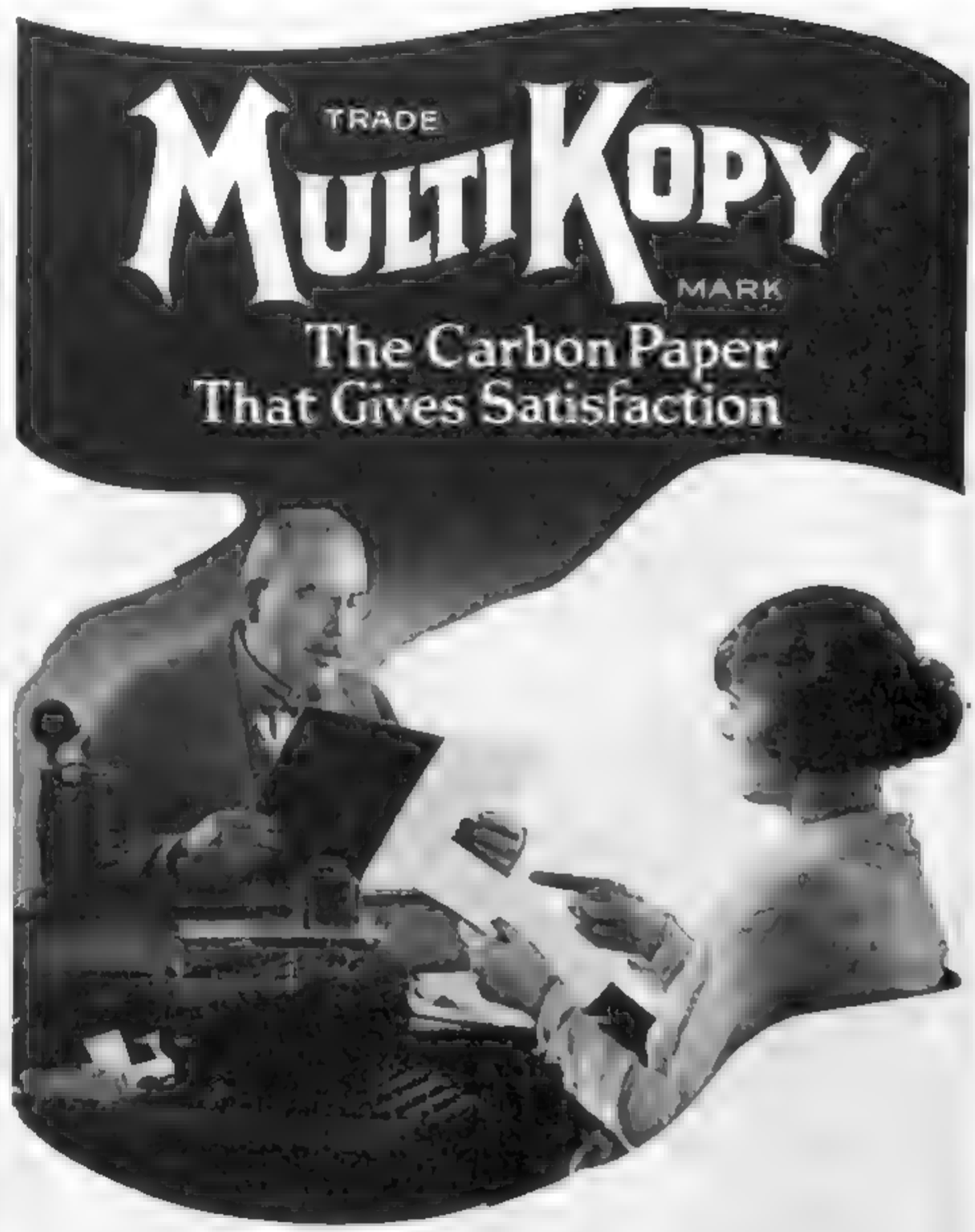
They could not understand the curious action of the fish. At length, when the fish was close alongside, they discovered that it had passed through a wire barrel hoop just before striking the fly. This wire hoop hung on the leader—and it was just the thousandth chance of misfortune which made old Alex Barter hit that wire hoop with the point of the gaff when he undertook to drive the point through the shoulders of the fish. The hold of the hoop was broken, and the fish disappeared, barrel hoop and all.

Mr. Hunsaker in telling his story reflects how easy it would have been to take that hoop on the end of a setting pole, lift it up the leader and let it slide down the rod over the reel and all, thus leaving the fish free. But that was afterthought.

On the whole, this is the most extraordinary salmon story I ever heard. Where the barrel hoop came from, where it was lying, how the salmon happened to pass through it, and how it happened to be carried on the line and the leader for so long, make one of the mysteries of the Grand Cascapedia. I never heard of anything like it.

Perils of the Wilderness

OUT near Chicago they have a series of lofty sand hills known as the Dunes, which they are trying to have made into a national park. Kind friends, forbear—it would be too dangerous. It seems that the American Canoe Association held its annual meeting out there the summer of 1919, among those present being a representative of a trade paper who complained



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CARBON copies are tattle-tales. Every day a number of them leave the files and gossip before the boss. What they say of the stenographer, private secretary, or typist who made them depends on what carbon paper was used.

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IN BUILDING a home these days, or in remodeling or refurnishing even one room, wisdom prompts one to build or improve with a view to permanence.

In considering the floors, Blabon Art Linoleums commend themselves for every room in the house from both the artistic and the practical standpoint.

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Established 68 years

BLABON ART Linoleums

bitterly in print over the hardships of the camp location. It seems there were flies and mosquitoes. No national park should have flies and mosquitoes, and no canoe camp ought to have hardships.

He Was Ready to Die

IN THE present Congress of the United States there is a representative from the state of Ohio who, when a young man, used to work in a flour mill. The dust affected his lungs and the family doctor told him that he had tuberculosis and ought to make his peace and his will, because he was going to die pretty soon. Believing his doctor, of course, and being a matter-of-fact man himself, the future congressman sold everything he had and started out to see life while it lasted.

He had never been to the seashore, so he went there first. Things looked good to him. He kept on staying and looking round, went elsewhere in the open. He hated to die. One day he happened to get on a weighing machine and found that he had gained ten pounds. He tried every machine he could find and they all told him that he was gaining weight.

Whereupon he concluded not to die, but to live out-of-doors for a while. He got so strong that he was elected to Congress, and is there to-day. They need strong men in Congress.

Leak-Proofing a Boat

I HAVE often wondered who it was that invented the average flat-bottomed boat which you find at health resorts, fishing resorts and hunting resorts. They are always heavy, always clumsy, and they always leak. Yet there is no need that even these survivals of the past should be allowed to leak. It sounds like the millennium, but it is very simple. All you have to do is to tack a skin of heavy unbleached cotton drilling on over your boat after you have painted it with a heavy coat of some good marine glue put on hot. You iron this cloth skin into the glue with a hot flatiron, tack the top edges and the ends snugly to hold it in the shape into which you have fitted it for your boat—and there you are.

Marine glue and cotton cloth will make a dry craft out of any country boat. It is a more difficult job to fit the cotton drilling skin than it sounds like, but if you don't hit it the first time completely, at least you can reflect that your boat does not leak so bad as it did. Once you get the job done right it will never leak again.

Good Sense

MR. J. H. FLEMING, of Ottawa, Canada, has much good sense in some of his comments on the wild-fowl treaty between this country and Canada:

"Migratory game birds such as ducks and geese may appear at times to be abundant in some one place, and the natural inference is that they are not decreasing; but the observer overlooks the fact that the old feeding grounds are not now so extensive, particularly in the West, as they used to be, and the birds are crowded into a smaller area.

"There have been many reasons given for the decrease of game birds. Spring shooting has harried them on migration, and consequently they reach their breeding grounds with less vitality than they ought, and they are apt to select the safest breeding grounds and often not the best. Many birds become barren and never reach the breeding grounds at all in consequence of the persecution they have experienced on their northern journey.

"It is here that the direct benefits of the Migratory Birds Convention Act will be quickly felt. The birds will arrive in their full numbers and vigor and will select the most suitable breeding grounds, and in consequence the breeding range will be more extended, and then, if granted sufficient local protection, there is no reason why there should not be a considerable increase in our migratory game within a few years. It is only by joint action of the United States and Canada that protection over the whole breeding range of any species can be effective. The decrease of migratory game is so apparent that it is a matter of general knowledge."

A Canadian leaflet put out for the benefit of shooters takes up the question of supply and demand in ducks by means of a plain problem in arithmetic. The figures are worth repeating here.

Suppose spring shooting is allowed. Sixty birds start south in one flock. That fall one-fourth are killed. That leaves forty-five. Of these, one-fourth additional are killed by starvation or natural causes that winter. We now have only thirty-four birds left. These thirty-four start north next spring, and one-fourth of them are killed; which leaves us twenty-six. Probably one-fourth were killed before they actually took flight in the spring migration; so we may say we have only twenty birds left which reached the northern breeding grounds. Suppose these are ten pairs of birds and that they raise four young each pair. We have then, for the next fall's flock, sixty birds. This means that the species remains stationary. As a matter of fact our wild fowl have not remained stationary in number; but the above serves for a comparison.

Now abolish spring shooting and start in with your sixty birds. Allowing that one-fourth are killed in the fall, you have forty-five birds left. Subtract one-fourth of these killed by starvation, accident and natural causes during the winter, and you have thirty-four left. But now you have no spring shooting on the migration, and so need subtract only the one-fourth killed by accident or natural causes, which leaves you twenty-six birds to arrive north instead of twenty. Allow to each of these thirteen pairs of birds four young, as above, and your total for next fall's flock will be seventy-eight as against sixty when spring shooting was allowed. These figures are very liberal. Certainly they are very convincing also.

Dope on Mosquitoes

CONTRARY to popular belief, the mosquito lays only fifty or one hundred eggs at a time; we naturally would suppose it laid about a million. The larval stage lasts seven to fourteen days. If you have a barrelful of mosquitoes under your eaves trough have a look at them. It is easier to spot the malarial kind than others. The harmless wrigglers hang with their heads down, but the malarial mosquito lies with its body parallel to the surface of the water. If a full-grown mosquito bites you, look at its back, preferably with a microscope. If it has the figure of a lyre on its back it is bad medicine. If it is all one color it won't hurt you.

Only the female mosquito will bite. The males die in the fall, the females hibernating and then living one or two months. The male lives but a few days. No doubt you believe that mosquitoes live on blood alone, though you may have wondered how they get along in the remote wildernesses where there seems to be no animal life, as, for instance, in the subarctic and arctic country. The truth is that the mosquito also lives on the juices of plants. They will bite almost any sort of an animal, will bite reptiles and even caterpillars. Some mosquitoes can bite through a leather moccasin. Any of them can bite through a human hide.

Passing Species

WHILE engaged in the unpopular rôle of Jeremiah, and speaking of the extinction of species of wild game, it may be interesting to give chapter and verse to a certain extent as to species which actually have become extinct. The two classical examples of course are those of the American bison and the American passenger pigeon. I presume that the great auk, long extinct, need not be mourned to the point of tears by any of us. The Labrador duck comes down closer to our time. It is gone absolutely. Shooting and egg hunting wiped it out.

About twenty years ago, possibly a little longer, I was invited by a friend to come out to Edgar, Nebraska, for some sport at shooting doughbirds, as they locally were called. Great flights of these birds passed from Texas north every spring—good-sized birds, say as large as a quail for easy understanding, with a long bill, bent down. The real name of this bird was the Eskimo curlew. Well, it would be of no use to go out to Edgar, Nebraska, or anywhere else for sport on doughbirds now. The last individuals reported were taken on the New England coast in 1909. The species is supposed to be extinct. The Hudsonian godwit is another bird which once had considerable importance in food seeking and sport. It is practically extinct to-day. The great eider duck of the Labrador coast is in

(Concluded on Page 81)

TOLEDO

A Significant Sign Displayed In Thousands of Stores

IN the store where you trade there is only one fixture in which you are financially interested.

You have a fifty-fifty interest with the merchant in the scale, which measures out his pounds and ounces in exchange for your dollars and cents.

Recognizing this equal interest and the customer's right to know the character of scales used, thousands of merchants advertise the fact that they use Toledo Scales—"NO SPRINGS—HONEST WEIGHT." Yet, in all our years of experience, we have never seen a single merchant display a sign advertising that he used a spring scale.

At a time when most states had hardly more than thought of weights and measures laws, the sign "TOLEDO—NO SPRINGS—HONEST WEIGHT" was placed upon our scales as a symbol of impartial service to customer and merchant.

There were compelling reasons for the adoption of this sign. Every housewife and every merchant should know them. We want you to know them. Write for a booklet which tells all about it.

There are over one hundred styles and sizes of Toledo Scales to weigh everything from an ounce of spice to thirty tons of steel—scales for stores, offices, shipping rooms, warehouses, mills and factories.

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Dependable as the locomotive

FIRST in six out of eight competitive tractor contests. Read the following, on fuel costs:

Average of all tractors in contests, 56.34 cents per acre; average of TWIN CITY in contests, 37.6 cents per acre.

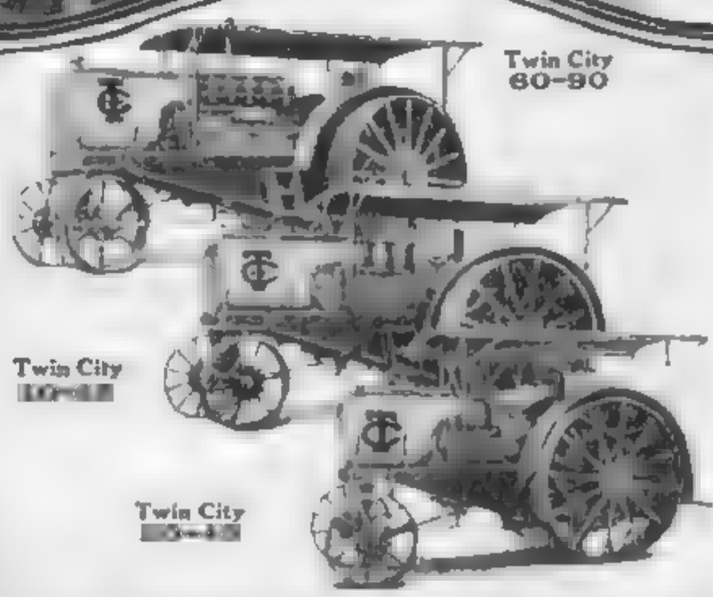
First of its type, the 16-valve-in-the-head TWIN CITY Tractor engine carries much of the responsibility for this remarkable showing. Because this construction gives greater power, due to complete combustion, quick clearance of burned gases and rapid recharging of cylinders. Because of the economy obtained by perfect kerosene burning, without water injection.

Absence of vibration, hence longer life, is due to the counterbalanced crankshaft.

These features, recognized for years by engineers, produce the most powerful, economical and long-lived power unit.

Never before has the farmer had the benefit of these features in a tractor, on account of the extra high grade material necessary, the new manufacturing equipment required and the additional machine work involved.

In the TWIN CITY 12-20 you get them all—because it is built to do the work, not to meet a price. Write for full information on this most efficient tractor and the official proof from eight contests.



The great TWIN CITY Line of Tractors, with the addition of the new 12-20, now provides power for *all* farm work on any size farm.

Twin City 16-30

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TWIN CITY
Power Farming Equipment

(Concluded from Page 78)

danger of absolute extinction within eight or ten years. Once it seemed impossible to destroy them.

Near at home we have the beautiful wood duck, most brilliantly painted of all American wild fowl. This bird breeds in the middle latitudes of the United States. When the shooting season opens, usually September first, it is young and soft and easily killed. It has been practically wiped out. Nothing but the Migratory Wild Fowl Act could save it. Now there is some hope that it will be preserved.

The grizzly bear is almost extinct in the United States. There are some few grizzlies left round Glacier Park and Yellowstone Park, but trapping has pretty much cleaned them out. To-day the grizzly is shy and wary. It sees the shadow of coming events.

The wapiti, or elk, in the United States is in danger of extinction. Practically the only herd of any consequence is in Yellowstone Park; there are indeed two herds there. But the encroachments of cattle and sheep upon their winter range in all likelihood will wipe them out inside of five years, perhaps in less time, so far as any notable sport is concerned.

The prairie chicken, or pinnated grouse, of the Middle Western States is not yet extinct, but has practically disappeared as a game bird of any importance, the shooting season and the daily bag having steadily lessened in order to preserve the birds from being wholly wiped out.

The bobwhite quail, by all odds the most numerous and wisely distributed of all our game birds, and one offering the most general sport, is not extinct and need not be, but is lessening to an alarming extent, even in the Southern States, where it formerly was so abundant.

Yes, my brothers, you can exterminate a species. It is the easiest and simplest thing in the world—so easy that you will hardly know how it happened unless perchance you stop and think it over a bit.

What is a Steelhead?

OUT in Oregon controversy is raging among anglers over the identity of that superb game fish, the steelhead, commonly called the steelhead salmon. In the belief of most anglers this is the gamest fish that swims in our waters. It will run farther, jump oftener on the free line and fight more stubbornly than even the rainbow. The latter will jump not quite so often and will not fight so long. The brook trout will fight longer than the rainbow, but will fight lower and with less acrobatics. The steelhead is all over the shop all at once. He certainly is the salmon of the average man who cannot afford to own a fishing in Quebec.

The name of steelhead salmon is general in Oregon, especially in commercial circles. These fish are netted in great numbers at the mouths of the rivers, which they annually ascend. Be it known that whenever it is possible the steelhead runs to sea precisely as does the salmon. The brook trout does this also, and the so-called sea trout of the Quebec salmon rivers is only a brook trout gone to sea.

Now come certain contentious individuals and insist that the steelhead salmon is not a salmon at all, but a rainbow trout which has gone to sea and returned to his native river. Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, first called the steelhead a salmon. Later he recanted his belief and now classifies the steelhead as a sea-run rainbow trout.

The steelhead is taken in many inland waters, where it has been transplanted. I have taken them in the Centennial Valley of Idaho, and I am told that the species has been taken in some of the rivers of the southern peninsula of Michigan, though I have never taken one there with my own rod. These are probably to be called landlocked steelheads, I presume, just as we have the landlocked salmon, or ouananiche—which species without question is now found in Lake Michigan, where it was planted by mistake in 1893. It is well-known that rainbows of coastal rivers do go to the sea and return.

British Factory Guns

IN SPITE of the competition of lower-priced Belgian shotguns and of German rifles, the classiest makes of sporting weapons, in the belief of many able to buy them, always have come from England to this country—that is to say, of course, the best makes of the handmade, very high-priced guns. Our American guns for most part have been factory made, much cheaper, and fully as good in wearing and shooting qualities. Indeed, the best makes of the American guns wear longer and keep in condition better than the English guns at anything like the same price. It has always been in regard to the details of symmetry, balance, gracefulness and easy handling that the English private maker has, in the opinion of some particular shooters, rather had it on the American factory maker, whose product sells at one-fifth the price demanded by the crack English workman, who very possibly has made guns in the same little shop for generation after generation. These small shops of England have turned out beautiful work without question. The most widely advertised English guns are the poorest ones which England makes.

In the old times our grandfathers imported all their guns from England. Most of us have heard of old Joe Manton, whose name was falsely put on many an inferior gun made in this country. Not so many have heard of Shaw, long since gone to his fathers. Clerkwell is another name not often heard. The other day I saw in a Philadelphia gun store a beautifully balanced double piece, flintlock, made in London, no man may say how long ago. There was also an old-time single-barrel fowling piece of London make, which came to the place as nicely as any gun to-day—a flintlock also. These were handmade pieces of old English makers.

Now we hear that since the war a firm in Birmingham, England, is going to cast aside the English traditions for fine private work and go in for the factory-made competition with a twelve-gauge hammerless shotgun. The concern has undertaken to put out one hundred thousand of these guns as its first run, and these are already sold in France, Belgium, Spain, Italy, the Balkans, Scandinavia, Denmark, and even the United States. The new gun is to sell at seven guineas—mighty low for even an American factory-made gun—and of course the makers claim for it everything in the world by way of beauty, endurance, shooting qualities—all that sort of thing. This means competition with Belgium more especially. The better makes of shotguns in the United States will not be much affected by the new departure in English gun making. When it comes to making a good shotgun for a little money America thus far has easily led the field.

The Little Things

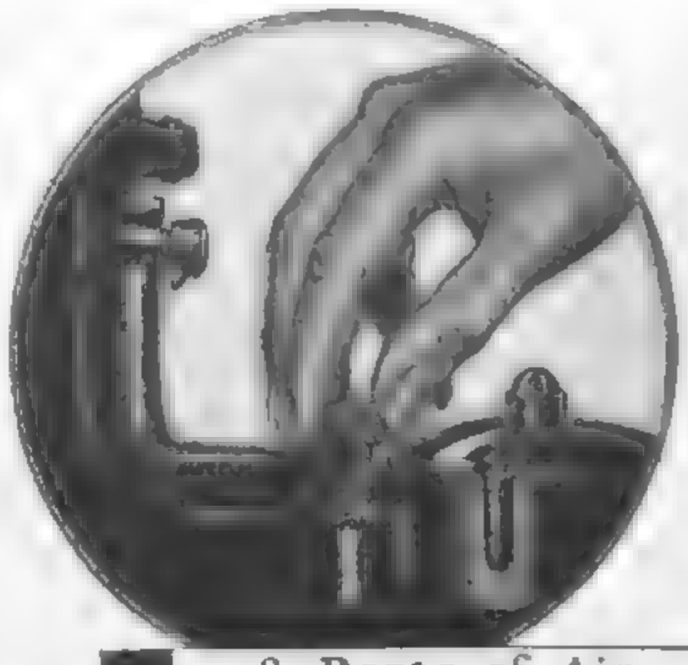
AT THE risk of being called milk and water, mollycoddle, softy and all that sort of thing, I am going to record my own present disinclination to jab a hook through the lips of a live frog and then to go fishing with him. It's all right if you like it—I have done it many a year in my own life. I quit frog fishing and minnow fishing for the artificial fly when I found that I could take as many fish as I wanted with the fly. This does not mean that everybody or anybody else need do the same thing. It is a matter of personal preference as much as a matter of personal conviction perhaps.

I am disposed to make these milk and water, mollycoddle and softy remarks because of an old, old note which I find in my desk. It tells of a certain sportsman, full of years, who was lying on his deathbed. For a long time he strove to think of something which was on his mind, then strove to tell something. It was just the day before he died. He recalled that he had left a can of fishing worms out behind his smokehouse, and he wanted his family to go out there and turn the fishing worms loose. It was a matter of conscience with him. I know mighty well that this is a true story.

Mr. Taft's Stomach Story

JUDGE WILLIAM H. TAFT has been known to tell a certain story on Honorable Frank Cushman, of Washington, whom he quotes as having reached a stage of pathos in telling of hard times in the Northwest Coast country.

"In the panic of 1893," said Mr. Cushman, as quoted, "out here in Seattle we didn't have anything to eat but clams. Our streets were paved with clams. We had buckets of clams sitting round the house. It was all we had to eat. Bankers, ministers of the gospel, lawyers—everybody ate clams. I ate so many clams myself that my stomach rose and fell with the tide."



How to adjust a carburetor

With the engine well warmed up and idling *and the cut-out open*, turn down the carburetor adjustment *until you hear the engine begin to slow down*.

Then turn up the gasoline adjustment *slowly* until you again *hear* the maximum speed. Stop there—don't turn up any further.

GAS 8 Parts of Air

GAS 13 Parts of Air

How to get more gas-mileage and have a better-running motor

How you can tell when you get the correct ratio of gas and air

THE mileage you get from a gallon of gasoline is a fair indication of the condition of your motor. If your gas-mileage is too low, it's a warning that your motor is getting sluggish.

Experience proves that practically nine out of ten motors are being choked into sluggishness by a *wasteful*, too rich gasoline mixture.

Too rich a mixture overheats the motor, explodes through the muffler, pits exhaust valves, and thins out the cylinder oil seriously injuring its lubricating efficiency. It is frequently the chief cause of carbon deposit which fouls spark plugs, clogs piston rings, causes knocks, and cakes and plugs up your muffler.

To save gas and get a better-running motor, adjust your carburetor to a mixture of 13 parts air to one of gasoline. Here's how—

With the engine well warmed up and idling *and the cut-out open*, turn down the carburetor adjustment *until you hear the engine begin to slow down*.

Then turn up the gasoline adjustment *slowly* until you again hear the maximum speed. Stop here—do not turn up any further.

With the G-Piel Cut-Out on your car, the exact effect of every slight turn of the adjusting screw can easily be heard.

You need the G-Piel Cut-Out also to tell you when your muffler is sooted up, and to protect the muffler when blowing out your motor with "carbon removers."

The satisfaction of hearing your motor

Every enthusiastic motorist enjoys the sharp, clear bark of a powerful, sweet-running motor. A hot spark in every cylinder, valves opening wide and seating tight, just the right mixture from carburetor, exhaust gases scavenging freely through the G-Piel Cut-Out.

Select the right size Cut-Out for your car from the G-Piel chart at your dealer's. *It will save its cost many times in a single season.*

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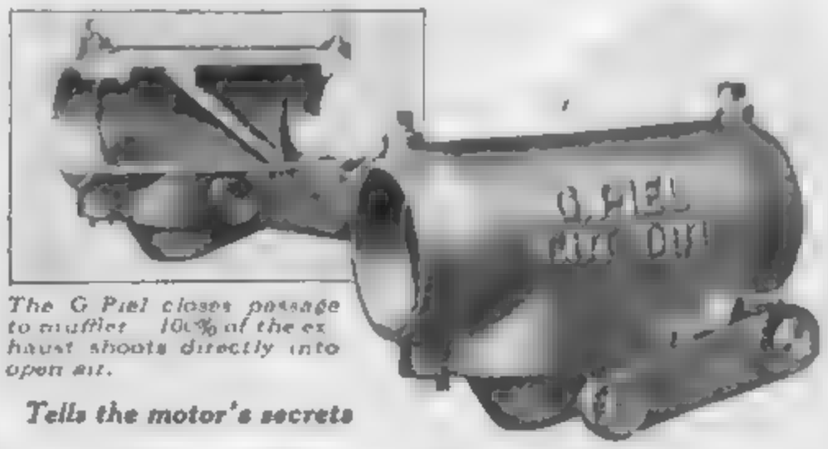

The G-Piel closes passage to muffler. 100% of the exhaust shoots directly into open air.

Tells the motor's secrets

G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out

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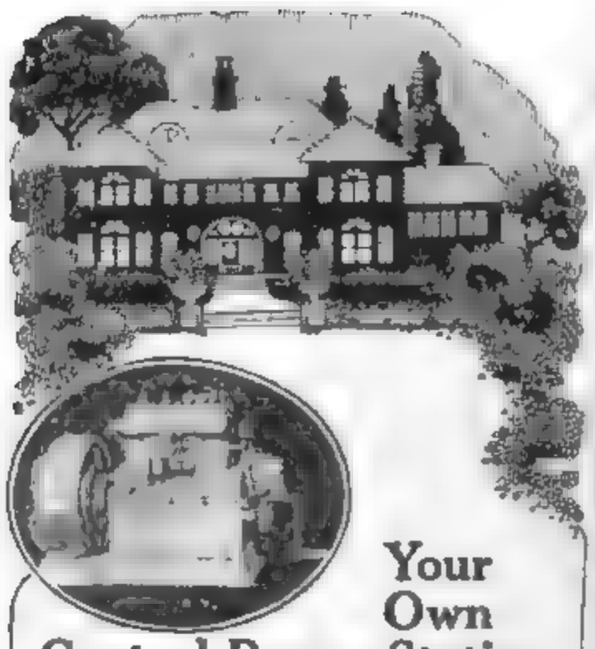

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Universal Four-Cylinder Motor

—a quiet, vibrationless, water-cooled motor directly connected to Universal generator that runs economically on gasoline, kerosene or gas. Extra large bearings, patented governor, and trouble-proof oiling system insure unfailing operation under all conditions. There is a Universal Motor for your motor boat as well.

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THE GORGEOUS GIRL

(Continued from Page 27)

be, to disrupt them if they dare! Now only Luke and Mary composed the family.

After midnight Mary battled herself into the common-sense attitude of going to bed. Waking after the dreamless sleep of the exhausted she found low spirits and self-blame had somewhat diminished and though her state of mind was as serious as her gray eyes, yet life was not utterly bereft of compensations.

Luke had thoughtfully risen early, clumsily tiptoeing about to get breakfast. Neighbors had furnished the customary donations of cake, pie and doughnuts, which gave Luke the opportunity of spreading the breakfast table with these kingly viands and doing justice to them in no half-hearted fashion.

The sun streamed through the starched window curtains and even the empty rocking-chair seemed serene in the relief from its morbid burden. Christmas was only a few days away. Mary decided they should have a truly Christmas dinner, and that the words she had bravely spoken as a three-year-old runaway, found a mile from home and offered assistance by kindly strangers, should become quite true. "Not anybody need take care of me," Mary had declared in dauntless fashion.

Later in the day Luke went to the office because Mary thought it best. So when Steve called he found her alone, the same cheery fire burning in the grate, the same posies blooming in their window pots and the smell of homemade bread pervading the house, Mary in a soft gray frock presiding over the walnut secretary.

"I'm sorry not to be at the office," she began, thinking he had come to persuade her to return. "Sit down. Well, you see"—indicating the stacks of addressed envelopes—"I really can't come back until after the New Year. Do you mind? There is a great deal to be seen to here, and I feel I've earned the right to loaf for a week. I want particularly to make the holidays happy for Luke."

"Of course you do. Besides, you never had your vacation."

"We'll call this a vacation and I'll work extra hard to prove to you that it was worth the granting." Still she did not understand that he wanted to talk to her for the very comfort of her companionship, to enjoy the fire, the smell of homemade bread, the atmosphere of shabby, lovely, everyday plain living.

"We'll decide that later. I came to see just—you. Surprised? I wanted to ask if there was anything I could do for you. I want to help if I may."

"I've no exact plans. Just a definite idea of finding a small apartment and making it as homy as possible. I loathe apartments usually," she added impulsively, "but we must have a home and I can't assume a whole house. We will take our old things and fix them over, and the worst of them we'll pass on to someone needing them badly enough not to mind what they are." She was quite frank in admitting the tortured walnut and the engravings.

"I'm glad you are not going to break up and board—though it's none of my business. I brought some fruit. Do you mind?" He had been trying to hide behind the chair a mammoth basket of fruit.

"No. How lovely of you and Mrs. O'Valley!"

"It was not possible for Mrs. O'Valley to come yesterday," he forced himself to say. "She was very sorry and is going to call on you later."

"Thank you," Mary answered briefly.

"You have a nice old place here. Mind if I stroll about and stare? I have very seldom been in rooms like this one. An orphan asylum, a ranch, a hall bedroom, star boarder, a club, a better club, the young palace- is my record. How different you seem in your home, Miss Faithful. Perhaps it's the dress. I like soft gray ——" He caught himself in time.

Mary was blushing. She called his attention to some wood carving her father had done. Presently Steve changed the subject back to himself.

"You don't know how I'd like a slice of homemade bread," he pleaded. "Must I turn up my coat collar and go stand at the side door?"

"I made it because Luke had eaten nothing but pie and cake. You really don't want just bread?"

"I do—two slices, thick, stepmother size, please."

It seemed quite unreal to Mary as she was finally prevailed upon to bring in the tea wagon with the bread and jam trimmings to accompany the steaming little kettle.

"Man alive," sighed Steve, stretching out leisurely, "I came to console you and I'm being consoled and fed—in body and mind—made fit for work. . . . I say, what do you think of letting the Boston merger be made public at the banquet on ——" He began a budget of business detail upon which Mary commented, agreeing or objecting as she felt inclined.

It was so easy to become clear-headed about work—details became adjusted with magical speed—when one had a gray-eyed girl with a tilted freckled nose sitting opposite. The soft gray dress played a prominent part too, even if the Gorgeous Girl would have been amused at its style and material. Besides this, there was the wood fire, the easy-chair with gay Turkey-red cushions designed for use and not admiration, and no yapping spaniel getting tangled up in one's heels.

Before they realized it twilight arrived, and simultaneously they began to be self-conscious and formal, telling themselves that this would never do—no, indeed! Dear me, what queer things do happen all in a day! Still, it would always be a splendid thing to remember.

Certainly it was more edifying than to confront a nervous Gorgeous Girl who had discovered that her maid had been reading her personal notes.

"I sprinkled talcum powder on them and the powder is all smudged away, so Jody has been spying. She is packing her things now and I shall refuse any references. But who will ever take such good care of me, Steve? And please get dressed; we are invited to the Marcus Baynes' for dinner. They have a wonderful poet from Greenwich Village who is spending the holidays with them—long hair, green-velvet jacket, cigar-box ukulele and all. A darling! And I am going to take Monster because he does black-and-white sketches and I want one of my itty, bitty dirl." And so on.

Certainly it was more pleasing than to have a shamed and confused Trudy elegantly attired come dashing in with a jar of vanishing cream as a peace offering, presumably to smooth out any wrinkles of grief, and to explain hastily that it looked like a lack of feeling not to be at the funeral, but most certainly it was not—no, indeed; it was just tending to business. She was sure Mary realized how essential it was not to offend the Gorgeous Girl. How dreadful it was for poor Mary. She, Trudy, had cried her old eyes out thinking about it. Did Mary get the flowers she and Gay sent? She wished she could do something nice for Mary. How would she like to have a black-satin dress made at cost price? No? She wasn't going to wear mourning! Well, it was very brave, but it would certainly look queer and cause talk. . . . Gay's mustache was coming on beautifully and no one at the bridge club had dared to spoof her!

At least there was some excuse for the delivery on Christmas Day of a parcel addressed to Miss Mary Faithful. It contained Steve's card, some wonderful new books, with an ivory paper knife slipped between them. And when Mary wrote to thank him she found herself inclosing a demure new silver dime, explaining:

"I must give you a coin because you gave me a knife, and unless I did so the old superstition might come true—and cut our 'business affections' right straight in two!"

IX

MARY returned to the office with a premeditatedly formal air toward Steve. She had taken a New Year's resolution to refrain from letting an impulsive expression of sympathy assume false meanings in her heart. On the other hand, Steve felt a boor for having sent the books. He was so used to being called cave man and told not to do this or say that that he now pictured himself an awkward villain who had best confine himself to writing checks and growling at the business world.

He almost dreaded seeing Mary lest she show she considered the gift improper despite her delightful little note of thanks. This demeanor, however, was of short duration. They became their real selves before the morning passed, the medium being the question of keeping John Gager, an extremely old clerk pressed into service during the war period and now superfluous.

"Are you going to let him go?" Mary reproached Steve.

"I think so; he's a doddering nuisance they tell me."

"But he's old and he has always served so faithfully. I don't think it's right to send him away now. He does do what is expected of him."

Mary's vacation had somewhat dimmed her business sagacity.

"I suppose; but we'll be doddering idiots some day too. No one will keep us. No one can expect to be carried along indefinitely."

"It's the first time I have ever asked you to do such a thing," she insisted fearlessly. "To see him trying to act as fit as twenty-five, wearing juvenile shirts and ties, struggling to be brisk, slangy, to oblige everyone and step along, you know—oh, don't turn him away just yet; he is honest and he tries. I can't tell him, and can't you see his old face quiver when he opens his envelope and finds the dismissal slip?"

Steve's resolutions faded like mist before the sun. He found himself saying: "You ought to be a little sister to the poor. I guess we'll keep Gager for a while. He doesn't smoke cigarettes all day and try to lie about it. How did you like those books?" he added boyishly.

Mary laid a finger on her lips. "Sh-h-h. It's business. But I did like them—so would you."

"I'd read them if I had an easy-chair and some homemade bread and tea. Do you know what I had to do for my Christmas Day?"

"Please—I'd rather not ——"

"I must tell someone, and ask if I'm all wrong about it," he said half humorously, half in earnest. "I told my father-in-law in part and it struck him as a huge joke. He purpled with laughing and said: 'Gad, she'll always have her way!'" Steve was thinking out loud. He was realizing that Constantine was not even conscious he had raised his daughter to be a rebel doll and he, apparently an honorable citizen, encouraged and upheld her in her doctrine.

"Well, what did you have to do?" Mary asked in spite of herself.

"I had to officiate at Monster's Christmas tree, which was in the boudoir, laden with the treasures of the four corners. I presented a diamond-studded gold purse and a sable cape to my wife and received a diamond-studded cigar knife—I have two others—and a mink-lined coat in return. I was dragged to half a dozen different houses to deliver presents and collect the same, and witness the tragedy of Bea's receiving a vanity case she had given someone else two years before and which had evidently been going the rounds. It was a bit disconcerting to have it turn up.

"I had a ponderous seven-course dinner at Mr. Constantine's, during which I had to kiss Aunt Belle under the mistletoe and pretend to be elated, hear several yards of grand opera torn off on the new talking machine in its nine-hundred-dollar Chinese case, take my father-in-law to the club, return to find Trudy and Gay having a yuletide word with my wife. Trudy brought a concoction of purple chiffon, jet beads and exploded hen which was entitled a breakfast jacket, and in return she drew down a pair of silver candlesticks.

"After that we dressed in all our grandeur for the fancy-dress ball at Colonel Tatlock's, Beatrice as Juliet and I as the young and dashing Romeo! Shivering in our finery we drove to the Tatlocks' to make fools of ourselves until three A. M. and shiver home again with aching heads and a handful of damaged cotillon favors. About the same sort of thing happened on New Year's." He laughed but it was not a pleasant sound, inviting a response.

Just then Beatrice dashed in, to Mary's relief, to bestow—over a week late—a Christmas present of perfume and a black-silk waist.

"Mr. O'Valley has explained how rushed I have been with my classes," she began prettily, "but I have thought of you in all your sorrow. I lost my dear mother when I was too young to remember her, still it means a bond between us. . . . Oh, you are not wearing black? Dear me, that's too bad. . . . Well, you may have to go to

(Continued on Page 85)

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GRUEN Verithin and Wrist WATCHES

(Continued from Page 82)

somebody's funeral where you feel you want to wear it—a black waist is always useful."

She managed to carry Steve off to look at a set of pink-glass sherbet cups she was to give her father for his birthday, and Mary was conscious of a certain pity for the Gorgeous Girl—prompted not so much by her present state of affairs as by her inevitable future.

The last of January Steve was called away on a business trip through the Middle West. Beatrice had no desire to go with him; she said she simply could not conceive of having a good time in Indiana and Illinois, and what was the sense in bearing with him in his misery? But she was quite willing Steve should stay away as long as he was needed by business entanglements. In fact Beatrice now betrayed a certain driving quality in trying to make him feel that as their honeymoon was ended and everyone had entertained for them it was high time that Steve retire from social life to a degree, and outdo her own father in the making of a vast fortune. She seldom begged him to ride with her or come home to luncheon to fritter away the best part of the afternoon in a pursuit of silver-pheasant ornaments for the dinner table. That phase of her selfishness was at an end. It was when Steve demanded the luxury of merely staying at home with no chattering peacocks of women and asinine half-tipsy men playing with each other until early morning that Beatrice refused her consent.

She did not wish any personal domestic life, Steve decided after several experiences along these lines. She could not see the pleasure in a Sunday-afternoon hike; walking to see a sunset was absurd! All very well to be whisked by at twenty miles an hour and give a careless nod at the setting golden sphere, but to trudge through wintry roads and up an icy hill and stand, frozen and fagged, weighted down by sweaters, to —— Dear me, Steve really needed to see a doctor! Perhaps he had better start to play golf with papa!

Meals tête-à-tête caused her spirits to droop, and she soon fell into the habit of waiting until Steve was away or having her luncheon in her room. She was seldom up for breakfast, and whenever he protested against this hotel-like custom she would say: "I don't expect you to appreciate my viewpoint and my wishes, but at least be well-bred enough to tolerate them!"

He was on the point of reminding her that his viewpoint and wishes were treated only with argument and ridicule—but as usual he refrained. Silence on the part of one who knows he is in the right yet chooses apparently to yield the point in question is a significant milestone on the road to separation.

An argument with Beatrice meant one of two outcomes: A violent scene of temper and overwrought nerves with tears as the conquering slacker's weapon or a long sulky period of tenseness which made him take refuge in his office and his club.

He wondered sometimes how it was he had never before realized the true worth of his wife, how he had been so madly infatuated and adoring of her slightest whim during the years of earning his fortune and the brief period of their formal engagement. Almost reluctantly the anæsthesia of unreality and distorted values was disappearing, leaving Steve with but one conclusion: That it had been his own conceited fault, and therefore he deserved scant pity from either himself or the world at large.

Mark Constantine, whose activities lessened with each month, due to ill health, began prowling about Steve's office at unexpected hours, cornering him for prosy talks and conferences, under which Steve writhed in helpless surrender. Since he realized the true meaning of his marriage he began placing the blame on the real culprit—Beatrice's father. As he did so he wondered if it was possible that Constantine did not realize the havoc he had wrought. His wealth and Steve's speedily accumulated fortune via hides and government razors suddenly seemed stupid, inane; and he no longer felt a sense of pride at what he had accomplished. He never wanted to hear details of Constantine's more gradual and bitter rise in the world; there were certain to be slimy spots of which Steve in his new frame of mind could no longer approve. He was weary of hearing about money, just as his good sense caused him to be weary of socialistic prattling and absurd pleas for Bolshevism. It seemed to him that the dollar standard was the paramount means both magnate and socialist used to value inanimate and animate objects. He longed for a new unit of measure.

He was keen on business trips. At least he could have the freedom of his hotel and could roam about without being pointed out as the Gorgeous Girl's husband, the lucky young dog and so on. Neither would he be dragged from this house to that to sit on impossible futurist chairs while young things of thirty-nine clad in belladonna plasters and jet sequins gathered about to tell him what perfectly wonderful times their class in cosmic consciousness was having.

Mary Faithful was keen to have him go. She dreaded any furthering of the personal understanding between them. When one has become master of a heartache and thoroughly demonstrated that mastery it is not sensible to let it verge toward a heart throb, even if one is positive of the ability to change it back at will into the hopeless ache. It is like unhandcuffing a prisoner and saying, "Sprint a bit, I can catch up to you."

On the other hand Beatrice had any number of activities to take up her time. Her period of being a romantic parasite—the world called it a sweet bride—was ended. She was now bent on becoming as mad and ruthless a butterfly as there ever was, and in the accomplishment of her aim she did not purpose to stint herself in any way. She still drew her own allowance from her father and accepted extra checks for extra things necessary for her welfare and popularity.

More than once Steve counted the monthly expenditures, with the same result—Beatrice was living on her father's income quite as much as on his own. Her position was not unlike that of people who say to their prosperous neighbors possessing a motor car, "We'll furnish the lunch and the gasoline, and you take us to the picnic grounds!" Constantine still owned the figurative motor car, or the substantial end of Beatrice's expenses, while Steve furnished the lunch and the gasoline, trying to delude himself that he was supporting his wife. Beatrice's clothes were beyond his income, for he was not yet a millionaire. Neither could he afford the affairs which she gave, with favors of jewelry; nor the trips here and there in private cars.

Furnishing the lunch and gasoline and perhaps a possible tire or so does not give one the sense of ownership that having the motor car gives; nor was it Steve's notion of being the possessor of a home. He spoke to Beatrice about it, only to be kissed affectionately and scolded prettily by way of answer; or else to have those eternal omnipresent tears reproach him for being cross "when papa wants me to have things and he has no one else in the world to spend all his money on."

After a few attempts he gave it up but resolved to make his fortune equal to his father-in-law's, as Beatrice wished. He saw no other way out of the situation. To do so in his present interests was impossible—he had fancied that half a million was a fair sum to offer a Gorgeous Girl—but he saw it was only a nibble at the line. He must outdo Constantine. He cast about for some unsuspected fields of effort, this time to strike out into work of which Constantine was ignorant. He began to resent the fact that after his lucky strike on the exchange he had played copy cat and gone mincing into the hide-and-leather business, using Constantine's good will as his stepping stone. The same was true of the stock bought in the razor factory; he had merely paid for the stock; he did not know the steps of progress necessary to the business.

This time he would prove his own merit, he would not take Constantine into his confidence. Unknown to anyone save Mary, Steve selected a new-style talking machine to promote. He knew as much about talking machines as Beatrice knew about cooking a square meal. But Steve had lost his clear-headedness and he thought, as do most get-rich-quick men, that, possessed of the Midas touch, he could come in contact with nothing but gold.

The Shock Was So Great That She Could Not Squeeze Out a Single Tear

He began backing the inventor and looking round for a factory site. He sought it away from Hanover, for he wanted it to be a complete surprise. He begrudged his father-in-law's knowing anything of it. He went into the enterprise rather heavily—but it did not worry him, for he was quite sure he possessed the luck eternal, and he must support his own wife. Side speculating was the only way he thought it possible.

Meanwhile Beatrice found Trudy to be both a good foil and a dangerous enemy, one who was not to be ridiculed or set aside. Trudy had never stopped working since the day Beatrice climbed the rear stairs of the Graystone and had been bullied into buying the vanishing cream. Beatrice scarcely knew the various steps which Trudy had climbed in a figurative sense, dragging Gay after her, grumbling and sneering but quite willing to be dragged.

"You see, aunty," she explained one stormy February afternoon while they were having a permanent wave put in their hair, "Trudy is so obliging and useful, and I'm sorry for her. She tries to do so many nice things for me that I never have a chance to become offended. I've tried! But she just won't break away. And I like to tease Steve by knowing her, Steve is such a bear when he doesn't like people. Rude is a mild term. He particularly hates Gay. Now Gay is quite a dear and he always played nicely with me. I should hate to lose him—so how can I offend his wife; particularly when she takes so well with older men?"

Aunt Belle sniffed. "Men old enough to be her father—you'd think they would appreciate mellowed love instead of a selfish little chicken."

The beauty doctor, who had spent the greater share of the day at the Constantine house, suppressed a smile and carefully stored up the remark for her next customer.

"Oh I don't know," Beatrice murmured as she consulted a hand glass. "I am beginning to wish I had married a man about papa's age. It would have been much jollier in some ways. Steve is so strenuous and rude. A cave man is fun to be engaged to and keep a record all about him in your chapbook—but when you marry him it is a different matter. I remember how thrilled and enthusiastic about Steve I used to be when he was working for papa and living in a hall bedroom. I knew he adored me yet had to keep his place, and I used to dream about him and wonder if he really would keep his word and make a fortune so he could marry me. But now he has done it——" She shrugged her shoulders.

"I wouldn't be too disappointed. Elderly men usually have wheel chairs and diets after a little, and you'd feel it your duty to play nurse."

"Oh, it's far better to be disappointed in one's husband than one's friends," Beatrice agreed. "I know that. For you can manage to see very little of your husband; but your friends—deary me, they are your very existence."

"Does Trudy ever mention the days she worked in Steve's office?"

"Yes. Clever little thing, she knows enough to admit it prettily every now and then, so there is nothing to badger her about. She has even trained Gay to talk of it occasionally. She has done wonders for him; one of the clubmen is backing him to go into the interior-decorating business. Of course he will make good because everyone will feel morally obliged to go there. So the Vondeplosshes on the strength of this have moved to the Touraine, a different sort of apartment house, I assure you. They are entertaining, if you please; everyone asks them everywhere. Gay is painting garlands of old-fashioned flowers in panels for Jill's boudoir. I think I'll have the same thing done in mine."

"Gay is painting them?"

"Oh, no. Some limp artist that could never get the commission for himself. Gay stands about in a natty blue-serge effect and takes the credit and the check. What's new?"—turning to the beauty doctor. "I'm as dull as the Dead Sea."

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Miss Flinks informed them of a labor revolt in the West.

"Horrid creatures, always wanting more! Well, they won't get it. I think Steve is ridiculous with his banquets and bonuses and all, and upon my word, Mary Faithful has as good an Oriental rug in her office as I have in my house. Tell us something really important, Miss Flinks."

Retrieving her error the beauty doctor whispered a scandal concerning the newly married Teddy Markhams, who had such a violent quarrel the week before that Mrs. Teddy had pushed the piano halfway out the window and police had rushed to the scene thinking it might be another bomb explosion. "How ripping!"

Beatrice was all animation and she gave Miss Flinks no peace until she learned all the details, and the rumor about the actress who had rented an expensive town house for the season and a débutante who was being rushed to a retreat to prevent her marriage to a gypsy violinist who had already taught her the drug habit.

Trudy telephoned the latter part of the afternoon and as it was a gray blowy day with nothing special to do to revive one's spirits Beatrice urged her to come in for tea—tea to be cocktails and buttered toast.

Within a few moments she appeared—a symphony of blond broadcloth set in black furs, very charming and chic, and so solicitous about Aunt Belle's recently removed mole and the scar left by the electric needle, and so admiring of the two newly beautified ladies that they were quite won in spite of themselves.

"Were you near here when you telephoned?" Beatrice asked curiously. "You weren't ten minutes getting here and you look as spick and span as if you had stepped out of a bandbox."

"Look outside and you'll see that Gay and I have had a true case of auto-intoxication!"

Outside the window there proved to be a smart selfish roadster, battleship-gray with vivid scarlet trimmings.

"Well!" Beatrice said in astonishment.

At this identical moment she began to envy Trudy. She was really ashamed of the fact, nor did she understand why she should envy this bankrupt yet progressive little nobody in her homemade bargain-remnant costume. The reason was that Beatrice's latent abilities longed to be doing something, achieving something, capturing, inventing, destroying, earning if need be but doing something. The daughter of Mark and Hannah Constantine could not help but have the germ of great ability within her, sluggish and spoiled as it might be; and it must perforce duly manifest itself from time to time. Beatrice realized that Trudy felt a greater joy and satisfaction in displaying this not-paid-for cheap machine—having sat up half the night to make the shirred curtains—than Beatrice ever could feel in her tapestry-lined, orchid-adorned limousine. So she began to envy Trudy just as Trudy envied her. Trudy had done nothing but struggle to be able to live, as she termed it; Beatrice had never been allowed to struggle!

"We owe for all but the left back tire," Trudy said before anyone had the chance to hint of the fact; "but Gay has to have it for his new business, and it is such a joy! I hope you approve, Beatrice. And what a darling gown!"

There was nothing left for Beatrice but to order the cocktails and toast, and for Aunt Belle to agree smilingly with Trudy's clever suggestions.

Trudy never came to see Beatrice unless she gained some material point or had one in view, and the point she had come to gain this afternoon was of no small importance. In her own fashion she managed to inform her hostess that Gay had received an order from—well, it was a tremendous secret and he would be terribly cross if he knew she told even her dearest Bea and her sweet Aunt Belle, but she just couldn't help it—he had an order from Alice Twill, who thought she was going to beat everyone in town to the greatest sensation of the year: To have the barn of a Twill mansion remodeled, decorated and so on, from coal bin to cupola, until it was an exact copy of a French palace—she really forgot just which one. . . . Yes, Alice's aunt in Australia had died and left her everything; Alice said she was not going to wait until she was on crutches before she spent it. Gay was simply out of his head trying to plan the thing and Alice was to move to a hotel for several weeks until a newly furnished wing was ready to be inhabited.

There was no reason why New York persons should have their homes like palaces and châteaux and so on, and turn their noses up at upstate residences. Alice was going to show them. And—this very subtly—Gay had said that if only Beatrice could have the authority to redecorate her father's home into an Italian villa Alice Twill would be the loser when comparisons were made—since the Constantine house had twice the possibilities and so on, and Beatrice twice the taste. And what an achievement it would be; a distinct civic improvement! . . . Yes, Gay was working with the best firms in New York, and there was no doubt of his success.

Before she left, Trudy had almost secured Beatrice's promise that the Constantine house should be made into an Italian villa and that if she so decided Gay should have the commission. There was a place at Frascati she had always admired, and they could use some ideas from a show place in Florida.

Had Waterloo terminated differently Napoleon would have been no more jubilant than Trudy, who fairly skidded home to the new and more pretentious apartment, where she found Gay in one of his sneering sulky moods and quite angry to think Trudy was carrying the day.

"How do I know Alice Twill will really come across?" he began. "And I suppose you've got the machine covered with mud too. Anyway, what do I know about decorating? I work on my reputation and everyone's sympathies and I'm in fear all the time some real decorator will turn up and show my hand or else refuse to work under me and split commissions. You're too damned optimistic."

"If I weren't optimistic where should we be? Starving," she said with no attempt at politeness. Common courtesies between them had long since been dispensed with. "I've gotten you nearly everything you have, and if you'll do as I say I'll go right on getting things for you. But you're lazy and jealous—that's what's the matter."

He gave a sneering little laugh. "Why, you poor nobody, people only tolerate you because of me. They roar behind your back."

"Do they? They pity me because I'm married to such a weak fish! Men are nice to you because of me—and there isn't a woman I've met that I have not made afraid of me. Beatrice hasn't the will power of a slug; you can hand her flattery in chunks as big as bowlders and she swallows them without choking. It's her husband who sees through us."

"What—the goat tender? Oh, beg pardon—treading on someone else's toes. Or didn't they have goats in Michigan?"

"We'll never hang together another year," she said recklessly. "The first chance I have to exchange you for a real man your day is over."

"You think anyone else would marry you?"

"I don't think. I just go ahead grabbing everything I can, and when a person has to grab for someone else as well as herself it keeps them moving."

"You're a crude and impossible little fool."

Without warning Trudy's hand shot out, and on Gay's cheek rested a red mark for the greater part of the evening.

A half hour later he was trying to apologize, having bucked himself up to it with brandy, in order to borrow enough money to play pool with that same evening.

■

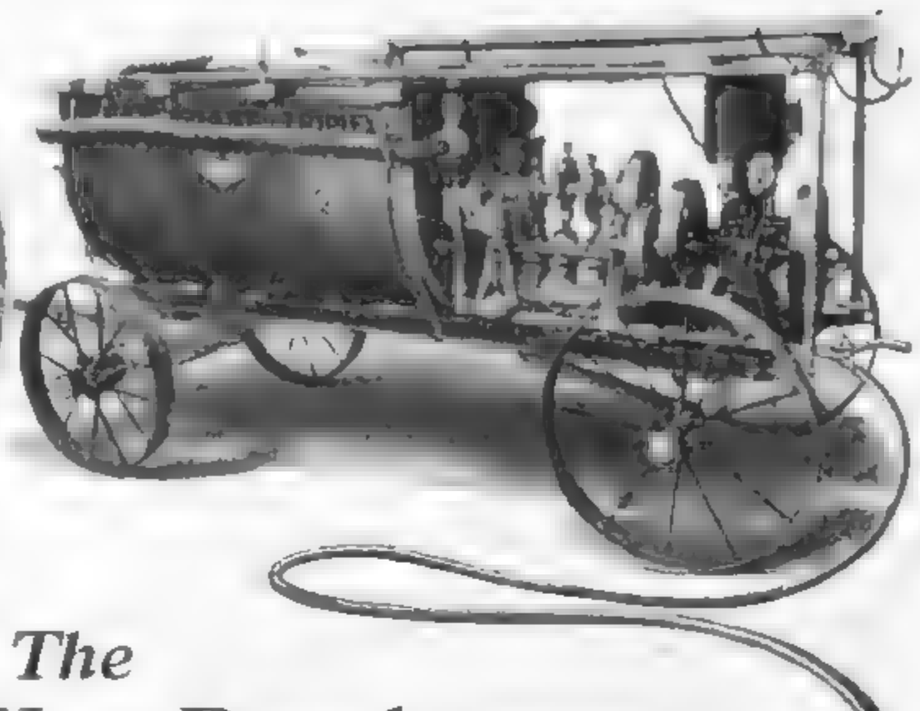
AFTER Gay left, Trudy put on her things and trudged over to Mary's house. Gay had driven off in the car and she was glad he had. Like Steve the day of the funeral, she did not wish to drive but to have the nervous outlet of walking.

Trudy was seldom angry. But when she found Mary in the old library, the same true-blue, good-looking thing with just a little coldness of manner as Trudy tried to enthuse over her, Trudy felt ashamed. And she was angry far more often than she was ashamed.

"Where is Luke?" she asked, taking off her things and lying down wearily on the sofa. "Oh, Mary mine, you don't know how good it is to be here again, to be able to talk—really talk to someone."

"Luke is at basketball ——" Mary began, stopping as she discovered Trudy was in tears. "Why, what is it?" as Trudy sobbed the harsh long sobs of a tormented and frail mind.

(Continued on Page 88)



John Bean, Inventor

He Showed the Way in 1883 to Save Millions of Fruit Trees from Pests

IN 1883, John Bean, inventor of the double-acting force pump for well purposes, owned a fruit orchard near San José, California. His trees were suffering from San José Scale, imported from China, unwittingly, by James Lick of Lick Observatory fame, and the primitive spray pumps of the time were inadequate.

He saw the need for more efficient spraying, and his inventive genius soon had worked out the first *high pressure spray pump* with air chamber.

Success was instantaneous. Requests from friends soon induced him to manufacture the machine.

The result was that millions of California fruit trees were quickly saved from pests that had blighted many yields.

The third generation of the family are the active manufacturers of "BEAN" *Power Sprayers* today. And the present machine — *a family pride* — still retains John Bean's basic principles.

TODAY, wherever men have ten acres of fruit or more, you will almost invariably find power sprayers of which the famous "BEAN" was the forerunner and remains the leader.

San José Scale is now practically unknown in California where more "BEAN" *Sprayers* are used than all other makes combined.

Many of the country's greatest orchards are now equipped with "BEAN" *Power Sprayers* exclusively. For the "BEAN," the pioneer in 1883, is the world's leading sprayer now.

The 36-Year Development

The 1920 Bean Power Sprayer Different from Others in Money Saving Ways

THE modern "BEAN" is different from all other power sprayers in some very vital ways.

The "BEAN" includes a patented pressure regulator that results in great economy—Threadless Ball Valves—Porcelain-lined Cylinders—doubly strengthened bearings and other wearing parts.

You will want these features and others found in "BEAN" sprayers if you are to spray at the lowest cost and with best results.

The "BEAN" Re-filler alone often saves one-half the time usually spent in spraying an entire orchard.

When occasion requires "BEAN" plunger packing is replaced in twenty minutes by an inexperienced man. No need for a mechanic and the pay for several hours of his time.

All six threadless ball valves are removed in two minutes with engine *running* and *300 lbs. pressure* on the pump. Men who have spent half a day in removing threaded valves have doubted that statement until they have seen "BEAN" valves come out.

The valves are washed out while open, through an underneath suction — another immensely convenient "BEAN" feature.

The porcelain-lined cylinders are without stuffing boxes. They eliminate grit troubles and last a lifetime.

These advantages are the result of 36 years specialization in the building of improved power sprayers based on an ingenious, original design.

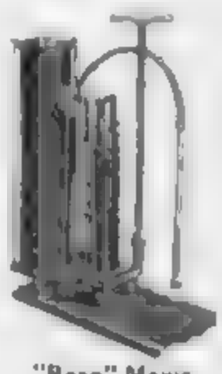
If you are going to buy a sprayer and want the best, there is little choice today.

"BEAN" Sprayers

***Invented by* John Bean**

Send for our "Sprayer Book." Learn all about sprayers. There are other advantages in the "BEAN" that growers ought to know about. We make all kinds at all prices to meet every spraying need. Power sprayers, hand and barrel spray pumps, spray guns, rods, hose, and accessories.

"Bean" Pony Simplicity Sprayer



"Bean" Magic Spray Pump

"Bean" Little Giant Spray Pump

Bean Spray Pump Co.

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Send coupon now. The book is free. It will help you make the right selection.

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Please send your "Sprayer Book" without obligation on my part.

Name _____

Street _____

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I am especially interested in

Hand Pumps _____ Power Sprayers _____

(Continued from Page 86)

"You ought to hate me—selfish, insincere hypocrite—cheat—liar. Oh, I hate myself! I hate him, and Bea, and all of them! They aren't worth your blessed little finger. Mary, Mary, please stay quite contrary and never change. Never get to be a Gorgeous Girl, will you? . . . Nerves, I suppose; and I haven't had the right things to eat." She sat up and began smoothing her injured flounces.

"You're so thin," said Mary, "and there are funny lilac shadows under your eyes. You can't live on nerve energy forever. And I know your delicatessen suppers or else the rich orgies to which you are invited—not enough sleep—and always that eternal upstage pose!"

"Gay wears on me; he is growing strong, with never an ache or pain. I never used to have them, but I'm all unnerved and weak. He hates me, Mary. Yes, he does." She began a detailed recital of woes.

"Why not leave him?" Mary asked as there came a pause.

"Without anyone else to marry?" Trudy's eyes were wide open in surprise.

"Must you have someone waiting to pay your board bill?"

"I couldn't go to work again."

"I think you work rather hard right now."

"That's different. I'm working to have a good time. And I'm a wonder; everyone says so. The clubmen are so nice to me. Beatrice has done a great deal, even if Steve hates us and acts as if we were poison. . . . He isn't happy."

Mary knew she was flushing. "Tell me some more about yourself."

But Trudy was not to be swerved from the other topic. "Beatrice makes fun of him and she flirts shamefully. She has half a dozen flames all the time. One was a common cabaret singer; she had him for tea when Steve wasn't there. Now she is tired of him. You see, she had to have someone to take Gay's place! I don't think Steve flirts with anyone; he isn't that sort. He's so intense he will break his heart in the old-fashioned way and then go and be a socialist or something dreadful. They scarcely see each other, and of course Beatrice's father thinks everything is lovely and they are both perfection. He just can't see the truth. Steve is a cave man and Beatrice is a butterfly—I'm a fraud—and you're just an old dear!

"Yes, I am a fraud," she said with sudden honesty. "I wouldn't come to see you unless I wanted something. I want to talk to you with all barriers down. I wish you had ever done some terrible thing or were unhappy. I don't know why, Mary dear; it's not as horrid as it sounds. I think it's because I want to know the real soul of you, and if you showed me how you met troubles and trials, you being so good, I'd be the better woman for it in meeting my problems."

It was truly a tired, oldish Trudy speaking. In the last sentence Trudy had touched the greatest depths of which she was capable—causing Mary to hint of her one deep secret.

"You're growing up, that's all. And I'm not good—not a bit good. Why, Trudy, do you know I have had to fight hard—terribly hard about something? I've never told anyone before. I can't really tell what it is!"

"Over what? You saint in white blouses and crisp ties, always smiling and working and helping people! How have you battled? Tell me, tell me!"

Mary came over to the sofa and sat beside Trudy, holding the white cold hands laden with foolish rings. "I loved and do love someone very much who never did and never will love me. I must be near that person daily, be useful to him, earn my own living by so doing—and I've made myself be content of heart in spite of it and not live on starved hopes and jealous dreams. . . . You see, I'm quite human."

Trudy drew her hands away. She had caused Mary to confirm her suspicions, and she was sorry she had done so. The better part of her knew that she had been admitted into the very sanctuary of the girl's soul, and that the worst part of her, which usually dominated, was not worthy to be trusted with such a secret. She wished Mary had not said the words—since it changed everything and made a singularly pleasing weapon to use against Beatrice O'Valley should occasion rise. Mary was good—and it was safer to slander a good person than a bad one because there was less chance of a come-back. As she tried to make herself forget what she had just heard she knew that in the heat of anger or to gain some material goal she would use this effectual weapon without thinking and without remorse.

"Oh, my poor girl!" was all she said; and Mary, believing that Trudy so reverenced her secret that she was not going to stab it with clumsy words, kissed her and very practically set about getting a lunch.

Trudy went home taking some biscuit and half a cake with her, and by the time she reached the Touraine she was in a cheerful frame of mind once more. The relief of confession, the home food and the knowledge of Mary's secret had buoyed her up past caring for or considering Gay.

To her surprise Gay was at home, jubilant and repentant. He had won at pool and had also consumed some 1879 Burgundy, which conspired to make him adore his red-haired wife and tell her that he had quite deserved and enjoyed having his face smacked!

The pool money in her safe keeping, visions of a new hat to wear at the next luncheon caused Trudy to equal his elation. Together they ate up Mary's biscuits and cake and talked about Beatrice's remodeling the Constantine mansion at the cost of many thousands.

"We could almost retire," Trudy suggested; "but I'm afraid Steve will never give his consent."

"Don't worry. Bea would never let a little thing like a husband stand in the way of her progress."

In March, just as Steve was returning, Beatrice and her aunt departed for a whirl in Florida, with a laconic invitation that Steve and his father-in-law follow them. Steve declined the invitation with alarming curtness.

Though Constantine worried in his peculiar way because Steve did not rush down to Florida to play with the rest of the snapping turtles Beatrice had about her heels, he did not succeed in getting anything but a logical explanation as to a business rush from his son-in-law. More and more Steve was being saddled with Constantine's end of the game as well as his own—and he did not know how to proceed with the double responsibility. So Constantine went to Florida alone, to find his daughter reveling in new frocks and flirtations, both of which she temporarily sidetracked while she made her father give his consent to having the house done over after the manner of a Frascati villa.

"Gad," commented her father during the heat of the argument, "I thought you were pretty well off as you were. Will Steve like it?"

"He doesn't care what I do," she hastened to assure him. "Of course he will—he ought to—I'm paying for it. He'll have as wonderful a home as there is in the United States. Alice's will be a caricature by contrast. Gay says so. As soon as we go home I'm going to signal them to begin."

"Well, don't touch my room or I'll burn down the whole plant," her father warned. "And if I were you I'd tell Steve first—it's only right."

"But it's my money," she insisted.

"Yes, yes, I know—but you could pretend to consult him. Your mother and I never bought a toothpick that we hadn't agreed on beforehand."

"Dear old papa." She kissed him graciously by way of dismissal.

So Steve received the letter announcing the plans a few days later. It was a semi-patronizing, semi-affectionate letter with a great many underlined words and superlative adjectives, and intended to convey the impression that he was a mighty lucky chap to have married a fairy princess who would spend her ducats in rigging up an uncomfortable moth-eaten villa of the days of kingdom come.

As he finished it Gay appeared, having received a letter telling him to hurry ahead with the plans and contracts. Gay was rather obsequious in his manner since he did not know whether it was Steve or Beatrice who was to pay for this transformation.

"If my wife insists, go ahead—but don't move your arts-and-crafts shop into my office. I'm not interested enough to see designs, and so on. I never had time to be one of the leisure class and I'm too old to be kidded into thinking I'm one of them now. But I did make a mistake," he added slowly, whether for Gay's benefit or not no one could tell—"I thought the world owed me more than a living—that it owed me a bargain. And there never was a bargain cheaply won that didn't prove a white elephant in time."

Gay did not follow the intricacies of the statement. He merely thought of Steve in more than usually profane terms—and concluded that Beatrice was paying the bill.

XI

IT WAS April before Steve found himself visiting with Mary Faithful again and admiring as heartily as Luke had admired the new apartment Mary had chosen for her family.

It had, to Steve's mind, the same delightful air of freedom and attractive shabbiness that he had come to consider as essential for a true home. While Beatrice was launched on her new object in life—making the house into a villa, from upholstering a gondola in sky-blue satin and expecting people to use it as a sofa to having the walls frescoed with fat pouting cherubs—Mary had selected funny old chairs and soft shades of blue cretonne found in the remnant department, queer pottery, Indian blankets and a set of blue dishes which just naturally demanded to be heaped with good things and eaten before an open fire at Sunday-night supper.

The whole expense came within Mary's economical pocketbook, yet it seemed to Steve to have the combined richness of a Persian palace and the geniality of a nursery on Christmas Eve.

He deliberately invented an excuse to call; some detail of work which, more easily than not, could have waited until the next day. He was not only using the detail of work as a means to visit Mary but as an excuse to escape a parlor lecture on "What astral vibrations does your given name bring you?" by a pale-faced young woman. The pale-faced young woman boasted of an advanced soul and was making a snug bank account from the rich set in undertaking occult analyses of their names by which to decide whether or not the accompanying astral vibrations harmonized with their auræ; and if they did not—and were therefore detrimental and hampering to spiritual development and material progress—she would evolve occult names for them which would be sort of spiritual bits of cheese in material mousetraps baiting and capturing all the good things of this world and the next.

Convinced that Beatrice was not the proper name for her, the Gorgeous Girl had ordered a chart of cabalistic signs and mystical statements, the sum total of which was that Radia was the name the astral forces wished her to be called, and by using this name she would develop into a wonderful medium. She paid fifty dollars to discover that she ought to be called Radia and that her aura was of smoky lavender, denoting an advanced soul—according to the pale-faced young woman, who had tired of teaching nonsensical flappers, had no chance to marry, and had hit upon this as her means of painlessly extracting a little *joie de vivre*.

Declining to learn his astral name Steve left Gaylord to mop up the astral vibrations. Beatrice did not mind his absence, though he neglected to say that the work was to be done at Miss Faithful's apartment and not at the office. Never having questioned Steve in such details, Beatrice merely murmured inwardly that goat tending in one's past strangely enough led to pigheadedness in later life. It was a relief to have him away, for if drawn into an argument he still thumped his fists. For everyday living Beatrice preferred her own pet robins and angel-ducks, as she called the boys of the younger set, who flocked to flirt with her because she was extremely rich and pretty and they were in no danger of being matrimonially entangled.

Of course Gaylord ate up this occult-name affair. It was discovered that Gaylord's was a most hampering name, and had his parents only consulted the stars and named him Scintar, who knows to what heights he might not have risen? Trudy's astral title should have been Ureia, which she now adopted, blushing deeply as she recalled the vulgar Babseley and Bubseley of former days. But when Aunt Belle was informed that Cinil was the cognomen needed to make her discover an Indian-summer millionaire waiting to bestow his heart upon her Mark Constantine had packed his bags and departed unceremoniously for Hot Springs.

Meantime Mary did not know just how to treat this imperious, lonesome young man who came boldly into her household without apology or warning.

"You don't know how often I've wanted to come and see you," he said unashamedly, delighted that Luke was out of the way and he could play in his fashion the same as Beatrice did in hers. "It isn't business really. I just wanted to talk to you. You assume so much formality at the office that though I admit it may be wise I miss the real you."

"You mean you just trumped up an excuse——" Then Mary began to laugh.

"I do. The DeGraff muddle can wait. It's nice to be able just to sprawl about—sprawl in a comfortable old chair. I like this little room. We are being turned into an Italian villa, you know. I don't quite see how I'll ever live up to it." As he spoke he took out a plebeian tobacco pouch and a nondescript pipe. "May I?"

"Do! Only you ought not to be here at all"—trying to be severe and failing.

"Why not?"

"Because you think only of yourself and of what you wish," she surprised him by answering. "Why not think of the other chap occasionally?"

He paused in the lighting of his pipe. "Oh—you mean my coming here." He looked like an unjustly punished child without redress. "You mean to consign me to the gloom of the grill room or one of those slippery leather chairs in a far corner of the club? Come, you can't say that. I won't listen if you do. I just want to be friends with someone."

With unsuspected coquetry she suggested: "Why not your wife?"

"We're not friends—merely married." He lit his pipe and flipped the match away. "Cheap to say, isn't it? Don't look at me like that; you make me quite conscience-stricken. You seem to be aiming at me as directly as a small boy aims his snowball. Why?"

"It wouldn't do the slightest good to tell you what I think."

"Yes, it would; someone must tell me. I've never been as lonesome in my life as now—when I'm a rich man and the husband of a very lovely woman. It sort of chills me to the marrow at first thought. I've been in a delirium, quite irresponsible. These last few months I've been coming down to earth. Only instead of getting my feet planted on the sod I think I've struck a quicksand bed. I say, lend us a hand."

"Why ask me?"

"I don't just know. I don't think I shall ever be quite so sure of anything again. After all a person has just so much capacity for joy and sorrow, and so much energy, and so much will power, allotted at birth; and if he chooses to go burn it all up in one fell swoop doing one thing—he is at liberty to do so; but he is not given any second helping. Isn't that true? Quite a terrible thing to realize when you know you used up your joy allotment in anticipation—and it has been so much keener and finer than any of the realization. And all my energy went into making money the easiest way I could; but it does not pay."

Mary clasped her hands tightly in her lap; she was afraid to let him see her joy at the long-awaited confession.

"Yet you ask me, a reliable machine, to help you in your perplexities?"

"I don't think of you as a capable machine any more. I used to, that is true enough. I didn't know or care whether your hair was red or your eyes green—but I know now that you have gray eyes and—"

"You really want to know my opinions?" she interrupted breathlessly.

"As much as I used to seek out the stock reports."

"Well—I think people who have planned as exactly as you and Mr. Constantine have planned always banish real principle at the start. After a time you are punished by having an almost fungous growth of sickly conscience—you don't want to face the truth of things, yet isolated incidents, sentimental memories, certain sights and definite statements annoy, haunt, heartbreak you! Still, you have lost your principle, the nucleus of the soul, and the funguslike growth of conscience is such a clumsy imitation—like a paper rose stuck in the ground. Mr. Constantine's type—your type—is flourishing and multiplying among us, I fear, and such are the wishbone, or sickly conscience, and not the backbone, or sterling principle, of the nation. After all, fortunes alone do not make real gentility—thanks be! But you know as well as I that all the—the Gorgeous Girls and their kind and you and I and the

(Continued on Page 93)

F-W-D

First F-W-D Ever Sold

IT passed into the present owner's hands in 1912. The illustration below is from a recent photograph.

Nearly eight years of hard and constant service—with a total expense of only $110.49 a year for upkeep, shown by a carefully kept account. This includes all repair parts and three complete overhaulings.

Records like this are not uncommon among F-W-D Trucks. So far as we can learn every F-W-D Truck sold for commercial purposes is in faithful use today.

An average of 40% saving in upkeep costs is shown in comparison with ordinary trucks. This is the result of the F-W-D principle, equalizing load and power, and construction made possible by one of the most completely equipped truck plants in America. Send for our literature.

A full line of F-W-D Trucks will be exhibited at the New York Show January 3–10

The Four Wheel Drive Auto Co.
Clintonville, Wisconsin
Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario

The boys from the Front will tell you

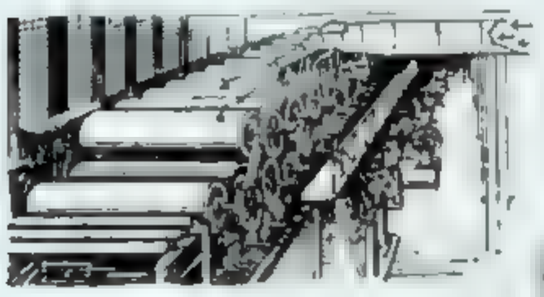
TRUCKS

Air Control Increases Paper Mill's Output

The Sturtevant Vapor Absorption System is today conceded to be the ideal way to remove vapor from paper machines.

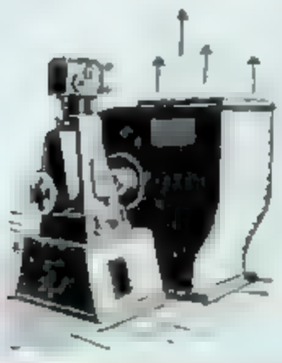
Excessive vapor in the machine room of a paper mill is like heat in an artificial ice plant. Sturtevant apparatus, by forcing a supply of dry, warm air directly on the spot where the vapor starts, and by directing the movements of the air in the machine room, completely does away with this troublesome condition.

The treasurer of a large cardboard mill writes:



"We have found that the Sturtevant Drying System has enabled us to increase the output of our machines from 15% to 20%, besides improving the board by permitting us to dry it with less heat. This has overcome our troubles caused by blisters, etc.

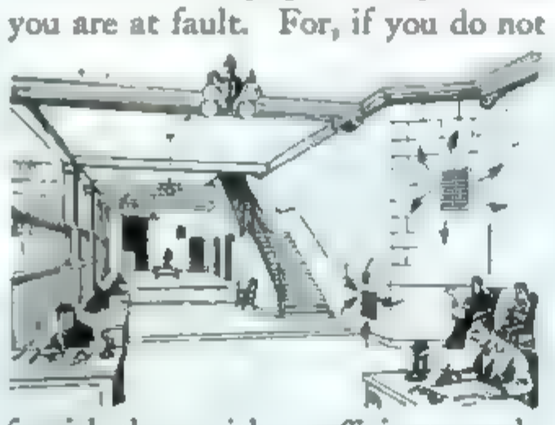
"We feel that it is one of the best investments we have made in a long time, and are pleased to give the system our hearty endorsement."



Paper is only one of the many things that require controlled conditions of temperature and humidity.

Pure Air Is as Necessary as Pure Food

Your employees are not always to blame for slowing up. It may be that you are at fault. For, if you do not



furnish them with a sufficient supply of clean, pure air, you need not expect their best efforts.

Most buildings where a number of men work together need a system of ventilation. Only under the most favorable atmospheric conditions will the air come in through cracks and joints, or through open doors and windows to provide the necessary renewal of air. The modern tendency is toward the most effective and positive Blower systems.

The vice-president of a large trust company in New York states that by proper ventilation he has increased the efficiency of his clerical force.

In industries where the manufacturing processes contaminate the air, good ventilation is even more necessary, and the results of good ventilation on the workman's efficiency are even more surprising.

The Voice i

Are you a maker of things? Have you work to be done? Are you seeking better ways to do your work?

Then go out. Listen to the wind. Watch what it does.

It says: "Every day of your life I have been showing you how I could do your work, and have been waiting vainly for you to call to me. I convey twigs and chaff and even heavy things hundreds of miles. I draw all the water from leaves and from fruit and from all the trees that ever fell. I melt and I freeze. I suck up all the dirt and dust from the roadway and leave it as clean as a ballroom floor. I bring moisture from the sea, and, to men who permit me, I bring pure, health-giving air for them to breathe. When I blow upon

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Airplanes and parts
Agricultural implements
Aluminum ware
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Artificial limbs
Asbestos products
Automobiles
Babbitt metal and solder
Bags
Belting, leather
Billiard tables and materials
Boots and shoes
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Brass, bronze, copper products
Brooms
Cardboard
Carpets, rugs
Carriage and wagon materials
Coffee and spice, roasting, grinding
Coffins, burial cases
Coke
Condensed milk, milk products
Confectionery
Cooperage
Cordage and twine
Carriages and wagons
Cars, general shop construction
Cash registers, calculating machines
Cement
Chemicals
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Glass
Glucose and starch
Glue
Gold and silver, leaf and foil
Gold and silver, reducing, refining
Graphite, ground, refined
Hardware
Hardware saddlery
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Ice, manufactured
Iron and steel, blast furnaces
Iron and steel, steel works
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Iron, forgings, inc. wire nails
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Peanuts, grad and shelling
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Petroleum, re
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Photographic
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R TO WORK

n the Wind

a fire I increase the heat from its fuel. **Why do you not summon me?"**

The work air does when controlled and directed by our apparatus is so varied that we can merely suggest it. But when a manufacturer turns an open mind to the question, "Is there part of my work that air can do?", he enters upon a new world of economies and efficiencies.

Read over the list of industries below in which air apparatus is or can be used. Perhaps you will find your business there. If you do, tell us; if not, write us anyway, and we will send you a bulletin which explains how our apparatus can profitably do your work.

inds of Businesses—Is Your Business in This List?

rctors

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Plated ware
Plumbers' supplies
Printing and publishing
Printing materials
Pulp goods
Pumps
Refrigerators
Rice, cleaning, polishing
Roofing materials
Rubber goods
Saddlery and harness
Safes and vaults
Salt
Sand and emery paper, cloth
Saws
Scales and balances
Screws
Sewing machines, attachments
Shipbuilding
Showcases
Signs and advertising novelties
Silversmithing and silverware
Slaughtering and meat packing
Smelting and refining
Soap
Soda water apparatus
Sporting and athletic goods
Springs, steel, car, carriage
Stamped and enameled ware
Steam fittings, steam and hot water heating apparatus
Steam packing
Stoves and furnaces
Structural iron work
Sugar, refining
Sulphuric, nitric, mixed acids
Surgical appliances
Tin plate and terneplate
Tobacco, chewing, smoking, snuff
Tools
Toys and games
Trunks and valises
Turpentine and rosin
Type founding
Typewriters and supplies
Umbrellas and canes
Varnishes
Wall paper
Wall plaster
Washing machines, clothes wringers
Watch cases
Watches
Wheelbarrows
Whips
Windmills
Window shades and fixtures
Wire
Wireworks, inc. wire rope and cable
Wood distillation
Wood, turned, carved
Wooden goods
Wool pulling
Wool scouring
Wool, shoddy
Woolen and worsted goods
Whalebone cutting

ANT COMPANY **HYDE PARK, BOSTON, MASS.**

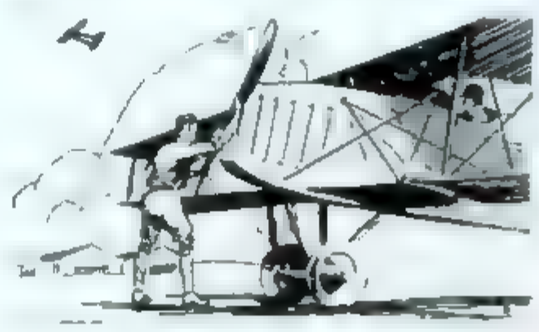
ces in the United States and Canada

. . . 36 Pearl St. Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . 135 N. 3rd St. Salt Lake City, Utah . . . Walker Bank Bldg.
412 Reliance Bldg. Pittsburgh Pa. . . . . 711 Park Bldg. San Francisco, Cal. . . 759 Monadnock Bldg
Metropolitan Life Bldg. Rochester, N. Y. . . . . 1108 Granite Bldg. Seattle, Wash. . . . . 1134 Henry Bldg.
52 Vanderbilt Ave St. Louis, Mo. . . . 2086 Ry. Exchange Bldg. Washington, D. C. 1006 Loan & Trust Bldg.
no Montreal, 404 Birks Building Toronto, 210 Lumsden Building

NG COMPANY, LONDON

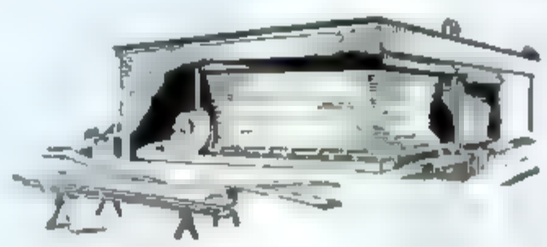
The Lumber-Drying System That Made Possible the Large Airplane Output

The wood that enters government airplanes must be flawless. During the war, the government experienced



difficulty in getting a supply of properly seasoned wood, sufficient to keep pace with the rapid output of other airplane parts. At least, such was the situation until the merits of the Sturtevant High Humidity Kiln Drying System became recognized.

With Sturtevant apparatus lumber is seasoned as well in a few weeks as it formerly took years to do. Warm, moist air coaxes the water from the



center of the wood first, drying the whole thoroughly, quickly, evenly with a new minimum of warp and crack.

This is a new Sturtevant system. It is destined to influence the whole lumber situation.

Many large manufacturers have already increased their profits and made certain of their lumber supply by the installation of this drying system.

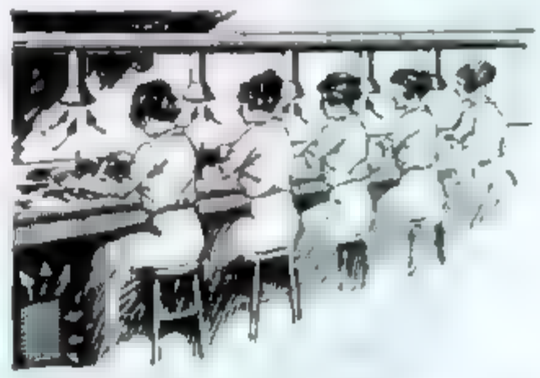
Intense Heat That Is Never Felt

Sturtevant apparatus helps to make more pleasant working conditions in many industries.

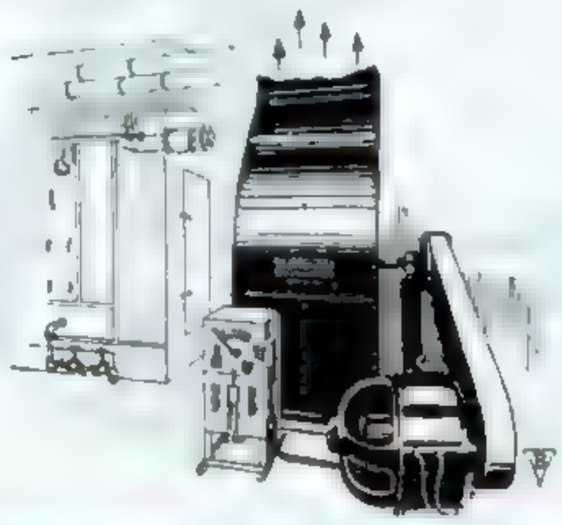
In a certain large factory girls in a long line sit close together and weld pieces of metal over Bunsen burners.

Every one of these girls is spared the intense heat of the Bunsen flame and the fumes of the burning metals; for Sturtevant apparatus controls the flame's heat and sucks the part that is not used into the outer atmosphere.

To make the ventilating system more efficient, Sturtevant Blowers force a supply of fresh, cool air into the room at the feet of each girl.



Without proper ventilation, even strong men could not engage in this work without soon feeling the harmful effects of insufficient oxygen and the escaping gases of burning metals.



RACINE HORSE-SHOE TIRES

Can a Million Motorists be Wrong?

ENDORSEMENT of a tire by a hundred motorists would prove nothing.

Endorsement by a thousand would prove little.

But when a million motorists, scores of great corporations, and three thousand dealers say that Horse-Shoe Tires cost less per mile of service than any other tire built, their collective endorsement carries tremendous weight.

For nine years we have consistently striven to build America's best tire. *They* say we have succeeded.

Can a million motorists be wrong?

Remember the Horse-Shoe Tread

RACINE AUTO TIRE COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

EXPORT DEPARTMENT, 144 WEST 65th STREET, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 88)

next chap we meet belong to the great majority, and of that we have every right to be proud.

"Furthermore, we ought to hold to our place in the social scheme and be the backbone of the nation, keep our principle and not be nagged eternally by a sickly conscience after we have gone and sold our birthright. Gorgeous Girls and their sort have the sole fortification of dollars, endless dollars, endless price tags; their whims bring whole wings of foreign castles floating across the ocean by the wholesale to be reassembled somewhere in good old helpless Illinois or New Jersey. And these people try to be everything but good old American stock—which is quite wrong, for their example causes spendthrifts and Bolsheviki to flourish without end."

"Go on," he said almost sulkily as she paused.

"I've watched it for thirteen years from the various angles of the working girl with an average amount of brain and disposition. When all is said and done you really have to work before you have earned the right to pass judgment—work, not read or patronize or take someone else's statements as final. Do you know how I used to identify the kinds of people that rode in the street cars with me? . . . From seven until eight there were the Frumps. The majority boasted white-kid boots or someone's discarded near-electric-seal jacket, plumes in their hats and an absence of warm woolens. And everyone yawned, between patting thin cheeks with soiled face chamois, 'What d'ja do las' night?'

"From eight to nine came the Funnies; and the majority had white-kid boots and flimsy silk frocks cut as low as our grandmothers' party gowns, and plumes in their hats and silver vanity cases. Their main topics of conversation were: 'He said,' and 'She said,' and 'I don't care if I'm late. I'm going to quit anyway!'

"From nine until noon came the Frills—the wives of modest-salaried men who cannot motor yet write to out-of-town relatives that they do so.

"And every one of those Frumps, Funnies and Frills apes the Gorgeous Girl kind—white kids for shopping, low-cut pumps in January, bizarre coat, chiffon waist, disclosing a thin little neck fairly panting for protection, rouged cheeks, and a plume in her hat—and not a cent of savings in the bank!

"Now there's something wrong when we've come to this, and the wrong does not lie with these people but with those they imitate—Gorgeous Girls, new-rich with sickly consciences and lack of principle and common sense; and these Gorgeous Girls in turn take their styles, slang phrases and modes of recreation, as well as theories of life, from the boldest dancer, the most sensational chorus girl—and it's wrong and not what America should be called upon to endure. And it all reverts in a sense to you busy, unprincipled yet conscience-stricken American business men who write checks for these Gorgeous Girls—and the heathen in Africa—and wonder why golf doesn't bring your blood pressure down to normal—when your grandfather had such a wonderful constitution at eighty-four! Don't you know that get-rich-quick people always pay a usurer's interest on the suddenly accumulated principal?"

"Keep on," he said in the same surly tone.

"When I go downtown and view the weary unwashed females and the overly ambitious painted ones, people in impossible bargain shoes and summer furs, fat men in plaid suits and Alpine hats, undernourished children being dragged along by unthinking adults, stray dogs wistfully sniffing at passers-by in hopes of finding a permanent friend, tired blind work horses standing in the sun and resignedly being overloaded for the day's haul, fire sales of fur coats, candy sales of gooey hunks, a jewelry special of earrings warranted to betray no tarnish until well after Christmas, brokers' ads and vaudeville billboards and rows upon rows of awful, huddled-up, gardenless homes with families lodged somewhere between the first and twelfth stories—the general chasing after nothing, saving nothing and, saddest of all, the complacent delusion that they have achieved something well worth while—it makes me willing to earn and learn as I do."

"Don't leave me in the quicksand. What can we do about it?"

"Make that sort of American woman realize she is more needed in the home and can accomplish more with that as her goal than in any other place in the world. You don't know all my dreams for the American woman—don't you think that this Gorgeous Girl parasitical type is a result of the Victorian revolt? Too late for themselves the Victorian matrons said, 'Our daughters shall never slave as we have done; they shall be ladies—and have careers too, bless their hearts.' The Victorian matrons were emerging from the unfair conditions of ignorance and drudgery and they could realize only one side of the argument—that all work and no play make Jill quite a stupid girl.

"But we must grasp the other side of the matter—that all play and no work make her simply impossible; that culture and self-sufficiency can go hand in hand. The American woman really is—and must continue to be—the all-round, regular fellow of the feminine world. Then she will not only teach a great and needed truth to her backward European sisters but she will produce a great future race. American women have tried frivolity in nearly every form and they have worked seriously likewise; they have intruded into men's professions and careers and in some cases have beaten men at their own game. They have successfully broken down the narrow prejudices and limitations which the Victorian era tried making immortal under the title of sentiment—but after they have had the reward of victory and the knowledge of the game, why not be square, as they really are, and do the part the Great Plan meant them to do? Be women first—let the career take the woman if need be, but always thank the good Lord if it needn't be."

"And to think you have been working for me," Steve said softly.

"I know that culture and enjoyment of life may be yoked with so-called drudgery. I know too that women are retiring not in defeat but with honor and victory in their truest sense when they step out of business life back to their homes. Nor are they empty-handed like the Victorian matrons; but with the energy of tried and true warriors, the ballot in one hand, the child led by the other, they are in a position to right old wrongs, for they have won new rights. They will be able to put into practice in their homes all they have gleaned from the sojourn in the world—the ill-given service of unfitted menials will disappear, as will waste and nerve-racking detail.

"And love must be the leavener of it all—with all her progress and her ability, trained talents and clever logic, the American woman must not and will not renounce her romance—for it is part of God's very promise of immortality."

"How often may I come here?" he begged.

Mary shook her head. "You've got me started, as Luke says, and I'm hard to check. But have you never thought that out of all the world the American woman is the only woman who cooks and serves her dinner if it is necessary, adjourns to her parlor afterward and discusses poetry and politics and the last style hat with her guests? For she has learned true democracy, not rebellion; she has learned courage, not hysterical threats to play the rebel, the slacker.

"And now I'll make you a cup of coffee. And never let me catch you here again!"

When Luke arrived home he found Steve O'Valley basking in the big chair he was wont to occupy, though it was past ten o'clock and he had anticipated questions from Mary as to his tardiness. Instead he found a very rosy-cheeked, almost sunrise-eyed sister who stammered her greeting as the flustered Mr. O'Valley found his hat and the neglected business portfolio and took his leave.

XII

TO KEEP down the rising tide of overweight Beatrice abandoned the occult method of having a good time and turned her interest to new creeds containing continual bogus joy and a denial of the vicarious theory of life. But when she discovered that optimism was no deterrent to the oncoming tide of flesh she began a vigorous course in face bleaching, reducing, massage and electrical treatments, with Trudy playing attentive friend and confidant and secretly chuckling over the Gorgeous Girl's fast-appearing double chin and her disappearing waistline.

The extensive work of making the house into an Italian villa kept Beatrice from brooding too much over her embonpoint. She enjoyed the endless conferences with the decorators, drapers, artists and what not, with Gay's suave, flattering little self always at her elbow, his tactful remarks about So-and-so being altogether too thin and the wonderful nutritive value of chocolate.

"Bea will look like a fishwife when she is forty," he told Trudy soon after the villa was under way and the first anniversary drew near. "She eats as much candy in a week as an orphan asylum on Christmas Day. Why doesn't someone tell her to stop?"

Gay felt rather kindly toward Beatrice, for his commissions from the villa transformation made him secure for some time to come; Alice Twill's idea of a French château, however, had blown up unexpectedly.

"Well, why don't people tell you that you look an utter fool with that extra-intelligent edition of tortoise-shell glasses that you wear?" Trudy retorted. Gay was her husband and her property so long as she saw fit to stay his wife, and she did not approve of his constant attendance on the Gorgeous Girl. Even her deliberate retaliation by flirting with the gouty-toe brigade did not make amends. She had moments of depression similar to the time she had learned Mary's secret. But she did not go back to Mary in the same abandoned spirit. It would never do. If she were not careful she would begin to think for herself and want to take to sensible shoes and a real job, hating herself so utterly that she could never have any more good times. So she saw Mary only at intervals and tried to do nice trifles for her. Trudy was thinner than ever and she had an annoying cough. She still used a can opener as an aid-de-camp in housekeeping and laughed at snow flurries in her low shoes and gauzelike draperies.

It delighted her to have Beatrice become heavy of figure—it almost gave her a hold on her, she fancied, for Beatrice sighed with envy at Trudy's one hundred and ten pounds and used Trudy as an argument for eating candy.

"Trudy eats candy, lots of it, and she stays thin," she told Steve.

"Yes; but she works and you don't. You don't even pay a gymnasium instructor for daily perseverance, for you could do exercises yourself if you wanted. You sleep late and keep the house like the equator," he continued.

Beatrice looked at him in scorn. "Do I ever please you?"

"You married me," he said gallantly.

"When I did that I was thinking about pleasing only you, I'm afraid," was his reward. "I wish you would study French—you have such a queer education you can't help having queer ideas. And you can't always go along with such funny views and be like papa. There isn't room for two in the same family."

"Do you know the Bible?" he demanded.

Beatrice giggled.

"There you are! You think I haven't studied in my own fashion. Well, if you did know the Bible intellectually, and Milton ——"

"It sounds like a correspondence-school course. Don't, Stevuns! Do you know the latest dance from Spain—the paso-doble? Of course you don't. You don't know any of the romance of the Ming dynasty or how to tell a Tanagra figurine from a plaster-of-Paris shepherdess. You haven't read a single Russian novel; you just glare and stare when they're mentioned. You won't play bridge, you can't sing or make shadow pictures or imitate anyone. Good gracious, now that you've made a fortune—enjoy it!"

Steve was silent. It was not only futile to argue—it was nerve-racking. Besides, he had found someone else with whom argument was a rare joy and a personal gain—Mary Faithful. At frequent intervals he had won a welcome at the doorway of the little apartment. He almost wished that Beatrice would find it out and row about it, leaving him in peace. He had not yet assumed unselfish views as to the matter. He was no longer in love with his wife but he was not yet in love with Mary. Instead he was passing through that interlude, whose brevity has made the world doubt its existence, known as platonic friendship. Platonic friendship does exist but it is like tropical twilight—the one whirlwind second in which brilliant sunshine and blue skies dip down and the stars and the moon dash up—and then the trick is done!

But like the thief who audaciously walks by the house of his victim, Steve was never accused of anything worse than using his leisure time to frequent those low restaurants where they serve everything on a two-inch-thick plate. Which, he had retorted, was a relief from eating turtle steak off green-glass dinner plates.

The first wedding anniversary was a rather disappointing affair since Beatrice had to remodel her wedding gown in order to wear it. That fact alone was distressing. And at the eleventh hour Steve was called out of town, which left Beatrice in the hands of her angel-duck brigade, who all felt it their duty to paint Steve in terms of reproach.

"Now Steve felt just as badly about going as you do to have him away," her father said by way of clumsy consolation. "And he bought you a handsome gift."

"But I have one quite as lovely," Beatrice objected. "It was unpardonable of him to go, even if there was a strike and a fire. Let the police arrest everybody."

She laid aside the gift, a glittering headdress in the form of platinum Mercury wings set with diamonds, fitting close to the head and giving a decided Brunhild effect. "I hate duplicates; I always want something different and novel."

"It's a good thing I gave you a check," said her father.

"Yes, because Gay can always find me something"—brightening. "And tell me, how is the salon fresco coming on?"

Her father held up his hands in protest. "Ask something easy. A mob of workmen and sleek gentlemen that tiptoe about like undertakers' assistants—that's all I know. But not one of them touches my room!"

"All right, papa." She kissed him prettily. "And as I'm dead for sleep and aunty is snoring in her chair, suppose you wake her up and run along?"

Summoning Aunt Belle, who was approaching the Mrs. Skewton stage of wanting a continuous rose-curtain effect, Beatrice stood at the window with unusual affection to wave the last of her guests a good-by.

She sat up until daylight, to her maid's dismay, still in her remodeled wedding gown. She was thinking chaotic, rebellious, ridiculous nothings, punctuated with uneven ragged thoughts about matching gloves to gowns or getting potted goose livers at the eastside store Trudy had just recommended. The general trend of her reverie was the dissatisfaction not over this first year of married life but at the twenty-seven years as a Gorgeous Girl, the disappointment at not having some vital impelling thing to do, which should of course supply a good time as well as a desirable achievement. The inherited energy was demanding an outlet. She recalled the evening's entertainment—a paper chase with every room left littered and disordered, her lace flounce badly torn, her head thumping with pain, the latest dances, the inane music, the scandal whispered between numbers, the elaborate supper and favors, the elaborate farewells—and the elaborate lies about the charm of the hostess and the good time.

She began to envy Steve as well as Trudy, Steve in his hotel busy with labor delegates, wrangling, demanding, threatening, winning or losing as the case might be. She too must do something. She had finished with another series of adventures—that of being a mad butterfly. It was shelved with the months of a romantic parasitical existence misnaming jealous monopoly as love, an existence which all at once seemed as long ago as another lifetime.

She would now be an advanced woman, intellectual, daring; she would allow her stunted abilities to have definite expression. Either she would find a new circle of friends or else swerve the course of the present circle into an atmosphere of Ibsen, Pater, advanced feminine thought and so on—with Egyptology as a special side line. She would even become an advocate of parlor socialism, perhaps. She would encourage languid poets and sarcastic sex novelists with matted hair and puff satin ties. She would seek out short-haired mannish women with theories and oodles of unpublished short stories, and feed them well, opening her house for their drawing-room talks. She would be a lion tamer! She was done with sighing and tears, belonging to the first stage of Glorious Girlism; and with pouting and flirting, which belonged to the second—she would now make them roar, herself included!

At noon the next day she sought Mary Faithful in her office, to everyone's surprise. To her own astonishment she discovered her husband busily engaged in

(Continued on Page 96)

Actual photograph showing trucks No 6 and No 7, respectively, on mud tires and Goodyear Cord Tires, which were used in making the tire test described on the next page

GOODYEAR

Pneumatics Hauled for Less in This Transportation Test

ON September 30, 1919, The Harris Transfer Company, Hauling Contractors of Indianapolis, concluded a six months' test of solid versus pneumatic truck tires. The two trucks employed, No. 6 and No. 7, were of the same make, capacity, and service life. They had been built at about the same time, being separated by only eight serial engine numbers. The results of this extended comparison of solid and pneumatic tires show why The Harris Transfer Company intends to specify pneumatics when purchasing new trucks.

	Truck No. 6 (Completely equipped with solid tires)	Truck No. 7 (Completely equipped with Goodyear Cord Tires)	Saving effected by Goodyear Cord Tires
Miles traveled	3842.7	3870.5	Mileage figures governed by service conditions
Gallons of Gasoline	804	546	32% saving
Pints of Cylinder Oil	122	50	59% saving
Repairs (per mile)	$0.0035	$0.0002	92% saving
Operating cost (per mile)	.344	.316	8% saving

Note:—Mileages of Goodyear Cord Tires on Truck No. 7 average 13,500 to date, all remaining in sound condition. One rear has traveled 18,000 miles, remaining serviceable.

Despite seasonal and service conditions which partially favored the solid-tired truck in the test described above, the unit on Goodyear Cord Tires established savings of unusual size.

Despite the distribution of practically the same overhead charges over distances nearly equal, the Goodyear Cord Tires were able to reduce net operating cost 8 per cent per mile.

Being limited by the contract work handled, the pneumatic-tired truck did not run all day every day and consequently did not have an opportunity to show all the saving possible in operating cost per mile.

For the solid-tired unit, the standard round trip throughout the six months' period was 1.98 miles while for the truck on Goodyear Cord Tires, the standard round trip during the entire time was 4½ miles.

The short trip, with frequent starting and stopping, probably accounted for a small fraction of the gasoline used by No. 6 (solid tires) but the bulk of difference in fuel consumption plainly indicates the effect of the pneumatics.

Further operating and cost data, bearing on the use of pneumatic truck tires in distinct lines of business, may be obtained by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 93)

conversation with some members of the Board of Trade, his traveling bag on a side table.

"I didn't bother to telephone you or wire—I got in at eight this morning and came right up here. I knew you'd not be up," he added curtly. "Would you mind waiting in Miss Faithful's office until I'm at liberty?"

Beatrice was forced to consent graciously and passed into the other room, where Mary was giving dictation.

When Mary finished she offered Beatrice a magazine but the Gorgeous Girl declined it and began in petulant fashion:

"I've been thinking about you, Miss Faithful, and I do envy you. Do you know why? You have more of my husband than I have; that was what I came to tell you. For business is his very life and you are his business partner. I only have the tired remnant that occasionally wanders homeward."

Mary wondered what Beatrice would say if she knew of the supper talks she had with the tired remnant, who flung discretion to the winds and clamored for invitations as keenly as he had once begged for the Gorgeous Girl's kisses.

"Oh, no, that's not true. You see ——" she began, but she simply could not finish the lie.

"I've decided that if business is more important to my husband than his wedding anniversary I shall be of importance to him in his business," she continued. "Be careful—you've a rival looming ahead."

Steve opened the door and nodded for his wife to come in. Mary was left with rather unsteady nerves and a pessimistic attitude to round out her day. Beatrice's hint had an unpleasant petty sound that she did not quite understand. She wished she had never allowed Steve to draw her out of her businesslike attitude. However, when she learned he had very unexpectedly called off work for the rest of the day to do his wife's bidding she told herself she was needlessly alarmed, though it was always a rash thing to try exchanging her heartache for a temporary joyful mirage!

The next evening when Mary was in the throes of explaining this thing in guarded fashion to Steve and Steve was arguing angrily and begging for his welcome, Trudy Vondeplosshe happened in unexpectedly and very much rejoiced inwardly at finding this delightful little tête-à-tête in full progress.

Of course the couple gave business and the recent strike as alarming necessities for a private conference, and then Steve scuttled away, leaving Mary to try to look unconscious and change the subject to Trudy's new hat. But ever mindful of Mary's confession Trudy was not to be swerved from the topic.

"I'm glad Beatrice was not with me," she said sweetly, "for like all heartless flirts she is jealous—ashamed of Steve half of the time and mad about him the other half. I'd try to have the business all transacted at the office. You used to. And Beatrice says business isn't half as brisk as it was then "

The upshot of the matter resulted in Mary's applying for a two-months leave of absence. Spent in the far North Woods with Luke it would make common sense win over starved dreams.

"I think I've earned it," was all she said to Steve.

"A year ago I went away and you stayed. Of course you have earned it. But I am going to miss you "

The day before she left—it was well into July before she could conscientiously see her way clear to go—she received a plaid steamer rug. There was no card attached to the gift, and when she was summoned to Steve's apartment to inform him about some matters, Steve having a slight attack of grippe, she was so formal to both Steve and Beatrice, who stayed in the room, making them very conscious of her apricot-satin and cream-lace presence, that Beatrice remarked later:

"It's a fortunate thing that she isn't going to visit the North Pole; she'd be so chilly when she returned you'd have to wrap the entire office in a warming pad. I was thinking this morning that with the way she lives and manages she must have saved some money. Do you know if she has—and how much? I hope you won't pay her salary while she is gone. It's no wonder she can afford nervous prostration if you do!"

"I didn't know she had it," Steve said dully.

"Whatever it is then that makes her take all this time. The way employees act, walking roughshod in their rights! And now, deary, hurry and get well, for I've a wonderful surprise for you." She knelt beside the couch and patted his cheek. "I'm going to be your private secretary during her absence—yes, I am. As soon as I finish making the manikins for the knitting bags at the kermis. Then I'm going to try to take her place—well, a tiny part of her place to start with, and work into the position gradually. Yes, I am. I'm determined to try it. I've worried and worried to decide what to do with myself."

Worry was Beatrice's sole form of prayer. Steve wondered if what Mary had recently said to him could be true, at least in his own case. She had said that defeat at thirty should be an incentive—only after fifty could it be counted a definite disaster.

XIII

"YOU don't know how I've missed you," Steve told Mary upon her return. "Don't I look it?" he added wistfully.

Mary had appeared at the office late one September afternoon rather than appear the following morning as a model of exact punctuality. She had had to force herself to remain away until her leave of absence expired. It was Luke who rejoiced in the freedom of the woods and the green growing things in which his sister had tried to take consolation, telling herself they would revive her common sense and banish absurd notions concerning Steve O'Valley. It was Luke who rejoiced at catching the largest trout of the season, who never wearied of hayrack rides and corn roasts and bonfires with circles of ghostlike figures enduring the smoke and the damp and the rapid-fire gossiping and giggling. Luke had returned with a healthy coat of tan and a large correspondence list, pledging himself to revisit the spot every season.

But Mary felt defeated in the very purpose of her holiday. The atmosphere of weary school-teachers trying to appear as golden-haired flappers foot-loose for a romance, the omnipresent white shoes always drying outside tents or along window sills, the college professors eternally talking about their one three-month tour of Europe, the mosquitoes, the professional invalid, the inevitable divorcee, the woman with literary ambitions and a typewriter set in action on the greenest, most secluded spot for miles about, the eternal snapshotting of everything from an angleworm to a group of arm-entwined bathers about to play splash-me, the cheap talk and aping of such gorgeous girls as Beatrice Constantine—all this on one side, and a great and eternal loneliness for Steve on the other.

It was small wonder that defeat was the result. And yet in her heart of hearts Mary was glad that it was so. There is something splendid and breathless in trying to shut away a forbidden rapture, and being unable to do so; in telling oneself one will never try repression again but will shamelessly acknowledge the forbidden rapture and register a desire to thrill to it whenever possible.

Besides the irritations of the summer camp Mary had been forced to leave Hanover remembering Steve as ill, worried over business; of Beatrice's hinting that she would usurp her place. There had been so many womanly trifles she would have done for Steve had she been in Beatrice's position—a linen cover for the water glass; a soft shade on the window instead of the glaring white-and-gold-striped affair; exile for that ubiquitous spaniel, home cooking, with old-fashioned milk toast and real coffee of a forefather's day.

Strange, how such homy trifles persist in the mind of a commercial nun through two months of supposed enjoyment and liberty. In the same way incongruous associations of ideas spring into the brain with no apparent reason at all, causing fossilized professors to write essays-under-glass that elucidate matters not in the slightest.

So Mary returned to the office two days ahead of time, her heart thumping so loudly that she thought Miss Lunk would surely detect the sound. She deliberately dressed herself in a demure new suit and a becoming black-winged hat which made her seem as if delightfully arrayed for afternoon tea. And it was with a charming timidity that she tiptoed into the office.

Before Steve had asked her opinion she had given one swift look about the two offices, and she was glad that they looked as they did. It would have been quite terrible to have found them spick and span and quite self-sufficient, without a hint that Mary Faithful was missed or irreplaceable.

Evidences of Beatrice's brief sojourn in the business world still remained—an elaborate easy-chair with rose pillows, a vacuum bottle and cut-glass tumbler, a curlicue French mirror slightly awry, and on her desk a gay-bordered silk handkerchief, a silver-mesh bag and a great amount of cluttered notations; all of which proved that the understudy secretary had not yet mastered the law of efficiency.

It seemed amusing to Mary. She thought, "How stupid! How can she—when the wicker basket is the one logical place for ——"

Then she spied Steve's desk, bearing a suggestion of the same disorder about it. When she spoke his name and he started up, holding out both hands, she saw a queer bright look in his eyes, as if he too were trying to convince himself that everything was all right.

"So you really missed me?"

"Missed you! Heaven alone can record the unselfish struggle I endured to let you play. I give you my word."

He wheeled up a chair for her, just as he used to wheel up a chair for Beatrice, and sitting opposite him Mary heard an almost womanish enumeration of petty troubles and disturbances, a pathetic threat as to the avalanche of work which would await her in the morning.

"And now I will be polite enough to ask if you had a good time?"

"Very! And Mrs. O'Valley?"

It was so horrid to have to pretend when each knew the other was pretending; and as they pretended to the world in general, what a relief and blessed lightening of tension it would have been to have said merely an honest: "We don't care about Mrs. Gorgeous Girl or anyone else. We are quite content with each other. True, this is still platonic friendship—with one of us—but all tropical twilight is of short duration. It won't be platonic much longer. So let's talk about ourselves all we like!"

But being thoroughbred young persons they felt it was not the thing even to think frankly.

"She is well," Steve said briefly.

"She came down here, she wrote me, when she wanted to find out about something or other. I've forgotten just what."

Steve smiled. "Yes, for nearly a week Mrs. O'Valley managed to create a furore among her own set. Before she came here she ordered an entire new outfit of clothes—business togs. There were queer hats and shirt waists and things." He laughed at the remembrance. "Then she had to practice getting up early; that took a lot of time. Meanwhile Miss Sartwell did your work just as we planned. It was found necessary to postpone her business career still further because of an out-of-door pageant that required her services as a nymph. She caught cold at rehearsal and enjoyed a week of indoors.

"Then Gay turned up with a whole flock of new decorators for the d—— for the villa thing, and I was left without aid for the ennuied for another ten days. Jill Briggs had a wedding anniversary and relied on Beatrice's aid. Of course she could not refuse, and Trudy, who, by the way, has come on very rapidly, persuaded Beatrice to take a booth at a charity kettledrum.

"So after several weeks my wife appeared on my business horizon and hung that mirror up and had those other things moved in and then she discovered that the impudent girls were all copying her coats and hats and stuff and even used her sort of perfume, and she decided that her duty lay not in making me a competent secretary but in reforming these extravagant young persons so that she could wear a model gown in comfort and not see it copied within a month. It was quite an experience for her; she was here about five days. Miss Sartwell just moved her desk out there and we managed nicely. Beatrice also had a private teacher for typewriting and so on, but she gave it all up because she felt the confinement and long hours made her head ache and she gained weight. She fled in haste. Sorry she had to do so, but under the circumstances it was better to jeopardize my business career than her own figure!"

"Aren't you a little unfair?" Mary said seriously.

"Am I? I never thought so. Wait—I must finish the tale. For a whole week after being my business partner she tried what she called holiness as a cosmetic, and became high-church and quite trying. At the end of that time she felt a veritable dynamo of nerves and scandal and proceeded to become a liberated and advanced woman. You'll soon enough see what I mean. She doesn't run to short-haired ladies with theories so much as to hollow-eyed gentlemen embroidering cantos in the drawing-room and trying to make the world safe for poetry. De luxe adventuresses strike her as harmonious just now. You'll hear about one Sezanne del Monte who is staying in town and living off of Bea and her set."

"The woman who is divorced every season—and stars in musical comedy?"

"The same. Sezanne is now writing the intimate story of her life; sort of heart throbs instead of punctuation marks—lots of asterisks, you know, separating the paragraphs. Beatrice is going to finance the publication of it and Gay is going to be the sales manager. Yes, it's funny but a blamed nuisance when you come home and you find yourself wandering through a crowd of Sezanne del Montes and Gays and Trudys, all bent on playing parlor steeplechase, and you can't find a plain chair to sit down or eat a plain meal or read a newspaper. It's more than a blamed nuisance—it's cause for a trial by jury," he ended whimsically. "Now what's wrong?"—watching Mary's face.

"It isn't cricket to tell all this."

Somehow the old struggle began with renewed energy in Mary's heart, the puritanical part saying, "Forget you ever thought twice of this man"; and the dreamer part urging, "You have earned the right to love him. She has not. Just be fair—merely fair. You have the right; don't let your opportunity slip by."

"Why can't I tell you? I have no one else to whom I can tell things—and I'm so everlastingly tired. Goat tending and living off dried buffalo meat never fagged me like trying to dance with Trudy and living on truffles and champagne. First you are mentally bewildered and physically fagged, then you become defiant, then you realize that is no use, you've brought this on your own self—it is quite the common fate of men like myself—and so you keep on with the steady grind; and by and by you find yourself longing to play in your own way with your own sort. The other sort have use for you only so long as you pay their bills; you are hardly missed, if the truth were told.

"Well, you must keep on with the grind And you want your sort of playmates and fun, and it's such decent upright fun in comparison Oh, pshaw!" He stood up, kicking the edge of the rug in almost boyish, shamed fashion.

"Business isn't quite so good," he began anew in an impersonal, even voice. "Mr. Constantine thinks that the abnormal prosperity is on the wane for keeps—we must prepare for it—but Mr. Constantine has practically retired since you have been away. He's not well. To-morrow morning, if you don't mind, I'll take you over there and we can straighten out some things for him. He is selling the greater share of stock to men from the West. And he's saved out some pretty nice sugar plums to hand over to me. I haven't been asked whether or not I want them."

"I'm sorry."

"I knew you would be, Miss Iconoclast."

"Why do you accept them?"

"How can I refuse?"

"By saying you are not prepared to be a mental wreck at forty—which you will be if you try such a gigantic scheme with so little preparation. I've an idea that when Mr. Constantine is known to have withdrawn from the business world there will be a change in many things. And when you are known to be alone in the fort ——" She paused.

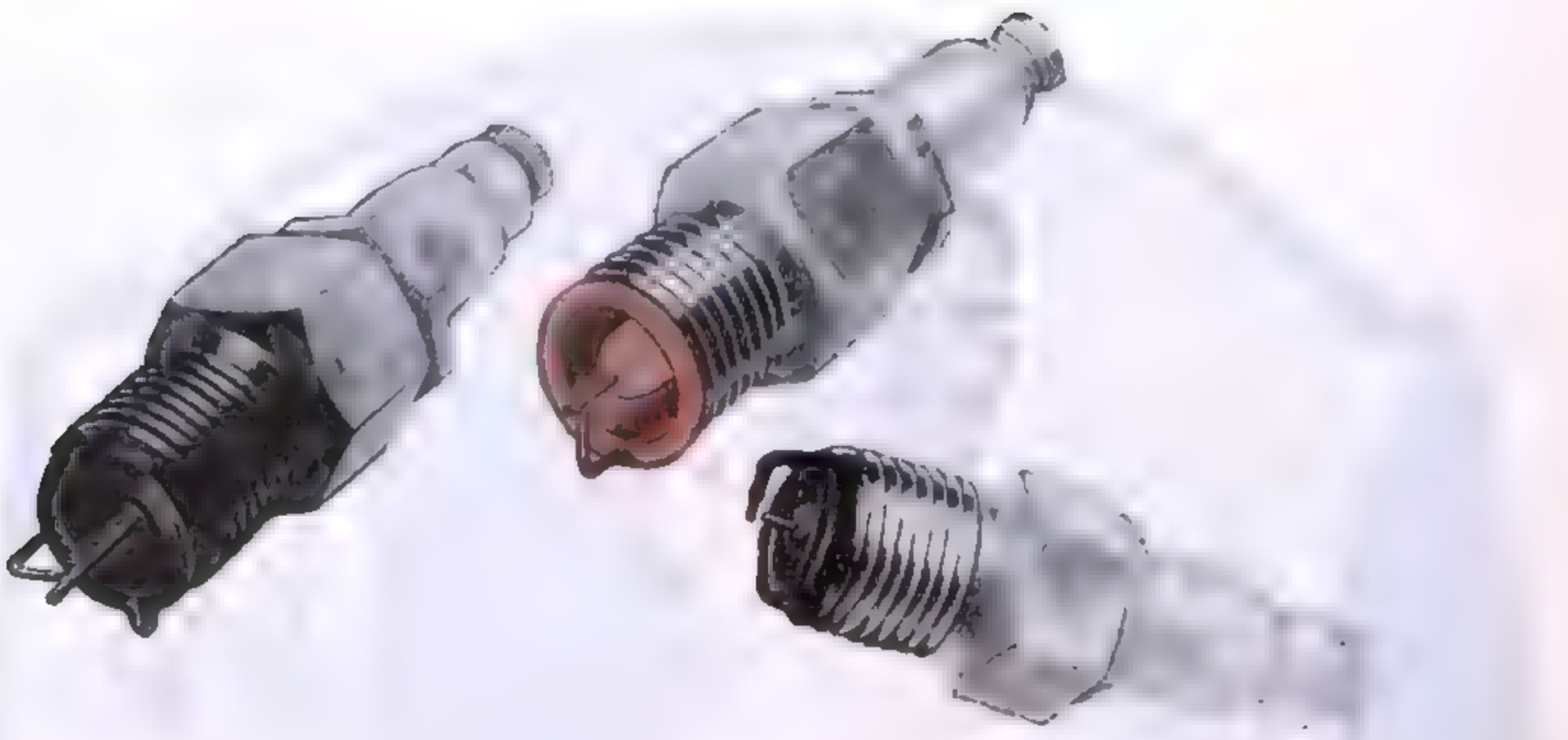
"Go on," he demanded irritably. "Can I never make you understand how much I want your advice, your opinions, your scoldings?"

"I think you will have new enemies with whom to deal—enemies you never thought existed. I don't believe you can deal with them because you have always been so cotton-wooled, so to speak, by being Constantine's especial protégé ——"

"I've done what I've done myself," he interrupted, "and I'm afraid of no one."

"You think you have," she corrected. "You have done what you have because Constantine was back of you—and now he is an old tired man and very soon he will think more of the old days with Hannah than of the present. Which is perfectly

(Continued on Page 100)



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supplies lubrication for all parts of the Eden, which lasts for years and does away with the need of mussy oiling. Be sure the washer you buy has this unit oiling system.

The Eden Automatic Clutch

releases the motor when the cylinder or wringer is overloaded. This prevents the costly blowing out of fuses—another of the special features that make the Eden the *safe* machine.

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You never have to pull the cylinder around to get at the doors when you use the Eden. Eden doors automatically stop at the top ready to be opened and folded back against the sides of the machine to prevent things from falling between the cylinder and tub—a feature you need on the washer you buy.

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The Eden

(Continued from Page 96)

safe for him to do. Because Mr. Constantine reckoned on his enemies he knew to a man who hated him and who was afraid of him, who admired him and who would be indifferent; and that is just as essential to success as to reckon on your friends. You never did that—you hadn't the time—it was all so dazzling and sudden with the war helping things along at breakneck speed. You will find that if you have an Achilles heel it will be because you did not reckon on your enemies and are somewhat like a blindfolded man with money in your purse set down in a strange locality. . . . There! How does that sound for a welcome?"

Steve was pacing up and down the floor. "I'd like enemies," he said. "I'd like to see them try jumping at my throat. I'd make them cry quits. You don't frighten me; you stimulate me."

"That was my intention"—picking up her purse.

"Don't go—or let me come to supper," he begged.

She shook her head. Someone came in just then to whom she spoke of the pleasure it was to be back at the office; the word spread that Miss Faithful was back and girls came in groups to smile and say some pretty thing, and the men nodded with a pleased expression. Watching the procedure Steve realized that Mary was as dominant a personality in his office as he was himself, and instead of feeling a vague disapproval of the fact he was genuinely elated that it was so.

After the last of the visitors had gone and the clock pointed to five he said, "Of course I'm going to be dragged some place this evening, so I wouldn't have much time—but may I come to supper? I'm going out of town next week. There, isn't that a good reason to come to-night?"

"Suppose the world knew this—our little business world?"

"Hang the world!"

"You never did. You flattered it and were delighted when the world patted you on the head and said, 'Nice Stevens, come in and bring your bags of gold—the living's fine.'"

"Are you starting in to tell me that people would misunderstand my motives? Sezanne del Monte has chapters along those lines. And Beatrice has quite a fad of slumming and taking a notebook along to write down new slang phrases or oaths or bits of heart-broken philosophy spilled in a drunken moment. . . . I've grown careless to everything presumably orderly and conventional. I'm ready to walk the plank for my indifference, if need be—but I do want to come home with you for supper!"

Mary did not answer for a moment. Then she said in a quick breathless tone, as if she did not want to hear her own words, "I wonder if it would do any good to try explaining—really explaining and not fibbing or pretending ——"

"It has always done me good when you have explained—and I can't imagine you telling cheap untruths."

"Then I will try it." The gray eyes grew stormy. "For if we are to continue as employer and secretary—and you must have such a person and I must earn my living—it would be much easier if you really understood and it was all settled. You've talked about early hardships, misunderstood childhood, goat tending and what not; and the world gives you credit for your achievements. Then surely you must understand the woman's end of the game—the American woman's part in business, for it's not easy to be errand girl or to fill endless underpaid clerical positions. It's not easy to pile out every morning at such and such an hour and stand at a desk and work as if you had neither heart nor eye for the other things in life until gradually the woman part of yourself is changed and it is often too late to enjoy anything but desk drudgery—and a bonus!

"Now the man in the business game forgoes nothing; he has the world's applause if he succeeds and the kisses of the woman he loves for his recreation, and all is complete and as it should be. But we commercial women of to-day do a man's work and earn a man's wage. We do stay starved women, even if that fact doesn't appear on the surface. We cannot have the things of romance as well as our livelihood. And by the very nature of the average business woman's life she is often in love with someone in her office—from propinquity, if from no other reason. She must. Don't you see? They're practically the only men she really comes to know or who come to know her, and she just can't stab her heart into sudden death.

"So she wears her prettiest frock for this man—a wooden-faced bookkeeper perhaps; or a preoccupied president—and she dreams of him and is jealous of him and very likely gossips about him. And the years pass and she stays just as shut away and misunderstood and starved. And sometimes a woman, originally the most honest in the world, under these circumstances will deliberately steal another woman's husband if she has the chance. Yes, she will—she does."

"What do you mean, Mary?" He was almost unconscious of using the name.

"That I am no different from the others. I came here with the same starved heart and woman's hopes, and I put into your career the devotion and service and very prayers that I should have put into a home and a family—your joys were my joys, your problems mine. It has not been my clever brain that has made me worth so much to you. That is what the superficial public says, but I know better. It's been the love—yes, the love for you that has made me indispensable! The unreturned and unsuspected and I presume wicked love I felt for you. And now I've told you—broken precedent and told the truth. And as you don't love me you'll feel very uncomfortable with me about. And you won't want to play off pal; you'll fight shy of me except for everyday work. So it has been the only square thing to do—humiliate myself into telling.

"I love you, I always have and I always will—but I'm no home-wrecking emotional being and I expect that we will resume our old relationships and I shall go on serving you and knowing my recompense will be a handsome farewell gift and a pension.

"Oh, the business woman's life isn't all beer and skittles. We're expected to lie about our hearts, yet be as reliable as an adding machine about our columns of figures; to be shut away from the social world, thrown with men more hours a day than their wives see them, and yet remain immovable, aloof, disinterested! Just good fellows, you know. Isn't it hideous to think I've really told the truth!"

At this identical moment their platonic friendship, alias tropical twilight, ended, and Mary's evening star of romance rose to stay. But such being the case Steve was the last person in the world to try to convince her it was so.

All he said was: "I never appreciated you before. Please don't feel that telling me this will make any difference save that I'll stay aloof—as you suggest. I can forget it, somewhat, if that will make you feel any better about it. It is all quite true and equally hopeless—true things usually are—and if you like I'll send you home in the car, because you must be a trifle tired."

"Thank you," she remembered answering as she told Steve's chauffeur where to drive.

"You look as tired as before we went away," Luke complained that same night when Mary sat at her desk adding up expenses and making out checks.

"Oh, no. This shade makes everyone look ghastly," she said.

"I'll have to get a hump on and make my pile," he consoled. "I don't want my sister being all tired out before she's too old to have a good time."

"A good time?" Mary repeated. "Are you inoculated too?"

"What's wrong with a good time? I guess Steve O'Valley plays all he likes!"

"Yes, dear, I guess he does," Mary forced herself to answer.

When Steve returned home that evening he found one of those impromptu dinner parties on hand instead of a formal engagement. They had become quite the fad in Bea's set. The idea was this—young matrons convened in the afternoon at one of their homes for cocktails and confidences; very likely Sezanne del Monte would drop in to read her last chapter or Gay Vondeplosshe would arrive brandishing his cane and telling everyone how beautiful the Italian villa was to be; and by and by they would gather round the piano to sing the latest songs; then when the clock would strike six there would be a wild flutter and a suggestion:

"Let's phone cook to bring over our dinner. Then our husbands can come along or not just as they like. We'll have a parlor picnic; and no one will bother about being dressed. And we'll go to the nickel dance hall later."

This was followed by a procession of cooks arriving in state in various motor cars and carrying covered trays and vacuum bottles and departing in high spirits at the early close of their day's work. Then the procession of subdued husbands would follow and conglomerate menus would be spread on a series of tea tables throughout the rooms, with Sezanne smoking her small amber-stemmed pipe and describing her sojourn in a Turkish harem while Gay picked minor chords on his ukulele. After a later diversion of nickel dance halls and slumming the young matrons would say good-by, preparing to sleep until noon, quite convinced that anyone would have called it a day.

Such a party greeted Steve, with Gay showing plans for Beatrice's secret room with a sliding panel—clever idea, splendid when they would be playing hide and seek—and the cooks en route with the kettles and bottles of wine and the husbands meekly arriving in sulky silence.

A little before two in the morning Steve escorted Aunt Belle back to the Constantine house.

Beatrice had started to go to bed but thinking of something she wished to ask Steve she stationed herself in his room, some candy near at hand and Sezanne's manuscript as solace until he should arrive.

"I wanted to ask you if Mary Faithful has returned," she said, throwing down the manuscript as he came in. "Heavens, don't look like a thundercloud! You used to complain about getting into evening dress for dinner; and now when they are as informal as a church supper you row even more. How was papa? Did you go in to see him? Does the house look terrible?"

"Of course I didn't see your father at two in the morning; he was asleep. Your aunt fell into a bucket of plaster."

"Plaster! Why did the men leave it where she could fall into it? Did it hurt her dress?"

"No, just her bones." Steve laughed in spite of himself. "The dress hadn't started to begin where the bones hit the bucket."

Beatrice giggled. "Aunt Belle will try to look like a Kate Greenaway creation. And isn't Jill stout? I'd eat stones before I'd get like her. Well, what about the Faithful woman?"

"Why such a title? It was always Mary Faithful, and even Mary."

"I don't know—but ever since I worked with you this summer I've realized what an easy time she has. She isn't burdened with friends and social duties. It's all so clear-cut and straight-ahead sailing for her. I suppose she laughs at her day's work."

"She has returned."

"Then we can go to the Berkshires; Sezanne knows an artist and some people from Chicago who are ripping company and they are going to visit her cousin at Great Barrington and we are all invited there ——"

"Once and for all," Steve said shortly, to his own surprise, "I am not in on this! Just count yourself a fair young widow for the time being. I cannot run my business, help close up your father's affairs, be a social puppet and go chasing off with bob-haired freaks to the Berkshires, and expect to survive. I'm going to work and keep on the job—it will be bad enough when I have to live in an Italian villa. Who knows what new tortures that will bring? But for a few months I am certain of my whereabouts, so plan on going alone."

"So you won't come with me! Oh, Steve, sometimes I can just see the whole mistake—you should never have made a fortune. Rather you should have been a nice foreman with a meek little wife in four-dollar hats and a large portion of offspring. You should have lived in a model bungalow with even a broom closet in the kitchen and leaded windows at one side. You would have been a socialist and headed labor-union picnics. But as my husband and my father's assistant and all that—you are as impossible as that Faithful woman would be if she tried to be a lady!"

For a moment Steve hesitated. But the average day does not include losing ten thousand on the stock exchange from sheer folly, finding out your blood pressure is too high, that your faithful secretary loves you and is truer blue than ever, and discovering at the same moment that you love her yet may not tell her so. Nor is a day so hectic usually concluded by finding an impromptu parlor picnic in full swing at home where rest was sought—finding too the full realization that you not only do not love your wife but you do not even approve of her.

So he said quietly, "If you wish to make some radical change regarding your husband would you mind waiting until he has had a chance at a shower bath and some breakfast?"

For the first time in her life the Gorgeous Girl found herself gathering up Monster, the candy and the novel manuscript in her lace-draped arms and standing outside her husband's firmly closed door.

The shock was so great that she could not squeeze out a single tear.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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TOUJOURS DE L'AUDACE

(Continued from Page 25)

"Say, what is this?" he demanded. "You ain't drunk. Is it a kid? Is it a bull? Or are you nuts? Want to take a run to the psychopath?"

"Thanks," said Perry, "no."

"Well get out o' here then!" Ramsey ordered with a sweeping gesture of his arm.

"Can't you give me any help at all?"

"Give you help? Who's been impersonating you anyway, your majesty?"

"Ah," Perry laughed. "I'm aware that I do not look the part, but I was not always thus, Ramsey. Miscreants have brought me to this pass."

"I'll give you a pass to the island in half a minute."

"You ——"

Ramsey got down from his stool and started to lumber round the desk.

"I'll just take you ——" he muttered half to himself.

But Perry did not wait to hear the rest. He went away, not hurriedly, not without dignity—but he went away. He went outside and turned downtown and made sure that Ramsey did not pursue him before relaxing his haste. He was not yet ready to tell his story to the police. He needed clothes for that, and a shave and perhaps some small measure of proof of his story—and he was beginning to perceive that it was not going to be easy to find proof. That would take time. His own servants did not recognize him, but someone must.

After a few blocks he turned aside. There was another possibility. He went toward the club. Perry's state of mind at this time was wholly pleasurable. He was enjoying his own difficulties. He was enjoying the contemplation of the audacity of the man who had taken his place. Of course he intended to oust the intruder, but he was in no hurry. He was anxious to test the extent of the man's preparations, to see how completely he had laid his plans. The pseudo-Perry must have met some difficulties in the club, he thought, and he went there to see what he could discover and incidentally to see if anyone there would recognize him.

He was so absorbed in his own thoughts that he half forgot his uncouth garb and ran lightly up the steps and would have passed inside if old Barney, the doorkeeper, had not barred his way.

Perry laughed and said: "Hello, Barney. Don't you know me?"

Barney looked at him suspiciously.

"What do you want?" he asked. "Go to the tradesmen's entrance. This is for members."

"I'm ——" Perry was on the point of declaring himself, then changed his mind. He did not like to be taken for a crazy man. He asked: "Is Pete—is Mr. Binney in the club."

"Yes."

"I want to see him."

Barney hesitated again, then he asked: "Who will I say?"

"Just tell him it's me," said Perry cheerfully, and Barney looked at him doubtfully for a moment, then closed the door in Perry's face and summoned a messenger.

Perry waited on the doorstep, because there was no other place for him to wait. Nat Hancock ran up the steps to go inside and Perry called: "Hello, Nat!"

Hancock turned sharply, looked at him with a suspicious eye and smiled.

"Hullo," he said.

"Know me, do you?" Perry asked.

"Why—there's something familiar. I can't say I remember ——"

Perry laughed.

"Never mind."

Hancock's curiosity was roused. He hesitated for a moment, studying the disreputable figure before him.

"Where'd you pick up my name?" he asked.

"If you knew me you'd know," Perry told him. "Run along, Nat, old head!"

Hancock gave up trying to guess the riddle and went inside. Perry chuckled to himself. Then he saw Binney coming. Binney came out on the steps. He was bareheaded, and he gave Perry a quick, searching look, then asked: "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Don't you know me, Pete?"

Binney smiled, shook his head.

"Can't say I do. What is it?"

Perry laughed.

"Is Mr. Danton here?" he asked.

"Who? Perry?"

"Yes."

"No, he resigned a month or so ago."

That caught Perry's attention.

"Resigned!"

"Yes."

"Oh," said Perry, thinking swiftly. And he chuckled and said to himself: "Whoever you are, you're a genius, old man." He was thinking of the other Perry. "You're surely a fast worker," he thought. "The original P. D. Q."

That combination of letters pleased him. His own initials were simply P. D. He thought P. D. Q. would do very well for the other man, and he nodded to Binney and walked away, leaving Pete standing bareheaded on the steps and looking after him.

"P. D. Q.," Perry said to himself as he turned the corner. "That's you, old chap."

And thereafter he fell into the habit of calling the impostor by those initials.

Having left the club, he started downtown by way of Beacon Street. As he walked, he went back over the events of the morning, remembering how Mrs. Rumson and Arklay and Hasket had cast him out; and he remembered the test question they had asked him concerning that ancestral silver service. P. D. Q. had taken that service from the safe-deposit vault before he, P. D., had been put out of the way. Ergo, P. D. Q. had practiced his impersonations in advance. Perry was surprised that the other had been able to deceive the bank. He wondered how P. D. Q. had procured a duplicate of the vault key. He was still considering this matter when he passed the State House and dipped down into the narrow crowded streets; and with a vague notion that he might discover something he turned toward the bank building and reached it and pushed through the swinging doors and went in.

Perry in the garb he was wearing did not look like a bona fide customer and he was conscious of this as he shuffled through the doors. He saw one of the guards look at him with an ugly eye. Perry grinned at the man. He had known the fellow by sight in the past and the guard had known him, but there was no recognition in the man's eyes now.

He was not sure what he meant to do, but the sight of the glass-topped desks in the middle of the room, with blank checks and other forms reposing in the racks, suggested that he might get enough money for his immediate needs. He took one of the check forms and dipped a pen and started to fill out the blanks.

Perry had had no occasion to write for some time past; not in fact since the day of his kidnaping; not since his fight aboard the John T. Hard in the course of which he had broken his knuckles and strained a thumb. He was surprised to find now that writing came awkwardly to him. His fingers did not grip the pen in their accustomed manner; his thumb held it at an unusual angle and when he wrote the date at the top of the check it did not look like his handwriting.

He tried a signature. It was something like the signature he had used to sign—enough to pass perhaps if he were clothed and in his proper seeming, but not now. Perry could imagine just what would happen if he presented a check made out in this handwriting at the wicket. The teller would look at his unkempt garments, he would look at the check and then he would glance toward the bank detective loitering in the middle of the room. Perry had daring enough, but he had no liking for the notion of jail. Forgery was a serious charge and he was not yet at all sure that he could prove that he had simply signed his own name. He tore into little bits the blank check on which he had been writing. Then after a moment's hesitation he approached the window marked A-E, where Tappan, a teller whom he knew and had known for three years past, was on duty. There was no customer at the window.

Perry waited till Tappan looked at him and after a minute he said: "Good morning, Tappan."

The teller was an oldish man, with the habitual sullen ill temper which is often found among men who while poorly paid themselves handle large sums of money day by day. He scowled at Perry and asked harshly: "You wish something?"

"I—don't happen to recognize me, do you?" Tappan shook his head.

"One side, please. Customer waiting."

Perry saw a man beside him and he moved on. Outside he said to himself: "One thing sure, my friend—you've got to get a shave and put a beefsteak on this eye. And beefsteaks cost money!"

He turned into State Street. Ammidown's office was there. Perry decided to go in and see the old attorney. But —"I'll not make any breaks to him and you can bet on that! If the old man doesn't recognize me right off he'll have me arrested in three shakes. I'll see him, anyway."

He took the elevator, opened the door of Ammidown's suite of offices and stepped into the familiar waiting room. The telephone girl at the switchboard looked at him inquiringly, and Perry said: "I want to see Mr. Ammidown."

"Busy just now," said the girl.

"All right," Perry told her. "I'll wait."

He sat down in one of the comfortable chairs. In the offices that opened off this waiting room he could hear the stir of varying activities—a typewriter in one, a voice monotonously dictating in another, a hum of voices from behind the closed door of a third. One or two men came and went. The girl left her switchboard to ask him what name he wished to give Mr. Ammidown.

He said: "He doesn't know me. I just want to see him."

And he smiled at his own words.

After a little a man came out of the office which Perry knew was Mr. Ammidown's and took his departure. The telephone girl moved a little ebony switch and Perry heard her explaining in a low tone that a man wanted to see Mr. Ammidown. When she was done she nodded to Perry and said: "Just a minute, now."

Perry waited cheerfully enough. Then he saw Ammidown, tall and spare, with hair as white as snow, come to the door of his office. He stood up, but Ammidown was not yet ready for him. The old lawyer crossed to another door and spoke to someone inside and a man came to the door and stood for an instant, talking with him. At sight of this man Perry felt his pulses leap, then he grinned delightedly. For the man was himself—himself to the last finger nail! Himself as he had been a month ago! He talked to Ammidown in Perry's own gay fashion; he looked about the waiting room and saw Perry and gave him no more than a passing glance.

Perry heard him say: "Ridiculous affair! Hasket telephoned to me. Tramp came to the house and claimed to be Perry Danton. They say there was not a clean rag on him. Crazy, I suppose."

Ammidown laughed in the short dry way that was habitual to him.

"When you get through with that second volume I want it," he said.

"Right away?"

"No, no hurry."

Perry, watching and listening, chuckled to himself. So this was P. D. Q.

"You've gone to work in your absence, Perry, old man," he thought. "One good thing, anyway."

Then Ammidown came toward him and Perry twisted his cap in his hand and watched for recognition in the other's eyes, but there was none.

He said awkwardly: "I want to get a divorce, Mr. Ammidown."

Ammidown smiled dryly.

"I don't take divorce cases, sir," he said. "Please apply elsewhere."

No recognition—no hint of it. Perry backed toward the door. Old Ammidown would have had him arrested in a minute if he had opened his mouth.

In the elevator he laughed again at the thought that P. D. Q. had found it advisable to go to work; to begin that plugging and delving in to the depths of heavy volumes which Ammidown and Camilla had been urging on Perry for a year.

Camilla. Perry had scarce thought of Camilla till now and his eyes lighted at the thought of her, then narrowed when he remembered P. D. Q. The faker had gone to work! Did that mean, Perry wondered, that he was engaged to Camilla?

Perry decided to see Camilla right away.

VIII

WHEN Perry left Ammidown's office he stopped to count his money and found a matter of forty-five cents in his pocket. It was noon—lacking a few minutes—and in spite of the fact that he had had two breakfasts he was hungry. Nevertheless, he decided it would be good economy to fast for this once, to postpone the satisfying of the inner man till evening at least.

"In the meantime," he told himself, "something may turn up."

He was still taking his situation as a joke, as an impossibility. He found difficulty in shaking off the notion that it could not be true. He knew it was true and on the whole he was pleased with the reality of it. He had a sense of humor, he could laugh at his own plight. He took a certain pleasure from the very fact that he was clothed in rags and tatters.

But he could see nothing funny in the possibility that P. D. Q. was engaged to Camilla. That was not humorous at all. His first reaction to the thought was a desire to see Camilla and find out; his second reaction was the same as the first. And five minutes after he left Ammidown's office he had taken a car at Scollay Square for Park Street. At Park he changed to a Reservoir car and thereafter he sat in what patience he could muster during the half-hour's ride to Brookline.

Camilla's home was at some distance from the car line. It was necessary for him to walk. Heretofore he had been accustomed to drive out in his own automobile and he had not realized just how far the house was from Beacon. It seemed to him the better part of a mile. He was growing hungrier all the time.

When he turned into the drive that led from the street to the house it was steeper than it should have been. It checked him—slowed him down and incidentally gave him time to wonder what he was going to do when he saw her. Then he laughed. Camilla would know him! She would know him, though no one else had! As he told himself this he remembered that she must have accepted P. D. Q. as the real Perry, else she would have given the alarm a month ago. And if she had accepted P. D. Q., had supposed him to be what he pretended, it was not likely that she would recognize him, the real Perry. He shook off the thought.

"'Milla 'll know me all right!" he assured himself, and pushed on up the slope.

When he came in sight of the house he scanned its windows swiftly. It seemed to him that a curtain stirred at one of the upper windows, but he could not be sure of this. The window was open. It might have been a gust of wind; it might have been one of the servants moving about inside, or it might, of course, have been Camilla. As a matter of fact, it was Camilla. But Perry did not know this then or thereafter. She had thrown the window up to let in the noontime air just as Perry came in sight. Her eye had been caught by his moving figure and though she drew back out of sight she had watched him with a startled cry on her lips. Her hand pressed across her mouth as though to silence her own voice. While he came nearer she bent forward to see the better and when he passed out of sight, the piazza roof cutting him off from her view, she backed away from the window with a face white with astonishment and turned and hurried toward the stairs as though she would have run down to greet him.

She was at the top of the stairs when the telephone shrilled at her very elbow. The instrument stood on a table in the upper hall and Camilla sat down and lifted the receiver. When she heard Perry Danton's voice on the other end she stiffened with a new amazement.

Perry had called up, he told her, to ask if she cared to go to the theater that night. She was so completely mystified that she could not answer; she wanted to tell him that he couldn't be on the telephone talking to her because he had just come up her driveway in ugly and disreputable vestments, but she didn't.

Disturbed by her silence, he said: "Hello! Are you there, Camilla?"

"Yes, yes!" she said.

"Oh, I was afraid they had cut us off. Will you go?"

"Why—I don't know. I'm not feeling very well." She grasped at a woman's chief diplomatic weapon. "I have a headache," she said.

"I'll cure it for you."

"Call me later, will you?"

(Continued on Page 106)

Back of Essex Stands

But Essex Did Not Need

Through Merit Alone
It Made Good

The Hudson Endorsement

Men now say the Essex was inevitable.

A new type, it brought a dominant issue to motordom.

Its appeal was dynamic. A new world's sales record of $30,000,000 paid for 20,000 cars in 10 months, proves how men wanted its distinctive advantages of big car performance combined with light car economy and nimbleness.

Yet there could have been no Essex without the Hudson Super-Six as forerunner.

All the knowledge gained in building more than 80,000 Super-Sixes; all that was revealed by the scores of speed, power and endurance contests, by which Hudson won all the worthwhile records was applied in the design and manufacture of the Essex.

Thus it is the product of the largest experience of building fine cars, in the motor industry.

Hudson Made the Essex Possible

The Hudson lineage is seen in every Essex quality. Hudson established all the important stock car speed records. Is it a mere coincidence then that Essex is noted for speed? Does Essex power and speed excite admiration? Surely it can trace back to similar ability in Hudson.

But these facts were never used to gain recognition for Essex. It was required to earn its own way; to make its own mark stand for the things men seek in a motor car.

We need only have linked its name with Hudson to insure its immediate acceptance.

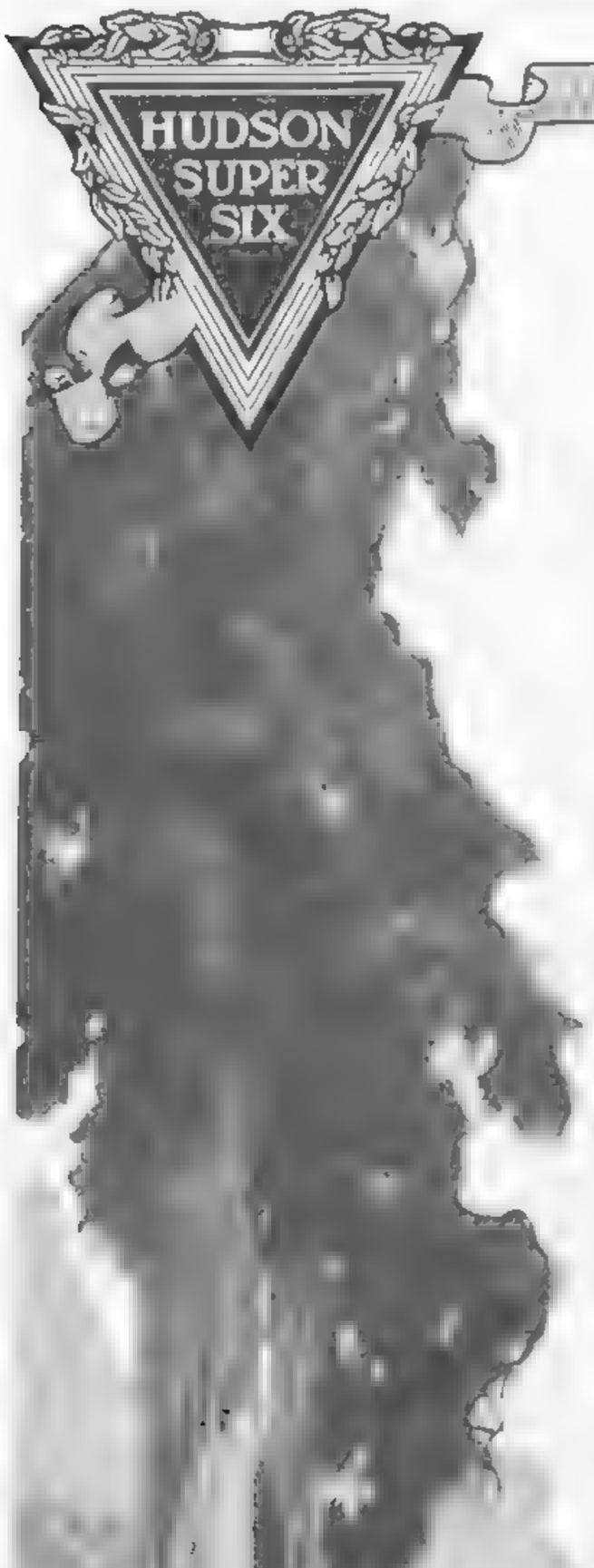
But the Essex, typifying a new quality ideal, was required to justify its merits, independent of Hudson prestige.

The identity of its makers was purposely withheld. Few knew it was designed by the engineers responsible for the Hudson Super-Six, or that it was built in the same factories that account for Hudson quality.

Now, evidence in the daily performance of any Essex establishes its position as the rightful runner-up to the Super-Six, and heir to its fine qualities.

Essex Motors
Detroit, Michigan

All Hudson Has Done



Why Did More Than 80,000 Choose Hudson?

It Triumphed Through the Exclusive Advantages of the Super-Six Motor in Speed, Power, Endurance

Outweighing all other considerations, endurance is uppermost in the choice of a car.

Speed alone is unimportant. Power alone is futile.

Hudson does not belittle them from envy. For Hudson holds all the worthwhile speed and power records. Its five years of mastery is still unquestioned.

But the overwhelming advantage is its endurance. It accounts for Hudson's greater satisfaction to owners. It accounts for uninterrupted service, and the retention through years, of smooth, dependable performance powers, characteristic of Hudson.

This is Why Hudson Leads

The source of Hudson endurance is now known to all.

End vibration and the endurance problem is solved. Then Hudson's endurance records could be equalled. Then too, perhaps, others could match its unrivalled speed and power marks.

For Hudson owes its wide range of performance supremacy to the exclusive patented Super-Six motor. Prior to its invention Hudson was a conventional type car with ordinary power and endurance capacity. The Super-Six principle by minimizing vibration almost to nil, converted self-destructive forces to 72% greater power in Hudsons and increased efficiency by 80%.

Don't Forget That Hudson's Endurance is Exclusive

No other maker can use the Hudson Super-Six principle. That is why Hudson's records have stood unequalled now for almost five years.

And those records are as fresh today, as when made, in all they signify.

Think what endurance they speak. Can any other car show such convincing proofs?

For nearly five years Hudson has led all fine cars in sales. Every year its margin increases. The demand grows with the endorsement it wins from friends, and the way 80,000 in service tell the story of its quality and performance.

Buyers now are waiting for delivery. As priority of order determines delivery, you will avoid delay in getting your Super-Six, by placing your order ahead of the time you will require it.

Hudson Motor Car Co.
Detroit, Michigan

3004

(Continued from Page 103)

"Surely! Oh, Camilla!"

"Yes?"

"A mighty funny thing happened this morning. I'm getting famous since I went to work. Do you want to laugh?"

"Why—what is it?"

"Man turned up at home and told Arklay to let him in and give him breakfast and a bath and a shave. Told Arklay he was me. Said over and over, 'I'm Perry Danton, I tell you,' till Arklay threatened to call the police."

Camilla said slowly: "Why, what a strange thing!"

"Yes, wasn't it! Crazy of course. I told Arklay he should have called an officer and had the poor chap put in some safe place. Gives you a queer feeling, doesn't it?"

"Did he—look like you?" Camilla asked.

Perry laughed.

"No, not a bit. Wore a scrubby beard and a black eye—been drinking, Arklay said."

"What are you going to do, Perry?"

"Nothing—unless he gets bothersome. Then I may have to have him put under observation, I suppose. Poor chap! If he comes out your way, let me know."

"Out my way?" Camilla echoed innocently. "Why should he come out my way?"

Perry laughed.

"May have heard of you," he said. "Arklay says he seemed to know a good deal about my affairs."

Down at the foot of the stairs Camilla saw Katie, the maid, waiting with some message and she said into the telephone: "All right, Perry. I'll be careful. I'll have to ring off now."

When she had left the instrument she asked Katie: "What is it?"

"There's a tramp wants to see you, miss," said Katie.

"A tramp?"

"Yes, miss."

"Why does he want to see me?"

"He won't say, miss."

"Why, how funny!"

"Shall I send him away?"

Camilla hesitated, her eyes thoughtful, and suddenly she laughed for no reason that Katie could see.

"No," she said. "Where is he?"

"At the back door, miss."

"Better send him round to the front porch," Camilla told her. "If he's hungry give him something to eat first."

Katie dropped her cheerful little curtsy and slipped away. Camilla went back into her room to give her hair a final bit of attention, and her eyes were dancing, and she was smiling to herself. When she came down and stepped out on the porch the man was waiting for her there.

Perry at sight of Camilla felt a leap of his heart that was near choking him and before he thought what he was saying he cried: "Bless you, Milla, I'm glad to see you!"

He even took a step toward her, but Camilla's eyes widened, she backed away, she exclaimed: "What? What did you say? Who are you? What do you want?"

Perry laughed, remembering.

"There," he apologized, "I had forgotten my—clothes and things. Don't you know me either, Milla?"

"Know you? Why should I know you?"

"I'm Perry!" he said.

Her hand flew to her throat.

"You're—who? What do you mean?"

He said good-naturedly: "I don't wonder you don't know me this beard and this eye! Is there a razor in the house that I can borrow?"

He saw that she was frightened. She was looking to one side and the other.

"I'm not crazy," he said gently, "truly, Milla It sounds wild let me tell you!"

"What are you talking about?" she exclaimed

He told her swiftly.

"I tell you, I'm Perry!" he said. "Perry Danton! It's a marvelous story. I've seen the other man the one who's pretending to be me. I wouldn't have believed two people could be so alike. He must have discovered the likeness by chance. It's not make-up. He had me knocked on the head the night of your birthday put me aboard a cargo boat. When I came to myself I was on my way to Cardiff got in this morning. Went home and Arklay and the rest didn't know me. Nobody knows me. He's got you all fooled all but you, Camilla. You know me, don't you?"

She said with a frightened tone in her voice as though she were anxious to placate him. "I think you must be mistaken. You see, I just talked with Perry on the telephone."

He laughed.

"P.D.Q. is right on the job. I'll say that for him. Probably warned you against me, didn't he?"

"P. D. Q?" she echoed.

"I mean the other Perry," he explained. "He's an efficient gentleman and a quick worker, so I call him P. D. Q. I'm P. D. of course."

She laughed suddenly.

"Why, you're joking, aren't you? What is it you want?"

He leaned toward her, serious enough now.

"See here, Camilla," he explained, "it's a joke in a way. I can laugh at it myself, but you don't mean to tell me that this crook has fooled you, that this scamp has made you think he—he's me?"

She lifted her head angrily.

"He's not a crook!" she protested. "Nor a scamp. He may have been—lazy, but he's not even that any more. He's gone to work—he's working hard. Mr. Ammidown says he is doing ever so well. I'm proud of him."

Perry digested that slowly.

"Proud of him, are you?" he asked.

"Yes, I've had a right to be since he went to work—quit loafing like a—like a tramp."

He looked down at his clothes and laughed.

"Meaning me?" he suggested.

She looked at him, her eyes softened faintly.

"I'm sorry. I did not mean to taunt you." She hesitated. "Would you like something to eat?"

He shook his head.

"I didn't come begging."

"I—a drink of water—something? You look hot and tired."

"I will take a drink of water," he said.

She nodded, hurried into the house. Left alone, Perry stared off across the well-kept lawn with steady, thoughtful eyes and after a moment he grinned to himself.

"P. D. Q., that work business has made a hit," he said softly. "I've a mind to have a try at it myself."

She came back with a glass and a pitcher full of water on a silver tray. He filled the glass and drank and filled it again.

"You're sure you're not hungry?" she suggested.

He shook his head.

"So you don't know me, Milla?"

She said angrily: "Please! I want to be kind to you. You're just mistaken. You're "

"I'm crazy. Is that it?"

She turned away her head, would not answer, and he laughed shortly and turned away—swiftly down the steps, down the drive toward the street. She watched him till the high hedge hid his figure, and she was smiling and there was a mischievous light dancing in her eyes.

IX

WHEN Perry left Camilla he was hot and angry – mad all over. This was so unusual that when he realized it he stopped, laughed at himself. "Keep your shirt on, P. D.," he murmured. "Keep your shirt on, old head."

But even his native good humor could not altogether forget the fact that Camilla found P. D. Q. a great improvement over P. D.—that she liked P. D. Q. immensely. That she liked P. D. Q. better than she had ever liked him, if Perry was any judge.

Damn the man he had more than nerve!

"I'll get him!" Perry told himself. "And I'll get him solidly when I do get him!"

Easy enough to say, not so easy to do. Perry had begun by expecting that at any moment some old friend would recognize him; that this misadventure would vanish like a pricked bubble. That first confidence had received repeated jolts. It was badly shaken by this time. He was beginning to understand that P. D. Q. was thoroughly intrenched in his position; that he would take some dislodging. Being convinced of this, Perry set himself—after he left Camilla—to a sober consideration of the means to be adopted.

"Sounds easy enough," he thought. "All I've got to do is to prove I'm me. But that's like proving that what is, is. It just is that's all. You can't prove it." And after a minute: "But you've got to prove it, P. D., my son."

Not unnaturally his thoughts returned to the police. Perry had humanity's habit of believing that a policeman is the man to call in certain forms of trouble. It is more or less instinctive in moments of emergency to cry out in a shrill voice, "Fire! Murder! Police!" as though these three were twin—or triplet—calamities.

So with Perry. He considered appealing to the police, but he discarded the idea. For one thing he had little faith in his own powers of persuasion, little faith in his ability to convince them that he was—himself. Also that ugly word, "crazy," had been ringing in his ears all day with frequent repetition. He associated crazy people vaguely with padded cells.

"Must be darned stuffy places to live in," he told himself, and decided to steer clear of them.

But give him credit, this was not his only reason for avoiding the police. He was—to put it colloquially—enough of a good sport to admire P. D. Q.'s resolution and daring and to be willing to give the impostor a run for his money. He felt that the other man had in effect challenged him to a contest of wits. He might avoid the challenge by yammering to the police like a spoiled child, but he preferred to take up the challenge and see what came to pass.

Discarding the police, Perry considered private detectives. But he had no money with which to hire them, and in any case they were little more than policemen in plain clothes. That, too, would savor of quitting, of avoiding the issue. His chin set. He purposed to show P. D. Q. a few things; purposed incidentally to show Camilla that P. D. Q. was not so marvelous as she seemed to think he was. His anger flooded him again. He shook it off, forcing himself to think clearly. His problem was simple—and overwhelming. He must get the evidence that would reëstablish him and he must do it with no resources save those included in the shabby garments he wore, the husky muscles within them and the matter of a few cents in his pockets.

He might take up the trail, play detective on his own account.

"But in the meantime I've got into the habit of eating," he reminded himself. So that would not do. Something else ——

He had been walking while he considered these matters from Camilla's house toward Beacon Street. At about this point in his thoughts he reached Beacon Street and a car clanged and rocked and thundered by. He saw it stop at the next white post to let passengers alight and take a woman on. As the passengers descended from the steps a newsboy ran out to them from the sidewalk, shouting his wares. At sight of the newsboy Perry got his idea. He leaped into a sprint, caught the car as the doors were closing and swung aboard. He was grinning with satisfaction. He knew what he meant to do.

What he did do when the car deposited him in the subway was to seek a dairy lunch and spend his last coins on four doughnuts, a cup of coffee and two small pieces of cheese. Perry had the New Englander's abiding faith in the lowly doughnut, and when he had put these to their intended use he felt pleasantly distended, revived and refreshed. He felt, in short, ready for anything, and there was a measure of the old confidence in his eyes, together with a new leaven of determination, when he emerged from the restaurant.

He went to the office of the Star, took the elevator to the third floor and told the black-haired, white-faced, miserable-looking office boy that he wanted to see the editor. The boy looked at him with a weary lack of interest and disappeared. That is, he would have disappeared if Perry had stood still, but Perry chose to follow him through a wide corridor that seemed to open at both ends upon scenes of considerable activity into a broad open room with a tangle of electric lights hanging from the ceiling over desks large and small, square, oblong and hexagonal The farther end of the room was all windows, so that a glare of light came from them and struck in Perry's face, reflected from desk tops and from the linoleum on the floor There were so many things going on in this room that Perry found it hard to discover any one thing that was going on. But he saw the office boy go to a man whose brow was adorned with a green eye shade tied on with white string and he saw this man look his way, then glance round the room and yell in a loud voice, "Daly!"

A slim young fellow, who answered to the name of Daly, emerged from a group of three who were talking by one of the windows, and the man in the eye shade said loudly, "Talk to that man over there."

Perry cringed with shame. He had a naked feeling under the impersonality of this address; but his own confusion aroused him, so that he was grinning when Daly approached. He liked Daly at sight. The reporter was little more than a boy, perhaps twenty-two or three. He had straightforward and sympathetic eyes and a gentle mouth and his voice was courteous.

He said quietly to Perry: "Good morning. What was it you wanted?"

"I asked to see the editor," said Perry, "but I'd be glad to spin my yarn to you if you'll listen."

Daly looked at him a little more acutely, as though surprised at the manner of his speech, and he said: "Sure, that's what I'm here for. Come, sit down."

He led the way to a bench that was set against one of the iron pillars which supported the floor above and he and Perry sat down there. Perry wondered how to begin.

Daly said: "All right, shoot it."

Perry hesitated, laughed as though his own words were ridiculous, and said: "I've got a story for you."

"All right, let's hear it."

"Wouldn't it make a pretty good story," Perry asked, "if a crook came along who happened to have a remarkable resemblance to a more or less well-to-do young fellow here in town and got the young fellow out of the way and thereafter impersonated him—simply stepped into his shoes?"

Daly nodded.

"Good story—if it was true," he said. "But it couldn't be done. There never were two men as like as that."

Perry smiled.

"I expected you to say that," he said. "Well, suppose you listen first."

"Go ahead."

"I'm not going to tell you my name," Perry explained. "Not at first. If I did you'd know the name—but you wouldn't believe me.

"The thing is this. Up to a month ago I lived on Beacon Street with three servants in the house. No family. I belonged to a couple of clubs, drove a fast car, idled round as I chose, hadn't a care in the world, never did a lick of work." He laughed uncomfortably. "In fact, I was the living personification of the idle rich, I suppose."

He looked at the other to see if Daly believed him. Daly was listening—he was watching Perry closely. That was all Perry could be sure of.

"Night of May fifteenth," Perry went on, "I spent the evening with a girl in Brookline, came in to the—well, say, to a club—played poker till half past twelve or one and came downstairs to my car, parked in the alley alongside the club. The alley was dark and someone popped me on the head with a lead pipe. Curtain!

"I came to myself about two days later, thirty-six hours out on a tramp bound for Cardiff."

Daly laughed and Perry asked: "What's the matter?"

"You say you got cracked on the head?" Daly suggested.

Perry grinned.

"Don't believe me?"

"You interest me strangely," said Daly. "Go ahead, spill it all."

Perry nodded.

"I've been called crazy before this today," he said. "Here's the rest of it. I cabled from Cardiff to my lawyer for money through our consul there. Lawyer replied that I was a fake, that I—meaning the crook was lunching with him that day here in Boston. Me in Cardiff at the time, mind. So I signed on the first ship coming this way the Lynmouth. She probably came up from quarantine to her dock today. I dropped overboard at quarantine last night and swam ashore."

"That's some swim!" Daly suggested.

"I stole a leaky skiff off one of the islands and rowed till it sank under me," Perry explained.

Daly said: "Go on."

"Well," said Perry, "naturally I posted out home out to the house on Beacon Street. But the butler didn't recognize me and kicked me out—more or less. I watched and a little later I saw saw myself, you might say—saw this crook come out and drive downtown. I begged a breakfast of my own cook, talked with her, with my valet and with the butler again. None of them recognized me. I was pleasantly ejected once more.

"Since then I've tried the cop in the station—Ramsey. He used to know me.

(Continued on Page 109)

A Warm Homecoming

The extra heat that grandmother needs—that you and the youngsters appreciate—enjoy it through the winter whenever it's wanted by using the ever-handy Perfection Oil Heater.

Easily carried around. Gives generous warmth for ten hours on a gallon of kerosene oil—ready in a jiffy when the fire's low; when the bathroom's chilly; when the cold snap's on.

Over 4,000,000 already chasing chills. Buy yours now for ready comfort, and protection against coal shortage. At all good dealers'.

PERFECTION *Oil Heaters*

Made by
THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7613 PLATT AVE.
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HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS

Also makers of
ALADDIN
Cooking Utensils,
NEW PERFECTION AND PURITAN
Oil Cook Stoves

Beech-Nut Mints

CROWDED with *flavor*—pure, natural, *lingering* flavor—stolen from fresh-picked leaves and plants. Hard little sugar ovals, that melt satisfyingly on the tongue. Pick up a packet at the next candy counter. Keep them handy—to ease that *sweetness-craving*—when you need to *nibble* something. Four kinds to choose from—Mint, Wintergreen, Clove, Licorice.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 106)

I've tried the club, I've tried my lawyer and I've tried—the Brookline girl. None of them recognized me. Meanwhile the other chap is studying law in my lawyer's office; he's got the keys to my safe deposit vaults. Persumably he's cashing checks on my account and so on."

Daly asked: "What is this—a joke? Do you mean it?"

"Yes," Perry told him simply. "Yes, it's true."

"You drink?"

"Haven't for a month."

"Did that crack on your head bother you much?"

Perry felt the spot, fumbling in his more or less unkempt hair.

"There was a bump there for a day or two—nothing serious."

"Sure you're not dreaming this?"

"Absolutely!"

"But see here, you haven't—nobody's been reported missing in the past month."

"Of course not," Perry told him. "This other chap stepped right into my shoes. Must have taken the very clothes off my back and driven my car home. Servants there at the house never suspected. The cook told me that I—that the master of the house had spent every night at home."

"Then he had it framed in advance. That is supposing this is straight goods."

"Yes."

"You didn't notice anything before you were slugged, did you?"

"Didn't see a soul."

"Nothing particular happened before that, I mean? Nothing that might help with this?"

Perry considered, then he laughed.

"Why, yes," he said, "one thing. Two or three people told me that they had seen me, had even talked with me, on two or three occasions when I—when I wasn't there."

"I don't get you," said Daly. "What do you mean?"

"For instance, this Brookline girl said she had lunch with me along in the middle of March some time—swears she did—and I know she didn't. I didn't see her just at that time. Also says she saw me at the Country Club a day or two before they got me—when I wasn't there. And so on."

Daly stared, then he laughed. "By Gad, you may be a liar," he said, "but if you're a liar you're a good one! Why did you come here? Why didn't you go blow the game to the police or the lawyer or someone? Ought to be easy to prove who you are."

"They called me crazy," said Perry. "I had a notion they might mean it. Didn't fancy the notion at all—padded cells and that sort of stuff."

"How are you going to prove who you are?"

Perry laughed.

"That's why I came to you. I want you people to dig it up for the sake of the story."

"Why don't you hire detectives?"

"What with?" Perry asked. "I haven't got three cents."

Daly got up and started toward where the man with the eye shade was busy at his desk.

"You may be a liar, but it's a good story, anyway," he said, then turned back and exclaimed: "By the way, who do you claim to be?"

"Perry Danton," said Perry Danton.

Daly echoed the name and said quickly: "Why, good Lord, man, I've seen Perry a dozen times in the last year! I've seen him twice this week! You don't look any more like him than I do!"

Perry laughed.

"That's what my butler said—more or less," he agreed. "A shave and a hair cut and some clothes might make a difference. Also this eye is something of a disguise."

Daly surveyed him closely.

"You don't look like him," he repeated, "but you might—with a shave." He was thinking aloud; he turned away and went to the editor's side. Perry saw him talking earnestly and he smiled with some measure of satisfaction. He had found an advocate.

After a little the man in the eye shade and Daly came over to where he sat, and the editor—his name was Rickard—looked at him sternly and said: "See here, you know the penalty of such a game as this, don't you?"

"More or less," Perry agreed cheerfully.

"I think you're a liar myself, but I don't see your idea. You can't expect people to believe you."

"If I were a liar I'd have a more convincing story to tell," Perry assured him.

"There's no way of knowing that."

"I'd have proofs and documents and birthmarks and scars on the left arm below the elbow and all the rigmarole," Perry urged. "Nobody would come in here with a lie as foolish as my tale. You can see that, man. It's got to be true."

"What do you expect us to do? Print it on your say-so? Get into a million-dollar libel suit?"

"Lord, no!" Perry laughed. "But I want you—I thought you might be willing to investigate, put some of your men on the case, watch this faker, dig up the loose ends, find something to trip him up. It's worth it—for the story you'd get."

The man in the eye shade hesitated, and Daly said eagerly: "Won't do any harm to try, boss. Give me a couple of days at it."

"All right," the editor decided abruptly. "Dig into it, Daly. See if there's anything in it at all." He looked at Perry. "Where can we get hold of you? Where you living?"

Perry laughed.

"I'm just off the boat—with about two cents in my pocket."

"We want to keep hold of him," Daly said, and Rickard considered, then told Perry: "I'll give you expenses—give you a job as a leg man if you want it."

"Is that anything like a chorus man?" Perry asked, and the editor scowled, and Daly said: "He means reporting."

"All right," Perry agreed.

"Daly here will stick with you. You can work together."

Perry nodded assent, the man with the shaded eyes turned away. And Daly, his reporter's enthusiasm awake, grabbed Perry's arm.

"Come along," he said. "I want to see what you look like under the foliage. We'll go up to my room and you can hand yourself a bath and a shave."

"You speak winged words," said Perry cheerfully. "Lead on!"

"And I'll get an order for some money," Daly added. "I'm about as low as you are."

They started toward the elevator. As that piece of mechanism carried them upward to the auditor's office Daly said half to himself: "You can wear a suit of my clothes."

Perry perceived that he had won at least this man as an ally.

x

AT NINE o'clock next morning Perry and Daly came into the city room in something of a hurry. That is to say, Daly was in a hurry and Perry kept close at his heels. Daly hurried across to the editor's desk and Rickard looked up from under his eye shade and saw Daly and looked at Perry and asked: "What's the matter? Where's that bum I handed over to you yesterday?"

Daly laughed.

"This is him," he said. "Would you know him?"

The editor got up and studied Perry.

"Same black eye," he said. "Yes, I can see it's the same man. That eye's better too."

Daly cried: "I tell you, I believe this is Perry Danton! I believe he's telling the truth! He looks enough like the real thing. And what would it get him to lie to us?"

"You know Perry?" Rickard asked.

"I've seen him," Daly declared. "We've got his picture in the reference."

The man in the eye shade turned without a word and went toward the reference department in a walk so swift it was almost a shuffle.

"Give me pictures of Perry Danton!" he commanded.

Daly and Perry had followed him and Daly grabbed Perry's arm.

"He's waking up, old man," he said in a whisper.

Perry grinned.

"Looks like action," he agreed.

The pictures were slow in coming—they waited. When the rough snapshots were handed through the window the man with the shaded eyes scrutinized them, studied Perry. Then he tossed the pictures back.

"Near enough to need looking into," he said, and he asked Perry: "What do you want us to do? Where can we locate this other guy?"

"Probably at Ammidown's office," Perry said. "Look here, why not go down there and put it up to him—to Ammidown? I'm willing to submit to—to any tests or questions. The other fellow's skating on thin ice. We can trip him up."

The editor was used to quick decisions.

"Daly, you call up Ammidown and make an appointment," he said. "No, go right down there. Don't take this fellow. Telephone what Ammidown says and I'll send this guy down."

Daly wasted no time. He was out of the door before Perry could turn. Rickard bade Perry sit down.

Perry did not find the wait overlong. He had never been in a newspaper office before and the scene interested him. There was an air of general frenzy about the place. Men banged typewriters as though they were beating carpets, they shouted strange words over their shoulders. Other men sat indolently before their machines, legs crossed and cigars askew, tapping with a slow regularity that ate up the paper like magic. Boys lounged here and there. The place smelled of ink and dust and paper and chemicals and disinfectant. The floor was still damp with creosote from its morning's scrubbing. Yet there was an order in all this disorder which Perry found fascinating. The editor came over to where he sat. "Here," he said abruptly, grinning a little, "you're supposed to be on my pay roll. Hop in booth ten there and take a story."

He pointed to a telephone booth and Perry got up and started that way, and stopped to ask: "How do you mean—take a story?"

"Got a pencil?"

"No."

"Here's one. The man on the phone, Jenkins, has been out covering a one-horse fire. May be worth a paragraph. Listen to what he says and then come out and write the story. Use a typewriter?"

"A little."

"All right."

Perry found himself in the stifling little booth listening to a mechanical voice from the other end that intoned certain set forms and words. After a moment the other man said, "That's all," and the receiver clicked.

Perry backed out of the booth and looked round for a typewriter that was not in use. He found one and sat down. He had been lucky enough to talk with one of these men found in every newspaper office who know a story when they see it, who can tell it as it should be told, but who cannot write a word simply and plainly to save their lives. Perry now simply wrote what Jenkins had told him—three typewritten lines. Then he took it and laid it before the man with the eye shade. Rickard gave it a swift glance and said, "All right," folded it once, threw it to another man at the big hexagonal desk and said, "Two head," and picked up another sheet of paper.

Perry stood still, not knowing what else to do. The man with the shaded eyes sat at one side of a double desk with a telephone swinging from a standard beside him. This telephone now rang. A man across the desk answered and swung the instrument toward the editor.

"It's Daly," he said.

The editor grabbed the telephone and Perry listened to a one-sided conversation that was clear enough to him: "Daly? What's he say? Crazy, eh? Sore, was he? Wouldn't see this guy? Where are you talking from? All right, come in."

He slammed the receiver back into place and said to the man on the other side of the desk: "Get Theron Ammidown for me—put him on a booth," and seemed to forget the matter immediately as he plunged into the jumble of stuff upon his desk.

He did not look at Perry till the man on the other side of the desk said, "Ammidown on booth eight." Then the editor jumped up, started for that booth and bade Perry follow him. He made Perry crowd into the booth with him so that Perry could hear what he said.

"Mr. Ammidown? This is Rickard, city editor, the Star. Man in here says he's Perry Danton. Yes, I know you say he's crazy, but we don't think so. Looks like Perry. He's shaved since you saw him yesterday. Now don't talk like that! We're not trying to blackmail you. We're considering you in this. We don't intend to go ahead and print a lot of stuff. Yes, I know all about the libel laws. What I suggest is this: Suppose we come down there with this man? You—Mr. Danton's there, is he? Let them confront each other. Apply a few unofficial tests—ask them some questions—see what happens. No harm in that, is there? Yes? Yes, I know you're a busy man, but this is important. All right, ask him."

He looked up at Perry.

"Ammidown's going to ask Mr. —— He's going to ask the man down there."

Perry nodded cheerfully.

"I call the other chap P. D. Q.," he suggested. "He's a fast worker, you know. Call him P. D. Q. and call me P. D. Saves confusion."

The editor said into the telephone, "All right! All right! Good! We'll be down—one o'clock," and dropped the receiver into place and got up and said casually: "We'll go down there at one o'clock. I'm going myself. This may be a big story. You stick round the office."

Perry nodded.

"Give me something to do," he said. "This game appeals to me."

The editor laughed.

"All right, we'll make a newspaper man out of you yet. Ever do any writing?"

"Not when I could help it."

"That's good! Then you've got nothing to forget. Only one thing about writing for us—make it simple—plain, so anyone that can read at all will understand. I'll give you something to try."

He turned away with that abstracted air which Perry was beginning to recognize as habitual to the man, and Perry saw him plunge into the heap of papers and clippings on his desk again.

xi

PERRY and Daly and the editor—he looked like a different man without the eye shade—reached Theron Ammidown's office promptly at one o'clock. Daly was excited, Rickard was interested and Perry was looking forward with some confident amusement to what was about to happen. He was a little sorry for P. D. Q.

The girl at the switchboard looked at Perry when he came into the hall that served the Ammidown suite of offices as a waiting room with a lively curiosity. She told them that Ammidown and Mr. Danton were at lunch and would be in directly and she bade them go into a room which she indicated, and wait. They did so. The room was large, well-lighted, with a long table down the center, chairs against the walls and a desk in one corner. There was a telephone on this desk. Perry knew the room well. Ammidown had been accustomed to keep him waiting here when Perry's occasional calls at the office found the lawyer otherwise engaged.

The three men had no more than chosen chairs when Mr. Ammidown appeared in the doorway and looked from one of them to the other with a cold, hard eye. Perry got up at once and went toward him, holding out his hand.

"This thing needn't go any further, do you think so, sir?" he suggested. "You can't help knowing me."

Ammidown considered Perry, but he seemed not to be aware of Perry's hand.

"You are like, in a rascally sort of way," he agreed, "but you've an ugly look about you, a villainous look."

"That's this eye," Perry protested, laughing. "When it fades a bit you'll see ——"

Just then another man came in the door and Ammidown turned and Perry saw that this other man was P. D. Q. He was sufficiently interested to stand still and consider the impostor. And P. D. Q. took advantage of this stillness to say cheerfully: "You're the fellow, eh? Do I really look like that, Mr. Ammidown?"

Ammidown said petulantly: "Of course not, Perry, my boy! But we've got to humor these people. We're under the necessity of convincing the press, you understand."

P. D. Q. laughed and said: "Surely! He doesn't look crazy either." He said to Perry: "You know, old man, my motto is audacity—in a way, but I've never carried it to such lengths as this. I'm inclined to think you'd live up to the family battle cry even better than I."

"Why do you call—what do you mean by the family battle cry?" Perry asked. "That's a new one on me."

P. D. Q. nodded.

"No doubt. You can't have gone overdeep into the details, of course, though I suppose you know enough to make a bit of a bluff. I referred to the line I had engraved on our coat of arms—'Toujours de l'Audace.' Namesake of mine coined the phrase and I was always rather fond of it."

Perry laughed.

"I'd like to shake hands with you, P. D. Q.," he exclaimed. "You know, I've no ill feeling in this matter. You're nervy and you're game."

Ammidown interrupted impatiently.

(Continued on Page 112)

The Miracle on Your Table

THE days of "miracles" have never passed. Never was the world so filled with miracles as it is today—the miracle of the faucet which brings us water from miles away—the miracle of the gas flame by which we cook without the discomforts of old-time methods—the miracle of the telephone.

Consider, for a moment, the amazing miracle of *canned foods*.

The well-known can of corn or peas or tomatoes on your pantry shelf fairly bristles with romance—what a thrilling story it could tell!

That can of corn, let us say, represents a cross section of some state famous for the surpassing quality of its corn crop.

This can of pineapple is reminiscent of soft and balmy atmosphere and sunny skies.

Only a little while ago these salmon, which are such a delight to appetite, were in their native element, leaping the falls of a northern river.

© 1920—National Canners Association

Here are asparagus—fruit—beans—peas—corn—tomatoes, etc., each from that part of the country where climatic conditions, or conditions of the soil, produce the finest varieties and consequently have caused canneries to be there established.

And so it goes. The canning industry covers the map of the United States, drawing upon practically every region of the country for its product.

Fresh from its native habitat the product enters the canning factory.

Take canned vegetables. The canning companies make annual contracts with farmers for their yearly yield of marketable vegetables grown close to the canneries. The contracts frequently are signed long before the seed is put in the ground.

As soon as the seed is planted the canners send out representatives, known as field-men. Each field-man watches the progress of the crop within a given area, and offers personal advice to each farmer in his territory as to when it should be harvested.

Once in the cannery the product is handled almost wholly by machinery—ingenious machinery which works far faster and more efficiently than human hands—and never gets tired. The work is watched at each stage of its progress. Finally the canned food is sent out to perform its useful mission in the world of men.

The next time you visit the grocer, glance with new interest at the canned foods standing in prim precision on his shelves. They have come from many different regions—yet at last they meet on common ground, the grocer's shelf and then your table.

Not long ago canned foods were regarded as delicacies, far beyond the reach of every-day pocketbooks.

The vast development of the canning industry has changed all this. The humblest family now revels in Columbia River or Alaskan salmon and blithely orders beans that were grown and packed a dozen states away. The whole country is a great recruiting ground for canned foods.

Washington, D. C., is the headquarters of the National Canners Association, whose research laboratories are there located. Questions of great moment to the canning industry are there threshed out.

Dr. W. D. Bigelow, assisted by a group of scientists, investigates problems bearing on the scientific aspects of the canning industry.

The results of these investigations are made known to members of the Association—about 1140 of the principal canning establishments of the country, many with research laboratories of their own.

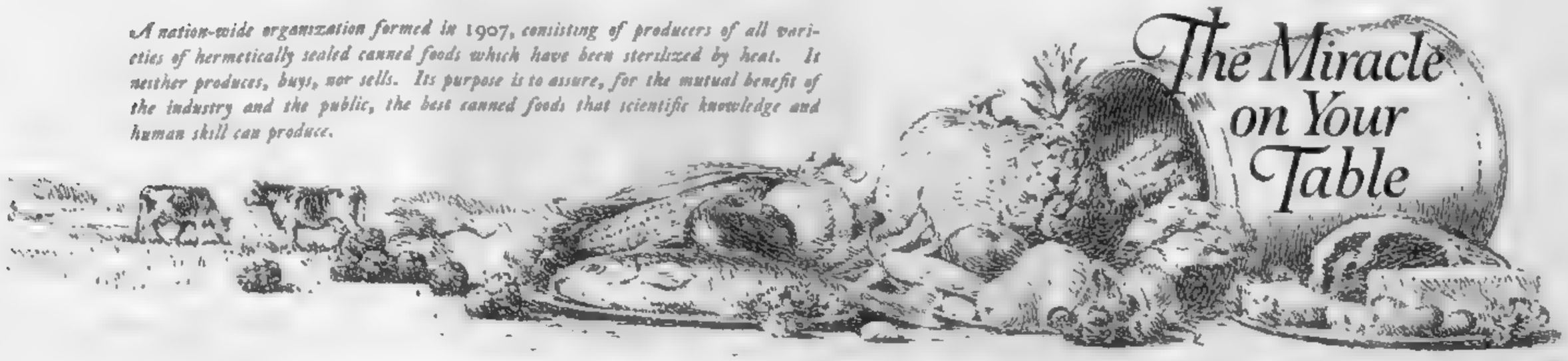
The work of the Association is of the utmost importance to every housewife in the land. Bear this in mind, the next time you call your grocer on that modern miracle, the telephone, and ask him to include in your next order, that other modern miracle, a can of vegetables, fruit, milk, soup, meat or fish, as the case may be.

A staff of scientists in the laboratories of the National Canners Association, Washington, D. C., labors incessantly on the scientific preservation of canned food through perfect sterilization. New problems making for perfection are continually being solved. The achievement of the present container also can be largely credited to the labor of these scientists. Data are exchanged with other scientists everywhere. The latest findings are communicated to thousands of canneries, and "The Miracle on your Table"—delicious, nourishing food, from every part of the country becomes, thanks to science, an accomplished fact.

Thank France for the offer by her Government, some one hundred and twenty-five years ago, of 12,000 francs as a prize for a method of preserving foods for use by her army and navy. Nicholas Appert won the prize after fifteen years' experiment (the wars of the great Napoleon constantly emphasizing the need for success), and thus laid the foundation of today's mighty industry. Commercial canning started in America one hundred years ago and was immensely accelerated by the Civil War. Now it is a $200,000,000 industry. The United States produces and consumes more canned food than any other country in the world

THE NATIONAL CANNERS ASSOCIATION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

A nation-wide organization formed in 1907, consisting of producers of all varieties of hermetically sealed canned foods which have been sterilized by heat. It neither produces, buys, nor sells. Its purpose is to assure, for the mutual benefit of the industry and the public, the best canned foods that scientific knowledge and human skill can produce.



(Continued from Page 109)

"Is all this necessary, gentlemen? I appeal to you!" He looked toward Daly and the editor. "Is there any more than a passing resemblance between this impostor and Mr. Danton?"

The editor considered Perry and P. D. Q. and said soberly: "There's more than that, but there's a difference too. Our man is darker—sunburned a bit except where his beard was. That eye makes him look dark. Hair's same color—about the same. But our man's heavier, huskier—I'd back him in a fight."

"May I remind you that this is not a fight? You're hardly proposing a bout of fisticuffs," Ammidown interjected.

"Hardly," Rickard agreed. "I'm suggesting you ask them some questions that only the right man could answer. That ought to settle the thing."

"Exactly," said Perry, and P. D. Q. echoed: "Exactly—to be sure!"

"I'd like to ask a question myself," Perry exclaimed. "I'd like to ask you, P. D. Q. ——"

The editor interposed.

"No good," he said. "Of course either one of you can ask something to stump the other. Let Mr. Ammidown ask some questions that only the right Perry Danton could know. That should help us along."

Ammidown said: "Very well, we will be brief." He looked at Perry. "Young man ——"

"That's hardly the way to do it," the editor objected again. "Thing to do is get paper and pencil. Ask them questions. Let each one write the answer. Compare the answers. That's fairer to both of them."

P. D. Q. sat down at the end of the table. "All right," he agreed, "fetch your paper. I'll use a pen."

"I've paper," said Daly, and pulled out the folded hunk of copy paper which a reporter usually carries. Perry took a seat at the end of the table away from P. D. Q. Daly divided the paper between them.

Ammidown watched these preparations with a dour eye and asked harshly when they were done: "Are you ready?"

"Shoot!" said Perry, and P. D. Q. added: "When you are, sir."

"By the way," Perry suggested, "one stipulation. I was kidnaped on the fifteenth of May. Since then P. D. Q. has been in my shoes. As to matters which happened since then he knows more than I do. I would suggest that the questions be confined to—events that preceded my—unavoidable absence."

"Any old time at all suits me, sir," said P. D. Q.

Ammidown tilted back in his chair and put the tips of his fingers together. His eyes surveyed the ceiling.

"Perry," he said, "some time in April we had a talk about the advisability of—about what should be done with certain securities. What were these securities?"

P. D. Q. started to write. Perry said aloud: "New Haven."

Ammidown looked at him in some surprise and P. D. Q. said: "Just what I was about to write."

The lawyer said sternly to Perry: "For your own good you would do well to observe the conditions under which we are proceeding."

Perry laughed.

"All right, sir," he agreed. "The whole thing strikes me as ridiculous—that's all."

Ammidown cleared his throat.

"That is my impression," he agreed. "However, we will proceed. What was the nature of those securities?"

The two men wrote. Daly stepped to Perry's side to see what he had written and Ammidown looked at the editor and said: "Will you read what Mr. Danton has written?"

Rickard started toward Perry and Ammidown exclaimed, "I said 'Mr. Danton,'" and the editor grinned, turned and went to P. D. Q.'s side.

"'Bonds,'" he read.

Ammidown looked at Daly.

"What has that gentleman written?"

"'Bonds,'" said Daly.

Ammidown nodded.

"A guess," he commented. "Guess at this: What did we decide in that matter?" Perry and P. D. Q. wrote, each a few words. Ammidown looked toward the editor, who read: "'To sell'"

Daly read over Perry's shoulder: "We agreed they should be sold.'"

Ammidown looked a little startled.

"No one but Perry Danton could know that," he exclaimed. There was a little silence, then Daly said: "They both know it. Must be two Perrys."

Perry said: "See here, Mr. Ammidown, this man has been with you constantly for a month. He has had many opportunities to pick up this information. Try to remember something which you are sure you have not mentioned to him. That is to say which you are sure you have not mentioned during the last month, yet which the real Perry knew before the fifteenth of May."

Ammidown frowned at Perry, but he considered for a little, then asked: "Who called on me in my office on the afternoon of the first of May, when I was alone with Mr. Danton?"

Both men wrote and it appeared a moment later that both men had written the same name. P. D. Q. laughed at that.

"Neck and neck, sir," he said cheerfully. "This chap has prepared a careful case."

Perry said: "See here, let someone else ask the questions."

Ammidown hesitated.

"I've no objection," he said slowly. "I'll confess I am surprised."

"Call my valet—call Hasket on the telephone," Perry suggested. "Tell him to think back—tell you a couple of things to ask. He ought to know something ——"

P. D. Q. laughed.

"I'll call him," he agreed. "Hasket is a mystery hound. He spends all his evenings over the most curious tales. He'll enjoy the experience." He started for the telephone, which stood on the desk in the corner, but Daly stood up to intercept him, and Ammidown said: "I'll have the operator get Hasket and I'll talk to him myself. This matter needs sifting."

He stepped to the door and spoke to the girl outside. As he reentered the room the editor spoke.

"We're overlooking an easy bet," he suggested. "Why not compare their handwriting?"

P. D. Q. laughed.

"Of course," he agreed. "We should have thought of that," and he scribbled on the paper before him and slid the sheet across the table to Ammidown. The lawyer glanced at it.

"That's Perry Danton's signature, of course," he said. "That's enough for me. I had forgotten—so simple a thing."

Perry said: "Wait a minute! My handwriting has changed a bit because I broke a couple of knuckles on a man's skull, but ——"

He too wrote. Ammidown studied the result and he frowned.

"It's a good imitation," he said; "obviously a forgery." His face reddened a little angrily. "Best not write this name on the wrong bit of paper, young man."

Perry laughed.

"I ——" he said, but the telephone rang, interrupting him, and Daly, who was nearest, answered.

"It's Hasket," he told the others.

"No matter," said Ammidown. "We don't need him now."

Perry got up quickly.

"Wait a minute!" he exclaimed. "I don't propose to have this thing end here. It's sufficiently important to have a thorough test. Tell him the situation, Daly. Ask him to give you a couple of questions."

Ammidown said angrily: "You will ——"

Perry whirled on him.

"Wait!" he cried. "I'm a good-natured young fellow, Mr. Ammidown, as you know; but you also know that when I start anything I finish it. Let's see what Hasket has to say."

Daly was already explaining to Hasket. They waited, listening. After a few minutes Daly turned to them, the receiver still at his ear.

"He's trying to think of something," he explained. Then turned quickly to the instrument again, listening. "Hold the line," he said, and faced the men in the room.

"Hasket wants you to tell him what was the original salary figure for which he came to work for you," he said.

Perry laughed.

"There!" he cried. "Fifteen dollars!"

P. D. Q. shook his head.

"Bad guess, my friend. It was twenty."

"See what Hasket says?" Perry demanded, and Daly turned to the telephone and asked: "What's the answer, Hasket?" He listened an instant and turned to them. "He says it was twenty," he told them.

Perry cried, "What's that? Hasket—He ——"

The editor cut in.

"Tell him to ask another, Daly."

And Daly devoted himself to the telephone for a moment, then swung toward them again.

"What happened to your heather-mixture tie?" he asked, grinning.

Perry looked blankly at him.

"Tie? I never had a heather mixture."

P. D. Q. interrupted.

"It stuck in my collar one night and I lost my temper and tore it in half," he said, smiling. "Hasket was much amused at the incident."

Daly hesitated, then spoke into the telephone and a moment later he nodded.

"That's right," he told them.

Perry was on his feet.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "Hasket is evidently involved in this piece of chicanery. But there's one person—call up Miss Camilla Hoyt. Tell her ——"

Ammidown looked at P. D. Q.

"Perry," he said, "it seems to me we have been more than patient."

"Oh, let's satisfy him," said P. D. Q. cheerfully. "Go ahead and call Miss Hoyt if you like."

Daly, at the telephone, said, "Thanks, Hasket. G'By," and hung up the receiver and ran through the pages of the telephone book beside him and called Camilla's number. While they waited P. D. Q. lighted a cigarette. Perry watched Daly. Ammidown twisted a bit of paper between his fingers with short angry movements. The editor watched P. D. Q. Daly got Camilla on the wire and explained the situation to her. Camilla laughed.

"Why, yes," she said, "I know. The man came out here yesterday—a sort of a tramp."

"Can you suggest a question or two?" Daly asked.

"Let me think," Camilla murmured, and Daly waited, with a glance toward the others. After a moment, listening, he told them: "She wants to know what you had for lunch the day you lunched with her in the English room—fifteenth of March, she says it was."

P. D. Q. smiled and looked at Perry with a certain triumph in his eyes and wrote something on the paper before him. Perry's thoughts were whirling in a panicky way. The fifteenth of March—that was the day Camilla had always claimed that he lunched with her.

He knew differently. Their argument had impressed the date on his mind. He wished devoutly that they had discussed in these arguments the viands that comprised the disputed luncheon.

They were looking at him, waiting for him to write. He said slowly: "I didn't lunch with her that day. She's mistaken."

P. D. Q. laughed.

"Now there's a point of difference," he suggested, "for I did lunch with her that day. Here is our bill of fare."

Ammidown took the slip of paper, glanced at it, handed it to the editor. The editor took it to Daly.

"See what she says," he told the reporter, and Daly asked: "Just what did you have, Miss Hoyt?"

They watched him as he listened. After a moment he nodded.

"This is right," he said, and tossed the paper on the desk before him.

Ammidown got up, started to speak, but Daly held up his hand. They stood still while he listened to Camilla. After a moment he turned toward them, grinning at Perry and P. D. Q.

"She wants to know," he announced, "whether she and Mr. Perry Danton are engaged."

Perry looked at P. D. Q. and P. D. Q. looked at Perry—and chuckled. Then still chuckling he wrote a word upon the paper before him and covered it with his hand

Perry felt as cold as ice. He could see the double triumph in P. D. Q.'s eyes. He remembered how Camilla had defended Perry Danton—the new Perry Danton when he spoke with her yesterday. He remembered the light in her eyes, the warmth in her tones—and his heart was sore. She and P. D. Q. ——

He wrote despairingly on the paper before him, "Yes." And the editor took his paper and P. D. Q.'s and glanced at one and then the other.

"This ought to settle it, Mr. Ammidown," he said. "My man says 'Yes.' Your man says 'No.'"

Perry's heart leaped. Daly was asking, "What is the answer, Miss Hoyt?"

"The answer is 'No,'" said Camilla.

Perry was not quite sure what happened in the moments immediately following. He was conscious that he had lost, that he was defeated, that Ammidown was threatening him with arrest and ordering him out, but he didn't care. He felt that nothing could worry him now—now that he knew P. D. Q. was not engaged to Camilla.

He went along the hall, Daly on one side and the editor on the other, and he walked on air. In the street they stopped as though by mutual consent. Perry looked at them and grinned.

"Well," he said, "I suppose you're convinced I'm a damned liar."

Daly cried, "No, sir, by golly!"

And the editor added: "I'm convinced you're telling the truth. I was watching the other fellow's eyes."

Perry's own eyes, for sheer thankfulness that someone believed in him, misted thickly. He had kept a cheerful front, a smile on his lips, but the situation was enough to worry even a cheerful man. He gripped the editor's hand.

"We'll get that guy," Rickard promised. "But it'll take time. Meantime you've got a job with us. You can live, anyway."

"You're on!" said Perry.

He left them a little later and he was in a decidedly cheerful frame of mind. It was true that P. D. Q. sat in the driver's seat, had things his own way, could draw checks against Perry's bank account and abscond with Perry's securities. But P. D. Q. was not engaged to Camilla! And Perry knew quite devoutly that he would not mind losing other things so long as he did not lose Camilla. He had no notion of losing her. She might be fond of P. D. Q. now, but she should be fond of him, Perry, too. She had liked him before; she would like him all the more, now that he was a working man—a reporter.

He tramped more or less aimlessly from midafternoon till close to six o'clock. He was thinking, probing for a weak spot in P. D. Q.'s armor, wondering what his next step should be. At about ten minutes of six he happened to be traversing one of the diagonal paths through the Common. He was not even conscious of his own surroundings.

Someone touched him on the shoulder and said cheerfully: "How are you, now, old man?"

Perry turned and grinned. The man who had spoken to him was P. D. Q.

He said amiably: "Hello yourself! What's up? Are you on my trail?"

"Just happened to catch up with you," P. D. Q. assured him. "But I'm glad I did."

"Why?" Perry asked.

"Because I want to talk with you," said P. D. Q.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

Government had failed to notify us that the rupture of diplomatic relations implied the beginning of warlike operations constituted but a very lame excuse for having misjudged the situation and stayed the hand of the responsible authority at the front, thereby having helped to create the conditions which rendered the surprise attack on our fleet possible. It would not, indeed, have required superhuman sagacity to penetrate the obvious intention of the Japanese to deal us the first blow, a blow whose success was of supreme importance to them but could be rendered possible only by surprise. The bitter reproaches heaped on Count Lamsdorf in this connection were hardly quite fair considering that after all no human being can give more than there is in him. It has been the cruel fate of our unfortunate country that on this occasion, as well as at the moment of the supreme crisis in her history, at the approach of the catastrophe of the World War, when clear insight into actual conditions and statesmanlike prevision of the future alone could have saved the country from disaster and ruin, the headship of our foreign department should have been left to purblind incompetence and pompous self-sufficiency.

If I have dwelt at such length on the subject of the night attack on Port Arthur it is because its success by crippling our fleet deprived us from the outset of the use of a most important arm of defense as well as of offense, and thereby practically determined the issue of the campaign.

These and similar painful reflections I kept constantly revolving in my mind while pacing the deck of the good ship Yarra during our long voyage to Europe. There was only one consideration which seemed to offer solace to a mind haunted by the gravest apprehensions for Russia's future, and it was this:

Ever since the division of the Great Powers of Continental Europe into two irreconcilably hostile camps had been completed I had felt convinced that the outbreak of a general European war could only be a question of time, and that such a war would mean in every sense a catastrophe for Russia, for reasons to which I shall refer in another chapter of these reminiscences. It seemed to me that a war waged on the extreme confines of the empire and mainly on the territory of a neighboring state would be in the nature of a colonial war, and whatever might be its outcome it could not so profoundly affect the destinies of the country as would a disastrous war in Europe. It would, however, entail sacrifices of blood and treasure of such magnitude as to cause—at least I thought so then—our government to realize the necessity of avoiding the danger of being drawn into the ever-threatening catastrophe of a general European war and consequently to comprehend the folly of persisting in a line of policy which could lead to no other result than to bring it about in the end.

After this lengthy digression and brief allusion to questions of the utmost gravity, which I shall endeavor to treat exhaustively later on, it is high time to resume the thread of my narrative.

We sailed, or rather steamed out of Yokohama Harbor on the morning following our installation on board the Yarra and reached Kobe in the afternoon of the next day. As soon as we had come to anchor an official of the local prefecture came on board with a message from the governor to the effect that he had been ordered to place his carriage at my disposal in case I should wish to take a drive on shore with my family; an offer which I, of course, declined to accept, with thanks for the courteous intention. I mention this insignificant incident merely because it was symptomatic of the spirit in which the Japanese Government intended to carry on the war. This spirit was also reflected in the behavior of the people toward the head of our ecclesiastical mission, Archbishop Nicholas, who had elected to stay behind in order to minister to the spiritual needs of his numerous flock of Japanese orthodox Christians. Barring the first few days, when excitement was running high and he was requested not to leave the compound of the mission which with the orthodox cathedral occupied a site on a hill, so to speak, dominating the town—he was all during the war able to move about freely without ever being molested in any way; nor was the teaching of the Russian language in his mission school interfered with. He also was permitted to visit from time to time the various camps where prisoners of war were interned, and to bring them, with the assistance of some orthodox Japanese priests, the consolations of their faith.

Having taken on board our consuls and their families and the staffs of our consulates at Kobe and Nagasaki we proceeded to Shanghai, where the Yarra was detained for two days, which we spent on shore, being offered the hospitality of the Russo-Chinese bank in their fine building on the water front. This was our first and I dare say last visit to the Paris of the Far East, and we were much interested in visiting the foreign concessions as well as the overcrowded Chinese quarter with its teeming population, having found security of life and property under the friendly shelter of the foreign-governed settlements.

On the day we left Shanghai the French cruiser Pascal had arrived from Chemulpo, having on board the captain and most of the surviving officers and crew of the Variag, and I had an opportunity to hear from the survivors' lips the tragic story of their heroic battle with a whole Japanese squadron.

Our next port of call was Hong-Kong, where Admiral Howe, commander in chief of the British fleet in Far Eastern waters, came on board the Yarra to see me and to express his warm sympathy on account of the brave fight our sailors had put up against overwhelming odds at Chemulpo. Our party was now slightly reduced in numbers as we had to leave behind, at Shanghai, Prince Koudacheff, who had been transferred as first secretary to the legation at Peking; and Colonel Samoyloff and Captain Roussin, who had both been ordered to join the viceroy's staff at Port Arthur.

Still we were numerous enough when we arrived for a two days' stay at Saigon, the capital of French Indo-China and at the same time of the province of Cochin China.

Palais de Longchamp, Marseilles

On landing we were met by one of the governor's A. D. C.'s, who welcomed us in the name of his chief and transmitted the latter's invitation to luncheon at his residence, known as the Palais du Petit Gouvernement. He also told us that the governor general, who happened to be in residence at Hanoi, had given orders that we should all be put up at his palace, known as the Palais du Grand Gouvernement, which turned out to be a perfect palace in fairyland, a veritable "*palais des mille et une nuits*," surrounded by a wonderful tropical garden. We were most hospitably entertained by the distinguished governor and his charming wife, and were shown by everyone with whom we came in contact that exquisite courtesy the French know so well how to bestow on their guests.

Having left Saigon and after a short stop at Singapore we crossed the Indian Ocean, bound for Colombo, Ceylon. I do not know of anything more fascinating and dreamily restful than a sea voyage in the tropics in the proper season, when the sky is always cloudless and the ocean as calm as a mill pond. Male passengers are allowed on deck in pyjamas in the mornings until eight bells, and nothing in the world can equal the delicious sensation of luxurious ease one experiences when, after a refreshing shower bath, stretched out on a comfortable deck chair, one sips one's morning coffee watching Old Sol slowly emerging from the eternal ocean and filling the universe with his radiant glory.

I remember how one afternoon in midocean my wife, entering her stateroom, which was on the lower deck, found on the carpet, wriggling in agony, a good-sized flying fish which had jumped through the porthole, which was not very high above the water line, the steamer being a rather small one. We had the cruelty to have the jumpy creature fried for dinner, and found it quite a palatable morsel.

On arrival at Colombo we were met by the Russian colony minus the consul, who for some reason seemed to be not on speaking terms with his compatriots. The whole colony consisted of the representative of the firm of the Brothers Popoff, multimillionaire tea merchants of Moscow, and his staff of twelve clerks, all hailing from Moscow with the exception of one, who was a Russian-Englishman. They asked me to lunch with them in their messroom in the firm's fine bungalow, while my family and the rest of our party went to lunch at the famous Galle Face Hotel on the seashore some way out of town. My amiable hosts gave me some interesting information regarding the trade in Ceylon tea for the Russian market, which of late had grown to very large dimensions indeed. So this is where some at least of the celebrated Russian "caravan" tea comes from. This seems to be in a line with the case of our favorite "Dutch herrings," which, it appears, are caught by Norwegian fishermen somewhat near the coast of Scotland, and are said to be unknown in Holland.

After luncheon I went to join our party at the Galle Face Hotel, where I found a novel sport being indulged in by some hotel guests, which consisted in buying from a local fisherman a quantity of oysters on the gambling chance of finding some of them inhabited by pearls, the oysters being then and there opened in the presence of the purchaser, and if found empty thrown away on a big heap of oyster shells back of the hotel, which emitted a perfume that had nothing in common with ylang-ylang.

(Continued on Page 119)

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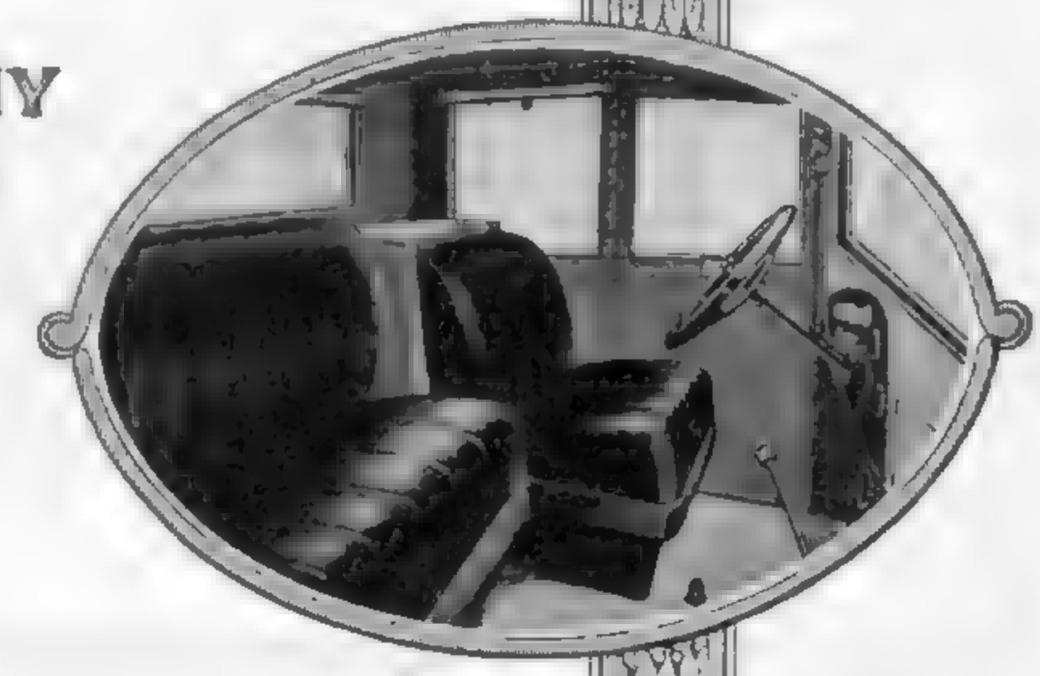

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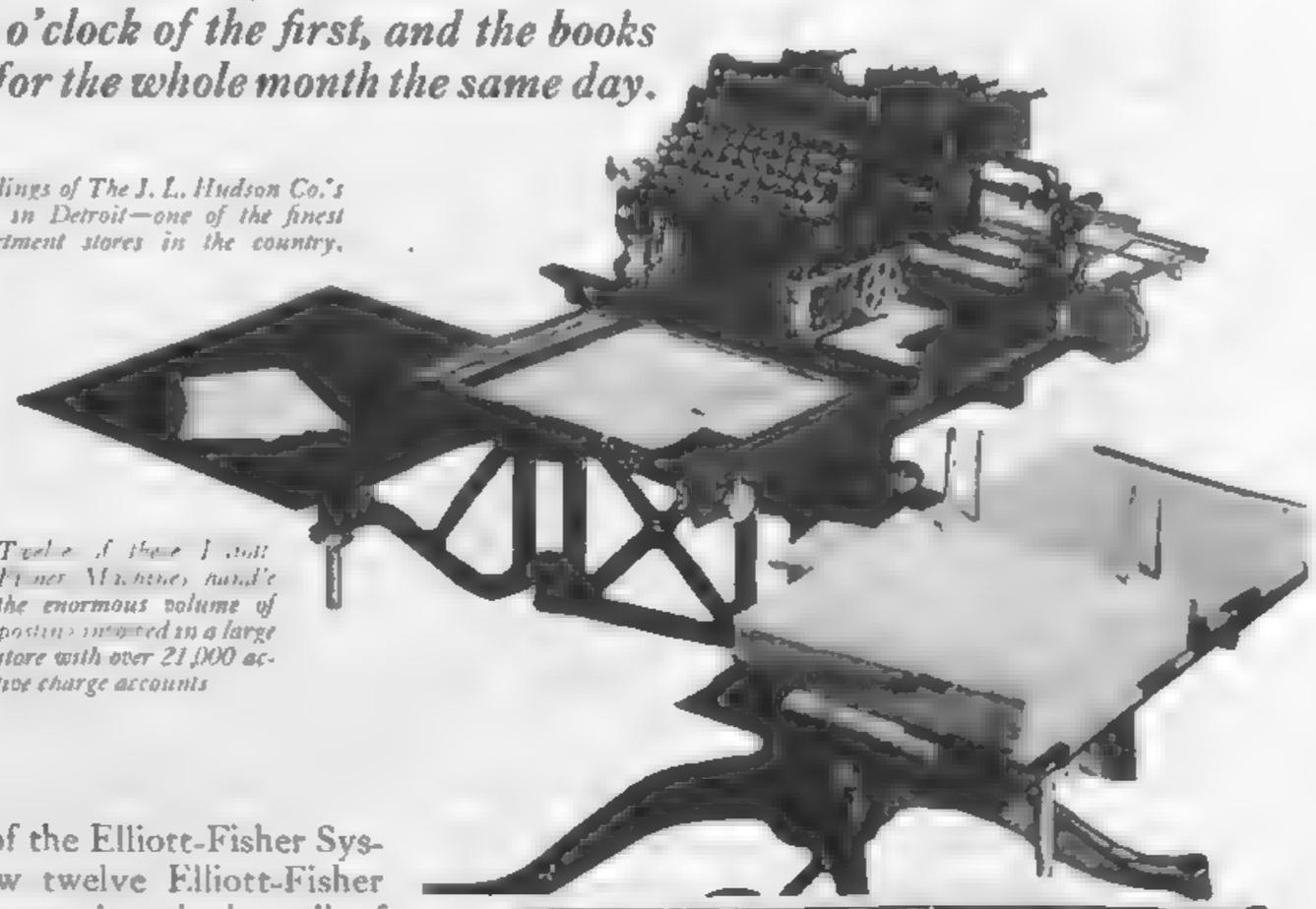

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(Continued from Page 115)

From there we took the traditional sight-seeing drive to the cinnamon gardens, and on our way back to town we came across a group of stark-naked little Singhalese boys, who for some time kept running by the side of our carriages chanting in the drollest possible way, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," in expectation of the probably usual shower of charitable pennies.

At Port Said, our last port of call, we parted company with a charming friend, a young Greek lady whom we had known at Athens and who had accompanied us to Tokio as our guest. In the Mediterranean we met with some rather rough weather, but we reached Marseilles safely without having experienced the violence of a mistral, that most inhospitable wind said to be blowing frequently in that neighborhood. While we were slowly approaching the quay where we were to make fast I was standing on the bridge and looking at the crowd of people watching the arrival of the steamer, when the captain pointed out to me a group of stylishly dressed gentlemen armed with notebooks and pencils, and said laughingly: "There are your enemies waiting for their prey."

Unfortunately, with all my sympathy for my future colleagues in the literary profession, of which I have now, though rather late in the day, become a modest apprentice, I was bound to disappoint them, as it was, of course, impossible for me to give out anything for publication before I had reported to my government.

After a few days of rest in Paris we took the Nord Express for St. Petersburg. One great satisfaction was in store for me on reaching my own country. At the frontier station I had paid for our supper with a one-hundred-ruble bill, and the change that was brought back to me by the waiter consisted entirely of gold and silver coins—a proof that the war had not, so far, affected the stability of our finances. When we were approaching St. Petersburg, at the station of Gatshina, a friend of mine who had come from the imperial castle, the residence of the Empress Dowager, joined us in our sleeping car and brought us the latest news and gossip of the capital. He warned me that I was in high disfavor at the Foreign Department—as I had fully expected—but told me at the same time that I need not worry on that account, as to judge from what he had heard at the castle the Emperor was very well disposed toward me. Both his warning and his encouragement proved to be well founded.

On arrival at St. Petersburg my first duty was naturally to report to my chief and then to apply for an audience with the Emperor. I was notified of the hour when the Minister of Foreign Affairs would receive me. Count Lamsdorf met me with frigid courtesy and I had barely had time to take the offered seat when, before I had uttered a single word, the door opened, a servant appeared and announced one of the foreign ambassadors—evidently a preconcerted arrangement.

The count rose at once and asked to be excused, as he could not keep an ambassador waiting. I replied that I would be at his disposal whenever he would find it convenient to send for me. He never did, and the next time I met him was more than a year later, when my appointment as Ambassador to the United States had been gazetted.

A very different reception awaited me at the Winter Palace. From the moment I had passed its threshold I felt from the attitude of the court attendants, high and low, that the prevailing atmosphere was a very sympathetic one, reflecting the mood and disposition of the master. The Emperor received me in his private library—the same room where thirteen years later the preposterous Kerensky was said to have established his headquarters as ruler of the destinies of what had been the great empire which he had helped to destroy and of one hundred and fifty million people he was to deliver into the satanic power of Bolshevism, civil war and utter ruin and despair.

Nothing could have exceeded the graciousness with which His Majesty met me and thanked me warmly for my services. He engaged me in a conversation that lasted more than an hour, showing the greatest interest in all I had to say. As I had been allowed, or rather desired, to speak with perfect frankness I was given an opportunity of developing freely and exhaustively in my verbal exposé all my views on the state of affairs in the Far East and on the policy that had led up to it, without, of course, touching upon my disagreement with my chief and with Witte, but otherwise entirely in the sense in which I have stated them succinctly in the preceding chapters of these reminiscences.

When the audience had come to an end and the Emperor rose to dismiss me it occurred to me to relate to His Majesty the incident of the souvenir in the shape of two small silver vases which the Empress of Japan had sent to my wife after the war had broken out, and I said the reason why I ventured to mention this incident was that it had come to my ears that my "well-wishers" had fastened on this insignificant circumstance a whole legend of my having received from the Mikado a parting present of a complete dinner service in gold, of great value, presumably as a reward for my having concealed from my government the impending danger of war.

The Emperor laughed heartily and said: "You need not worry on that account. Your wife did exactly right in accepting the Empress' gift. No lady could have acted differently. The story of the gold dinner service has, of course, been related to me, but I treat such insinuations with the contempt they deserve."

Such was the attitude of this all-powerful monarch toward one of his subjects who in faithfully trying to serve him and his country to the best of his ability had antagonized some of his favorite political conceptions. A few months later I had another proof of his kind-hearted generosity and true nobility of character. As will always happen in case of a disastrous war public opinion was anxious to fasten the blame for its outbreak on some scapegoat, and the diplomacy being in a general way rather unpopular it was but natural that the particular diplomat who happened to be in charge of the legation at Tokio should have been held responsible for not having advised the government in time of the Japanese warlike intentions.

One of my friends, whom the functions he then held in the service brought into closer contact with the imperial family circle, availed himself of an opportunity which presented itself on the occasion of a family meal at which he happened to be present, to mention incidentally that St. Petersburg society very generally accused me of having failed to keep the government duly informed of the Japanese preparations for war and to have warned them of the imminent danger of its sudden outbreak.

Whereupon the Emperor with great warmth retorted: "This is quite false; he has always reported the truth, but what he wrote did not always please."

These imperial words did not fail to be known and set me right at least in the eyes of the great world of the capital.

I shall not attempt to give on these pages even a very summary account of the events of the war, but I may perhaps claim some justification for dwelling at greater length on the causes which, I apprehended from the beginning, would determine its disastrous result.

Looking South in French Quarters and Toward the Native City, Shanghai

There was in the first place the question of the supreme command. By virtue of the law creating the viceroyalty of the Far East the supreme command of all the armed forces, army as well as navy, rested with the viceroy. But the appointment of General Kuropatkin as commander in chief of the army created a power which though nominally subordinated to that of the viceroy could not fail to lay claim to and actually realize a certain degree of independence, without which the functions of commander in chief of the army would indeed have become meaningless.

There evidently had been a fundamental disagreement between them as to the whole plan of the campaign. Admiral Alexieff's idea was, as I happened to know from my exchange of views with him during my visit to him in the autumn of 1903, as well as from information imparted to me by Colonel Samoyloff, who had joined the viceroy's staff, that our chief aim should be the defense at any cost of Port Arthur, and that therefore we should meet the expected Japanese onslaught at the point where it was most likely to come from—that is to say, at the Yalu River. General Kuropatkin's conception of the wisest conduct of the campaign was commonly believed to be the very opposite—the abandonment of Port Arthur with its garrison to its fate, which was to be combined with a skillfully devised plan of gradual fighting retreats so as to draw on the Japanese as far away as possible from their base and as far as possible into Northern Manchuria or even Eastern Siberia, which would bring us nearer our own base, thereby strengthening our position and weakening theirs.

Of course I cannot vouch for such having actually been his conception, though appearances certainly seemed to indicate this to be the case. If so it could only have been an effect of the hypnotic influence exercised ever since last century over the minds of our strategists of the Military Academy of St. Petersburg by the traditions of the so-called patriotic war of 1812 against the French invasion. Field Marshal Kutusoff's plan of drawing on the, for those days, numerous hosts of Napoleon and watching their gradual thinning out through the necessity of holding an ever-lengthening line of communication with their base, until they were laid fast in Moscow, from where they were bound some day to begin their disastrous retreat—was based on a very rational sizing up of Napoleon's psychology as well as of that of his own sovereign, Alexander I, whereas Napoleon's estimate of his great rival's psychology was at fault when he felt sure that the loss of his ancient capital would cause him to conclude peace. Now it is plain that though Napoleon had a powerful albeit mistaken motive in pushing on as far as Moscow the Japanese could not have any motive whatever for letting themselves be drawn on any farther than they would deem it necessary in order to secure the reconquest of Port Arthur and their hold on Korea. But whether or not this had been General Kuropatkin's original conception it was certainly being acted upon in the conduct of the campaign, with the result that from the very beginning the ultimate loss of Port Arthur was made a matter of certainty.

Leaving aside the question of the immense difficulties growing out of the extreme remoteness of the theater of war from the center of the empire and the defective means of communication by a single-track railroad with a break round the southern shore of Lake Baikal, there was another circumstance that was bound to affect injuriously the chances of victory, and that was the decision to carry on the war mainly with reserve troops. Middle-aged peasants torn from their families, their lands and their work, transported to what must have seemed to them almost the end of the world, to make war in a foreign country against a people of whose very existence they had been ignorant, could hardly be expected to constitute a very willing, let alone enthusiastic and efficient fighting force. I am unable to say whether this fatal decision was due to a supercilious underestimation of the enemy's forces and valor or to the reluctance of our militant nationalists holding sway in the War Department to remove from Western Russia the first-class troops held in readiness for the ever-expected and by some hoped-for war with our western neighbors or perhaps to some secret stipulation of our treaty of alliance with France rendering it incumbent on us to maintain permanently a sufficient fighting force within easy reach of our western frontier. As a matter of fact it was only toward the end of the war, when peace negotiations had already been initiated, that two first-class army corps were on their way to Manchuria.

General Kuropatkin himself seems to have been impressed with the doubtful morale of at least some of the troops under his command and with the seriousness of the handicap it meant in the conduct of the campaign. At least a distinguished staff officer who had been a guest of the commander in chief at dinner told me that he had heard him break a momentary silence of his dinner guests with the following words, pronounced in a reflective and very impressive tone, addressed to no one in particular:

(Concluded on Page 122)

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PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

November 17, 1919.

Mr. H. S. Firestone,
Pres. Firestone Tire & Rubber Company,
Akron, Ohio.

Dear Sir:

During a recent conference of the National Association of Motor Truck Sales Managers, consideration was given to ways and means of prompting the increased use of Motor Trucks.

A review of past activities by your Company along this line indicates excellent results in the use of the slogan "Ship By Truck" coupled with the work of your "Ship By Truck" bureaus throughout the Country.

Your "Ship By Truck" slogan and the design in which it is incorporated are looked upon as a most apt presentation in the briefest possible form. The three words, "Ship By Truck" constitute, in our opinion, the keystone of all efforts that have been made to bring favorably to the attention of the people of this Country the great utility of the Motor Truck.

We realize the intensive and far-reaching efforts you have put behind this movement. With full knowledge of the strong impression it has made upon the commercial activities of this Country, we feel the idea it conveys has grown even beyond the limits of your great Company to continue to carry its message to the extent it warrants.

For the benefit of the industry and with a belief in the broad-minded policy that actuates your Company, our Association asks you to publicly endow the "Ship By Truck" slogan to our Association to be used by all our members and to be recommended for use by all individuals and organizations interested in Motor Truck Transportation.

If you find it possible to act favorably upon this suggestion our Association will take upon itself the responsibility of using in the most effective manner the original idea developed and so ably brought into prominence by your Company.

Yours very truly,

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR TRUCK SALES MANAGERS.

J. E. Tracy
President.

Ship by

An Appreciation and A Dedication

THE letter reproduced here, addressed to Mr. Firestone, by The National Association of Motor Truck Sales Managers, indicates that in something over a year the Ship by Truck movement has grown from an abstract idea to a mighty movement of national import.

States, municipalities, Chambers of Commerce, good roads organizations, truck operators, the owners of truck express lines, the general public, the press, have aided to spread the news of the value of motor truck transportation.

Discussion has been followed by demonstration.

Groups of trucks have journeyed from city to city. They have penetrated the rural districts. They have gone into the fields and shown their ability to traverse rough ground with heavy loads.

The Sign of Good Trucking Service: Manufacture — Operation — Maintenance

One of the most recent and most important aids has been the concentration of the full strength of The National Association of Motor Truck Sales Managers behind the Ship by Truck movement as evidenced by the letter from Mr. Tracy.

Shoulder to shoulder with them will stand the Firestone organization to carry forward the Ship by Truck idea.

Firestone men have been enthusiastically behind this movement from its first inception by the Firestone Company. At its factory and many branches Ship by Truck Bureaus are maintained, through which is cleared definite information for all interested.

What Firestone has accomplished in giving publicity to this idea, in collecting data showing the tremendous import of this movement, in formulating plans for making it more nearly universal in its application, has later been overshadowed by the wholehearted backing of the business world and by public officials.

Firestone stands ready to do its part.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
FIRESTONE PARK AKRON, OHIO
Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Truck

(Concluded from Page 119)

"Yes, gentlemen, in these days of popular armies it is impossible to wage war successfully when the people will have none of it."

Besides injecting into our active army an element of doubtful value the mobilization of the reserves produced among the peasantry widespread discontent, which our deluded revolutionary parties, ever on the watch for a chance to work for the ruin of their country, were not slow to exploit in fomenting serious agrarian troubles. There were no popular elements capable of counteracting their nefarious propaganda.

The Intelligentzia were almost unanimously opposed to the war, and remembering the salutary effect our defeat in the Crimean War had had in preparing the way for the liberation of the serfs were rather expectant if not openly hopeful of a new defeat, this time in a far-away colonial war, in the belief that it would lead to liberal reforms in a constitutional sense. Such was also the attitude of the liberal press, as far, of course, as compatible with the prudent reserve imposed by a rigorous censorship. The few jingo papers, such as the Novoe Vremia, were doing their level best, with little success, in trying to propagate warlike feeling. In one respect they did a world of harm. That was in lending their columns to and in supporting a hysterical agitation started by a professor of the naval academy, with the object of causing the dispatch to the Far East of almost the whole of what was left of the Baltic fleet. In the eyes of anyone acquainted with the condition of that fleet and capable of comprehending the state it would be in after several months of navigation round the Cape of Good Hope, through the Indian Ocean and the China Sea, and the chance it would have, not of victory, but simply of escape if in that state it should have to meet in battle the Japanese fleet, this agitation could only be considered as simply criminal, because it meant the sending to certain destruction of the pitiable remnant of our navy and to certain death of thousands of brave men who went unflinchingly to meet their doom, without even a ghost of a chance of thereby redeeming the fortunes of the campaign.

As soon as it became known that the sending of the fleet to the Far East had been definitely determined upon rumors began to spread about the Japanese intending to attack the fleet with torpedo boats somewhere before it would even have left European waters. The consequence was that agents of the secret police were intrusted with the task of watching the movements of the Japanese phantom torpedo boats. Being furnished with large sums of money for organizing their service of espionage they naturally had to justify their expenditure of the funds placed at their disposal by reporting to their employers from time to time positive results of their spying activity. In this way, presumably, was created the legend of the presence of mysterious Japanese craft, camouflaged as fishing smacks, hiding in some Norwegian fiords and somewhere on the coast of Great Britain, Japan's ally, with the object of attacking our fleet in the narrow waters of the Great Belt or the Cattegat and Skager-Rack on entering the North Sea.

These fantastic reports naturally spread considerable alarm in our naval circles and the passing of the fleet through the narrow passage of the Great Belt was surrounded with the most elaborate precautions. The fleet entered the North Sea in perfect safety and all danger seemed to be past, when, on reaching at night the shoal known as the Doggerbank, suspicious lights were reported to have shown themselves ahead. In the state of nervous tension under which the personnel of the fleet was laboring these lights were at once declared to belong to Japanese torpedo boats, fire was opened on them and continued for some time, until it was realized that it had all been a mistake. It was found afterward that the supposed Japanese torpedo boats were plain British trawlers of the Hull fishing fleet, that one of them had been sunk, another injured, and that two men had been killed and a few more wounded.

This incident created at first a rather serious crisis in the relations between Russia and England, which, however, thanks presumably to the moderating influence of King Edward, found its solution in an agreement to submit the case to an international commission for investigation of the facts with a view to the punishment of any parties who should be found to have been responsible.

This commission, composed of a British, a French, an American and a Russian admiral with a fifth elected by them—Admiral Spaun, of the Austro-Hungarian Navy—met at Paris in February of the following year, and by a majority report held Admiral Rozhestvensky, the commander in chief of the fleet, responsible for the firing, which was not justifiable as there had not been any torpedo boats among the trawlers or anywhere near, but at the same time absolved him and his squadron from discredit either to their "military qualities" or their "humanity." This finding was mainly due to the conciliatory attitude of the British member of the commission.

In the meantime the ill-fated fleet, which so nearly had embroiled us with Great Britain, was pursuing its necessarily slow progress and had reached Madagascar when an event occurred which should have furnished an occasion for canceling the entire expedition, and indeed for initiating peace negotiations. I mean the fall of Port Arthur. The defense of the fortress having failed, its reconquest could not under existing conditions be made the object of a continuation of this most unpopular war. It would therefore obviously have been the part of wisdom to begin to think of peace while our fleet on its way to Japan still represented a certain potential force not to be considered a quite negligible quantity. Moreover interior political conditions were certainly not reassuring. Discontent with the prevailing reactionary régime was widespread among the educated classes. The great majority of the Inteligentzia had been from the beginning opposed to the war; its deplorable conduct, the repeated defeats of our armies, were not contributing to raise their spirits; they seemed hardly to care for the result of the war. The remainder was divided between the noisy sham patriotism of those who insisted on our fleet being sent to its doom, and the total absence of patriotism of those who almost openly hoped for defeat, upon which they seemed to look as upon the defeat of the régime and not at all as the defeat of their own country—a kind of mentality I have not come across anywhere else.

The Minister of the Interior, Plehve, who had apparently counted on a strengthening of the régime as a result of a victorious war, had paid for his error with his life. He was literally blown to pieces by a bomb thrown under his carriage by some social-revolutionary terrorist. As far as the openly revolutionary parties were concerned the war naturally was their opportunity. I can do no better than to quote from a neutral and presumably impartial source some information in this regard. Mr. Arthur Bullard in his extremely interesting book, The Russian Pendulum, on pages 97 and 98, says:

"In the insurrectional period from 1904 to 1907 most of the revolutionary parties in Russia accepted Japanese assistance. Some took it directly, others insisted on a degree of camouflage. Milyoukov's party, the Constitutional Democrats, or Kadets, made the patriotic boast that they did not accept Japanese gold. The Social Revolutionary Party organized a filibuster in an English port and loaded a ship with arms to land in Finland. With the direct assistance of the Japanese they carried on an intense propaganda among the Russian soldiers who had become prisoners of war.

"Now these revolutionists who accepted Japanese help in 1905 were not partisans of the Mikado. They were just as much opposed to his autocracy as they were to that of the Czar. They were simply so intent on their own struggle for liberty that they were willing to accept help from anyone. The agents of Imperial Japan had no sympathy with such revolutionary ideas, but—all's fair in love and war—their country was at war with Russia and the more revolution in the Czar's domain the better."

A little farther down on the same page, 98, the author remarks: "Such tactics were universal."

So they were indeed. But I presume this remark is meant as a palliation of the tactics of the briber and not of those of the bribee.

Editor's Note—This is the twelfth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue

Low Income and High Mortality

IF ANYONE believes that there have been no advances in the supervision and care of the nation's needy ones let that person search the history of our life in various cities one or two generations ago and then compare the results of such investigation with our records to-day. Previous to 1854 foundling children in all of our large cities were boarded in private homes without supervision. From 1854 to 1859, in the city of New York alone, more than one thousand infants were farmed out every year and ninety out of each hundred did not live twelve months.

Frequently in those days it was not unusual to find a half dozen infants in a hut on the river bank where a single nurse fed the poor creatures bottle food until they died. The almshouse governors paid the keepers so much a week until the children perished and then the cases were checked off the books and the incident was closed. This process of slowly but surely murdering helpless child life was a profitable business for many years until at last laws were enacted that eliminated the evil practice.

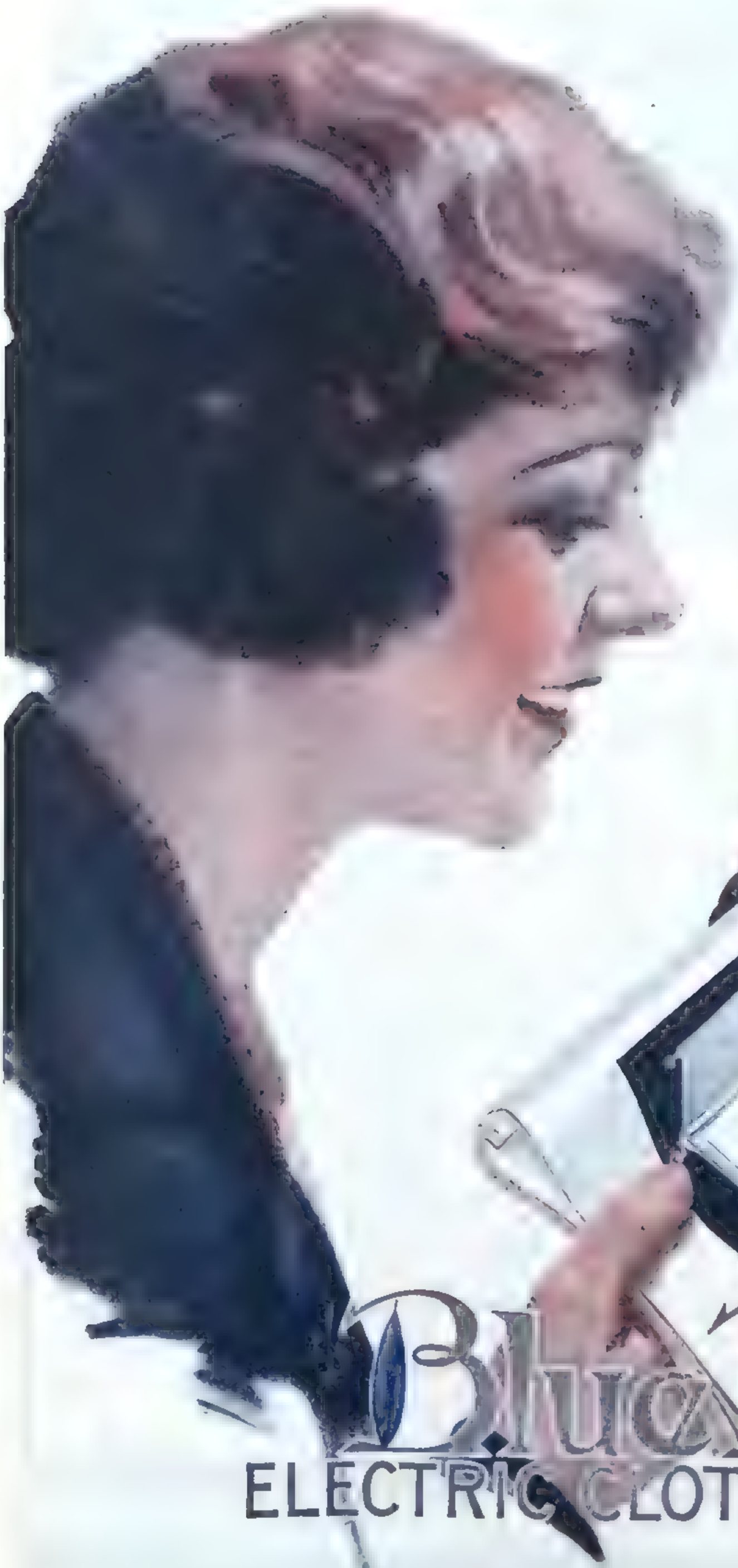
But this does not mean that the question of infant mortality has been completely solved. We still have the problem of saving children in those homes where the labor of the parents brings in an insufficient wage. How often do we hear well-to-do people comment on the sturdy appearance of the multitude of children found in the congested tenement districts of our great cities.

"Dirt and poverty actually seem to benefit them," say these casual observers, who once or twice spent an hour on a slumming trip in some overcrowded section.

A careful examination, however, brings to light numerous truths of a somewhat different nature. One recent survey covered many large cities and included data concerning the fathers of 23,780 babies. In practically all of the cities studied the lowest income groups were the highest infant-mortality groups. The investigators found that the child death rate declined as housing conditions improved. In homes where the rental paid was less than $7.50 a month the infant death rate was 211.4 a thousand; in homes where the rental was between $7.50 and $12.49 the rate was 172.1; where the rent was from $12.50 to $17.49 the rate was 156.7; in homes where the rent was $17.50 or more the rate was 100; while in homes that were owned by the parents the mortality rate was only 86 a thousand. In one Pennsylvania town the infant-mortality rate was 72.6 in homes where there were bathtubs, while it was 164.8 in houses that were without bathing facilities. In a Connecticut town the death rate for children born in houses located on the street was 120.6, while that for children born in houses located on the rear of lots or on alleys was 172. Overcrowding is another condition that results from low income. In one New England manufacturing city the deaths of infants showed a steady increase according to the number of persons per room. It was 123 where the average was less than one; 177 where the average was one but under two; and 261 where the average was two but less than three.

Another investigation deals with the mortality of infants of wage-earning mothers. Low-wage fathers and wage-earning mothers are in practically the same groups. In one city it was found that the death rate among babies of mothers who were employed was 312, while the rate was only 122 among the babies of women who did not work for a wage. In this connection it must be understood that the figures covering women employed take into account only those who worked outside their own homes and where as a consequence there was necessity for artificial feeding due to the mother's absence. Though poverty is nearly always accompanied by a certain amount of ignorance, there is but little evidence that in knowledge of maternal matters the poor average far below the mothers in other classes of society. The real trouble lies in the unfavorable environment that surrounds the needy. According to Miss Julia Lathrop, noted leader in the national movement to save the babies, we can help the situation by providing medical and nursing care for all mothers; by adequate teaching and by rousing a sense of community responsibility for decent housing and sanitation. However, the final and fundamental remedy lies in a general recognition that a decent income, self-respectingly earned by the father, is the strongest safeguard against a high infant-mortality rate.

Marseilles Harbor



"That's the clothes washer for me."

The moment she lays eyes on the BlueBird, her choice is made.

Here is a beautiful, graceful, white enamel cabinet, with all mechanism completely enclosed. Here is a washer that uses the most thorough, yet the most *gentle* method of washing clothes—the rock-a-bye principle—tossing the clothes to and fro through the water—just as you do in washing your dainty Georgette waists by hand.

Here is a washer that has a genuine copper tub, with inside perfectly smooth—nothing to wear or tear things. Here is a washer built to give a lifetime of service—so rigid that no ordinary abuse or use can harm it.

Here is a washer with the highest grade swinging wringer, motor operated, with a powerful, dependable guaranteed motor. BlueBird has so *many* superiorities—yet it costs no more. BlueBird is freeing thousands of women from the drudgery and expense of washday—why not you?

BlueBird will do the family washing in about an hour. Clothes washed by BlueBird last as long as when washed on a rub board. BlueBird costs about 2c an hour to operate

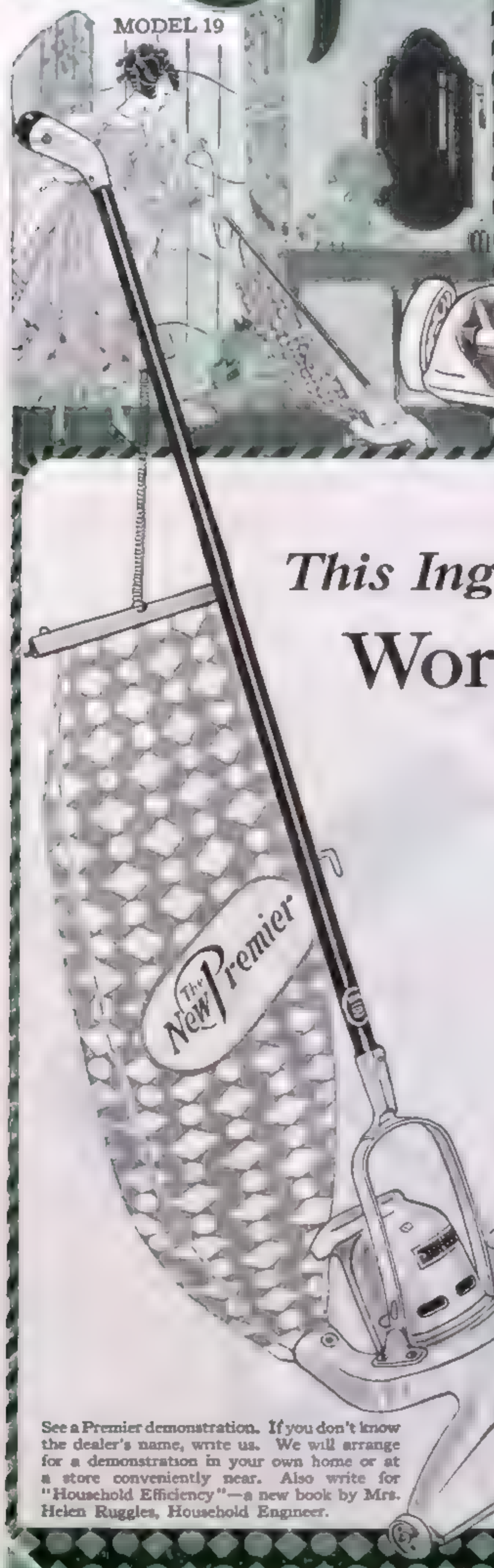
A small payment puts BlueBird into your home. Let the BlueBird dealer in your town demonstrate BlueBird in your home free. See him today. Write us for The BlueBird Book.

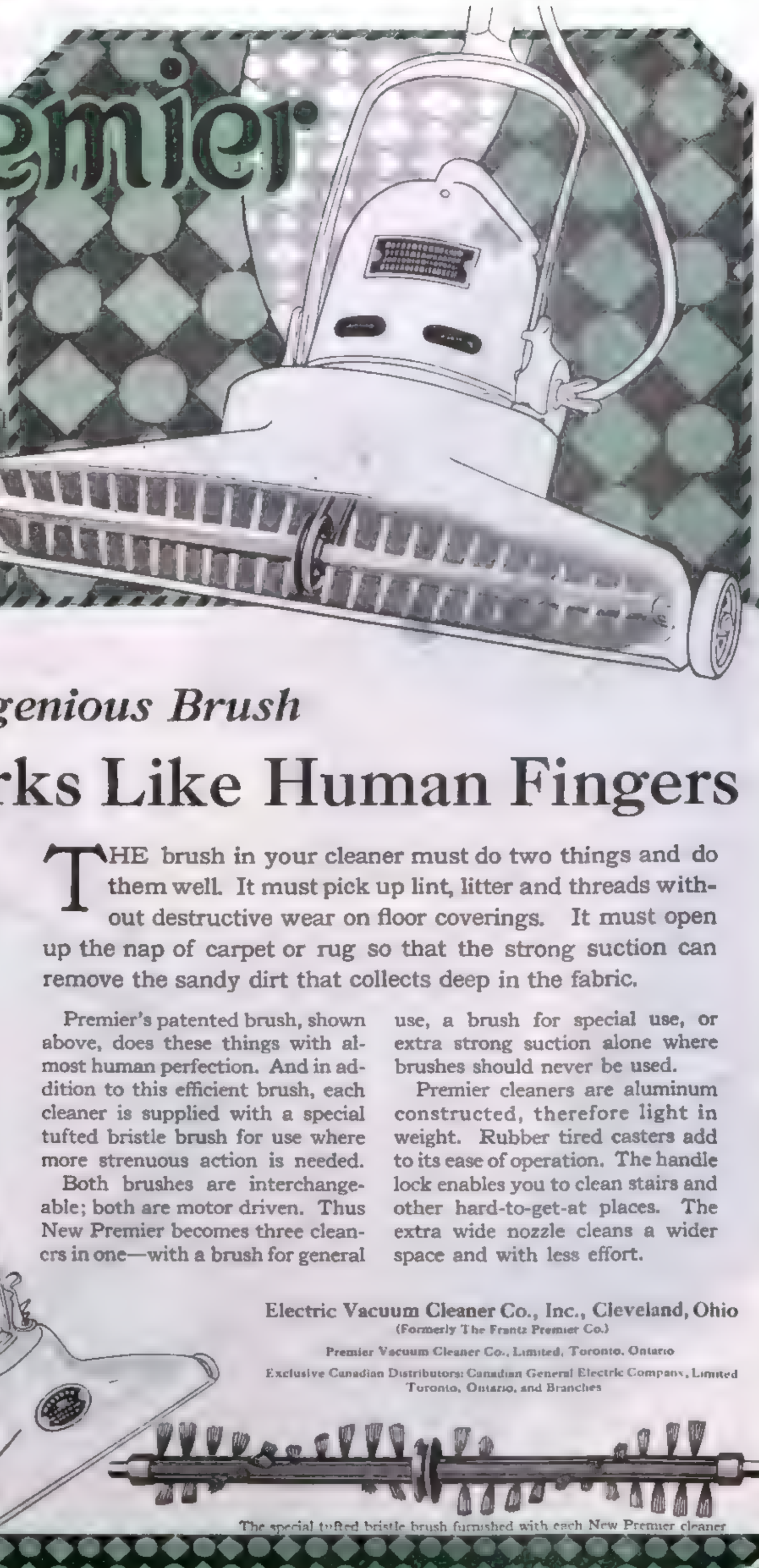
BlueBird Appliance Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

BlueBird

ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

The New Premier





This Ingenious Brush

Works Like Human Fingers

THE brush in your cleaner must do two things and do them well. It must pick up lint, litter and threads without destructive wear on floor coverings. It must open up the nap of carpet or rug so that the strong suction can remove the sandy dirt that collects deep in the fabric.

Premier's patented brush, shown above, does these things with almost human perfection. And in addition to this efficient brush, each cleaner is supplied with a special tufted bristle brush for use where more strenuous action is needed.

Both brushes are interchangeable; both are motor driven. Thus New Premier becomes three cleaners in one—with a brush for general use, a brush for special use, or extra strong suction alone where brushes should never be used.

Premier cleaners are aluminum constructed, therefore light in weight. Rubber tired casters add to its ease of operation. The handle lock enables you to clean stairs and other hard-to-get-at places. The extra wide nozzle cleans a wider space and with less effort.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc., Cleveland, Ohio
(Formerly The Frantz Premier Co.)

Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Exclusive Canadian Distributors: Canadian General Electric Company, Limited
Toronto, Ontario, and Branches

See a Premier demonstration. If you don't know the dealer's name, write us. We will arrange for a demonstration in your own home or at a store conveniently near. Also write for "Household Efficiency"—a new book by Mrs. Helen Ruggles, Household Engineer.

The special tufted bristle brush furnished with each New Premier cleaner

VIEWS OF A LAYMAN ON BOLSHEVISM

(Continued from Page 9)

The evolutionary socialist, though not opposing political action, believes that in a large way institutions cannot be socialized until individuals are socialized—the change must proceed from within, not be applied from without. The socialist by direct action, always a full communist, wants society changed here and now. Where altruism fails force is to be applied. Where compliance from internal conviction fails a bureaucratic machinery is to be used. Where talent is lacking it must be developed bureaucratically. What the few of great talent used to accomplish the many of little talent must accomplish. It is not a reformation from the inside, it is a harnessing from the outside. Naturally the Bolshevist is abhorrent to the evolutionary socialist.

Whenever the socialists of a country meet in convention it resembles a Donnybrook Fair. The conference splits into factions with violent antagonism, invectives are passed, parliamentary law is disgraced, blows are often struck, and the spectacle is one that illustrates hate and hysteria more than concern for the welfare of socialism, to say nothing of the public. Usually the conference dissolves into independent conferences, revealing all degrees of radicalism and idiosyncrasy. We witnessed such a spectacle in Chicago last summer; it has happened in each country in Europe.

This inability of socialists to get together on a program suggests that the theories are nebular, the data conflicting, the ratiocination erratic or the temperaments abnormal—probably all. When in power one group tyrannizes over the others; the Bolshevistic socialists have killed more Menshivistic socialists than capitalists in Russia. The Bolshevists glory in the revolutionism of youth, they talk of evolution as though it were a sign of hardening of the arteries. The tactics are worse than in the communes in France in the French Revolution and in 1871; and the chances of success, in view of the nature of the people and institutions in Russia, far less favorable.

An old German socialist has remarked that great sins are being committed in the name of Marx. In our country the parlor Bolshevist is perhaps as great a sinner as the rioter on the street. Not Marx but Lassalle, the Beau Brummel of socialism, should be the beau ideal of the parlor Bolshevist, since he could write a manifesto on the rights of workingmen with the right hand and caress the luxurious cheek of aristocracy with the left. Perhaps it may not be amiss to recall that Lassalle received his death from a bullet fired not by a capitalist but by a rival in a love affair! Marx recognized the chances against success in any state of modern type, even in his day of relatively primitive industrialism; he wished the experiment reserved for trial in a state of highly developed institutions, with a wide margin of safety in production and with stability in relations of currency. To see communism ruthlessly installed by force in an agricultural country of primitive development, with low industrialism, with narrow margin of safety of production and with a currency depreciated to nothing, is enough to make Marx turn in his grave.

Getting Ready for Changes

One must distinguish between idea, movement and enactment. An idea may be correct but in advance of its time, the public mind unprepared for the movement. The public may be found ready, or made ready, for the movement, but institutions may not be prepared. Years may elapse before enactment will be found feasible. A good illustration of the sequence is to be found in the history of the efforts leading to the enactment of the Federal Reserve law. In a larger sense the history of the emancipation of slaves illustrates that an idea and movement of positive moral foundation must wait the turn of time. In a certain sense it is true that law should lead the public, but it is also true that law should follow the public. Law should be abreast of the idealism of the time, but law should also reflect the state of public intelligence and consciousness of the time. I may regard the idea of socialism as correct in itself, but realize that the public is utterly unprepared for altruistic conduct. Years later, when the public shall have been prepared for the movement of collectivism, the institutions, always fixed rather than fluid, may not be prepared for enactment; and this would have to be deferred until they could be socialized without untoward results. Marx believed that decades would elapse before the mind of man would be prepared for the idea of political socialism.

In contrast with this we observe children just discovering the idea and wanting to put it into operation next week. There was humor as well as pathos in the incident of the old Russian, brought back to Petrograd after years of imprisonment in Siberia for teaching socialism, who when informed of the situation exclaimed: "You don't mean to tell me that you have put this principle into practice!" Whether human nature will ever evolve to the plane of altruism needed in communism is a purely academic discussion. It is one thing to believe it possible, but it is a totally different thing to install communism suddenly, in order to see if the Utopian stage of evolution has arrived. Incidentally remarked, when altruism is developed to the plane predicated by communism exploitation of man by man would cease under any constitution.

The Vanishing Proletariat

The phrase "dictatorship of the proletariat" is an expression derived from Marx but as employed to-day expresses a hymn of hate. In the propaganda of agitators the word is used as though it possessed a specific meaning. The Marx view of proletariat, like his view of capital, has not been substantiated in the development of society. For Marx the proletariat was the hand-to-mouth worker, who without possessions of any kind, unfranchised, was as defenseless against the operation of the law of supply and demand as the metal tool, because unfitted for collective action. In the time of Marx there was such a proletariat in Europe—laborers and tenants on the land, workers in mines, sailors—without education, devoid of participation in the affairs of state, without spokesmen in the halls of legislation; ground down by state and church as well as by capital, without hope for self or for posterity, with just enough to eat and wear in good times and condemned to want and suffering in bad times.

This description applied to a very large percentage of human beings in Europe seventy years ago. But with each year, contrary to the prediction of Marx, the class has become smaller and the conditions better. The advancement of the proletariat has been accomplished by legislation, education and trade-unionism, aided most effectively by an awakened social conscience. But the agitators talk as though the proletariat of the middle of the last century, the proletariat of a bankrupt feudalism and an adolescent industrialism, were with us to-day. There would always be a proletariat of the Marxian type if an unrestricted birth rate and an unlimited operation of the law of supply and demand were not controlled by human forces. The history of the past fifty years has been the story of the transition from proletariat to middle class, even in Europe.

Have we a proletariat in this country—a class that is self-sufficient only in times of prosperity, perhaps not then; at other times condemned to want and suffering unless maintained as objects of charity? As a social fact we have such a class; but current statements contain exaggeration, based on the criteria. Students of social service are inclined to employ criteria that represent too fine a measurement. This is not said in criticism; it is the tendency of every student continuously to refine his measurement. When it is suggested as the result of a social-service survey that one-fourth to one-third of the people of this country are undernourished, inferentially through lack of buying power, that is an exaggeration that is appalling to the trained student of nutrition.

Several years ago several thousand men were given careful physical and functional examinations, to determine the frequency of disease conditions, petty or grave, in individuals supposed to be in normal health. More than ninety per cent were found to have diseases named in textbooks! Does this justify the statement that nine-tenths of these persons were sick, in the social sense of the term? Certainly not. If such a technical criterion be adopted the world would have to be defined as populated with sick people who do full work and live out normal lives.

In the same manner it is absurd to say that one-fourth to one-third of our population are suffering from subnutrition. From the standpoint of the "perfect thirty-six" the majority of women are abnormal; but that does not justify us in calling them deformed. Naturally the efficiency of men and women and the growth of children must be favored to the uttermost; but when a defect or a deficiency is within the range of adaptation it must not be classified as disease in the public sense. The same considerations hold in sociology, and this is to be kept in mind when judging statements about the proletariat.

The proletariat in our country is comprised largely of individuals of three classes: negroes; low-white trash, North and South; and unassimilated immigrants. We had in 1910 9,827,763 negroes and 13,345,545 foreign-born. As contrasted with the census of 1900 the relative positions of foreign-born from Germany, Ireland, Scandinavia, the United Kingdom and Canada were about the same, while those coming from Russia, Austria-Hungary and Italy had greatly increased. Most of the unassimilated immigrants came from Russia, Austria-Hungary—not Germans—and the Balkans; the number in 1910 was more than 3,700,000, and that figure was greatly increased during the five years between the census and the outbreak of the war. Of 12,944,000 foreign-born whites 1,650,000 were illiterate. Of 7,317,000 negroes 2,227,000 were illiterate. These figures apply to children over ten years. Of the total population over ten years of age—71,580,000—5,516,000 were illiterate. Of the total foreign-born white population over ten years of age 2,953,000 could not speak English.

A large proportion of negroes is truly proletarian except in a time of high wages like the present. The class that has been included under the term low-white trash exists in the North as well as in the South, but has in the North no extenuation of hookworm disease. It represents the semi-defectives and weaklings, the culls of the population. The foreign-born proletariat is in a stage of transition, presumably; they are merely too ignorant and incapable at the moment to be more than self-sustaining on a minimal basis. If we regarded the illiterate and their dependents as proletarian the figure might be as high as ten million. But of course some of the illiterate own property.

Who Is a Capitalist

If the proletarian be defined as one who has no savings and lives from hand to mouth we may define as a capitalist everyone who has property or savings, since the savings are merged in the liquid capital of the country. Every man with a bank account; a life-insurance policy; a stock, bond or other national, state, municipal or industrial security; or who owns his home or his place of business, whether encumbered or unencumbered, is a capitalist from the standpoint of communism. Such a classification makes capitalists of the rich socialists, whether they like to be or not! It is possible to present data bearing upon the results of the savings of people. I have collected these for the year 1915. Where not obtainable directly, the figures for the census year have been recalculated for the increase of population, a safe procedure since the five years were years of prosperity. All figures are rounded:

Number of families, estimated	23,000,000
Number of dwellings, estimated	19,500,000
Dwellings owned by occupants (in 1910, 51	10,000,000
Number of farms	6,700,000
Farms owned by occupants	4,900,000

From this it is apparent that whereas 62 per cent of farmers own their homes only 38 per cent of urbanites own their dwellings; a very high percentage, however, compared with the large countries of Europe. There is an approximation in the figures, in that the number of census families is not the same as the number of dwellings, and not all dwellings were reported for ownership; but the facts are substantially correct. Of owned farms about 31 per cent are encumbered; of owned urban dwellings about 33 per cent are encumbered. Encumbrance on a town house usually means incomplete payment; encumbrance on a farm nowadays often means borrowing for operations, just as in mercantile business.

Number of depositors in state and savings banks	17,986,000
Number of depositors in national banks, estimated	14,000,000
Number of life-insurance policies in force	12,768,000
Dwellings owned by occupants, including farms	10,000,000
Total	54,754,000

There are numerous duplications, as many men own several houses, have deposits in several banks and hold policies in several life-insurance companies. On the other hand, no account is taken of the manifold other ways of placing savings than in those named—stocks and bonds of railways, power plants, trolley companies, industrials, private loans, and so on, or of members of building-and-loan associations or holders of government bonds or of more than 41,000,000 holders of policies in industrial insurance. The total is to be contrasted with the number of families, 23,000,000.

With careful methods of analysis one could plot the families as ordinates and the instances of investment as abscissas, and draw a curve that would show the number of blocks of saving to each family and the number of families that have none—the proletariat. More complete data would enable one to plot a curve of investments in terms of dollars. But even without trying to make allowances for duplications and omissions from the printed list the figures show conclusively the wide range of saving and accumulation in the American people, the decentralization of capital into the mass of the citizenship.

A Misconception of Marx

According to Marx capital would become with each decade more centralized and labor would become less cohesive and more proletariat. This prediction has not come true. Labor has with each decade attained better organization and has gained in solidarity, effectiveness, earning capacity and achievement. Capital did for a period tend to centralization. But during the past twenty years decentralization of capital has been in evidence. The word "capital" does not mean what it did when Marx wrote; or even what it meant when Marx died. Then one viewed capital as employing both labor and enterprise. Now it is enterprise that employs—borrows—capital and employs—hires—labor; interest and pay being wage for stored labor and present labor. The largest part of commercial business in our country is done on borrowed capital, the initiative and enterprise of individual men being the directing force. This borrowed money does not proceed from capital in the old sense, it comes from capital in a larger sense—the savings of the common people. A large part of these savings cannot by any manipulation of figures be regarded as direct or indirect exploitation of labor, as representing what Marx called the surplus value of labor; they represent the savings of families, who through efficiency and simplicity keep their costs of living below their mean share of the gross income of the country.

In 1915 the total banking power of the country was estimated at a little more than $25,000,000,000. The combined deposits in banks of all kinds were more than $19,000,000,000. These deposits represent savings, the savings of all classes except the truly proletariat, who are a very small class in the country. And these savings from all manners and kinds of men are so intimately mixed and woven into the fabric of our economic life that the term "capitalist" must be enlarged to include all men whose savings are included in the fluid assets, the actual working capital of the country. This is the reason why a splash of industrial inefficiency will ripple into the majority of homes of the United States.

A fundamental misconception of the Bolshevistic agitator runs to the effect that the cost of the war must be paid by labor or capital; that if the masses are to escape they must now so change the institutions of society as to have the sum representing the cost of the war subtracted from accumulated wealth, repudiated or covered

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Victor H. Emerson

EMERSON

One man's unique contributions to the happiness of your home

SO POPULAR are Emerson Records and Emerson exclusive stars that each month the demand for Emerson productions increases greatly. Today the Emerson Phonograph Company, despite greatly increased output, must make heroic efforts to keep pace with current orders.

What is the big outstanding factor in this amazing growth?

Most great business enterprises trace a pedigree to the ability and foresight of one man.

IN THE CASE of the Emerson Phonograph Company that man is Victor H. Emerson. And the story of the phonograph record cannot be written without stressing his name and his achievements.

The beginnings of this industry date back to the late Eighties, when the forefather of the modern record was being used by Congress, in a very limited way, in recording Congressional matters. Young Mr. Emerson was even then one of the very first to see its possibilities as a reproducer of music.

Mr. Emerson began with band records. He hired a band for $3.00 a day, made 2,000 records, and quickly sold all but six of them.

But the crude methods of those times were slow. Duplicating difficulties were keeping musical enjoyment out of too many homes.

It remained for Victor H. Emerson's resourcefulness to introduce, in 1893, the first system of mechanical duplication.

THIS WAS a real step forward. But there was still a serious difficulty. Phonographs in those days were operated by electricity, and millions of homes had no electricity.

Mr. Emerson again came to the rescue. In 1895, by the invention of the first spring motor, with automatic governor for regulating the speed of a machine, he took good music from the highways and put it in the byways.

Once more Mr. Emerson impressed the stamp of his genius indelibly on the industry which he has served so faithfully. Only recently he perfected a steel "master" which makes possible rapid duplication of musical records in large numbers and of a uniform quality hitherto unattainable.

But perhaps Mr. Emerson's crowning achievement was the invention of the Emerson Universal "cut" which permits the owner of any type of phonograph to play Emerson Records.

INDEED the patron saint of inventors has turned a smiling face on Mr. Emerson and allowed his career to defy inventors' tradition. For Mr. Emerson, with his most productive years still before him, is *now* giving to the Emerson Phonograph Company all the versatility of an inventive genius which has never yet failed of its objective.

To every owner of a phonograph this is a pledge of new musical pleasures. You may continue to look to your Emerson Records as new sources of musical pleasures through their ever increasing variety, their ever increasing high quality.

EMERSON PHONOGRAPH COMPANY INC.
Makers of Standard 10-inch Gold Seal Records

NEW YORK
3 West 35th Street

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7 East Jackson Boulevard

RECORDS

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by a redistribution of the products of labor. It is apparently assumed that national income is fixed, and that if each year a part of the cost of the war is to be paid, this must be secured through a reduction of the share of capital or labor. The costs of the war may be defined in units of currency or in terms of labor, materials, services and tools of production. Defined in terms of currency it appears that the direct costs of the war may be estimated at $180,000,000,000 and the indirect costs at $150,000,000,000 on the prewar basis of currencies—exceeding the total national wealth of the United States.

It may be objected that this cannot be; that the buildings, equipments and tools of the nations engaged in war are for the largest part intact, except for ruined houses, sunken ships, and so on—not a large part of the total; that the loss is really only five years of wasted labor. But in the end it amounts to the same thing quantitatively. The labor is wasted, workers have been killed and incapacitated and the birth rate lowered, so that labor will be reduced for a generation; the tools and equipment of industry have deteriorated; minerals and metals have been blown into the air; forests have been destroyed; agriculture has been deteriorated and the soil exploited by forced production without rotation and diversity of cultivation; and the total possessions of the civilians of all nations have been depleted.

To pay for the war means not to get us back where we were in powers, resources, standards of living and possessions; it means also to get us to where we would have been if it had not occurred. This cannot be done by any change in the distribution of the gross or net income. The war may be paid for in the bookkeeping sense by a panic, in which the rich portions of the world will lose in values to the extent of or to a greater extent than the losses incurred in the war by the poorer portions of the world. But it cannot be paid for even in the bookkeeping sense by a redistribution of the surplus value of labor, because the sum is too large. It must be paid for and society restored in another way.

How to Pay for the War

This way is increased production. The war cannot be paid for by increased savings, valuable as these may be; it must be paid for by increased production. Under increased production we include elimination of waste, intensification of effort, attainment of higher efficiency, inventions, enlarged utilization of natural forces, discovery of new sources of basic materials prevention of disease, economies of operation in all industrial and social institutions, coordination of effort—the better utilization of every known device for increase of production and the discovery and application of new devices for the conversion of potential wealth of sun, sky, sea and earth into the kinetic wealth of mankind. If the programs of increased production are properly laid out the law of diminishing returns will not apply; that is a law of passivity, not of activity.

The doubling of the work now obtained out of the unit of coal would pay for the war in a short time. The late Emil Fischer said to the writer that the easiest way in which Germany could pay for the cost of the war would be in the discovery of a method of converting coal into petroleum. Achievements of a fundamental and far-reaching character are required if the costs and losses of the war are to be made good within a reasonable time. But achievements of this type have been the product of the initiative of highly developed and individualistic men; they have never been accomplished collectivistically. And yet we are asked to swap horses in the middle of the stream!

When the propagandist for communism is expounding his doctrine he leaves the terminology of Marx. He knows that the audience wants a program propounded, not a theory expounded. The writer has read and heard numerous expositions. The programs fall naturally into two groups the one concerning resources, the other income. Different ways of stating communism of wealth and communism of income are advanced by different speakers, often directly contradictory. One gets the impression that the propagandists are after converts; any theory of socialism is means to an end if it secures adherents.

One simple method of communism advanced is literal division of wealth. This argument is superficially attractive in an agrarian country. The leaders frown on this argument, because it represents transfer of society completely to the basis of capitalism; it merely means a new deal, and another new deal would have to be done in a few years. Certain things cannot be subdivided; as, for instance, railways. It involves also destruction of centralized industry and replacement by petty industry. But it is a specific proposition and is often used by speakers.

A second program means complete centralization. Society is regarded as one huge corporation, under one organization from top to bottom. The number and amount of the commodities used in life are figured out, the raw materials are produced, the manufacturing is done, distribution to each of his pro-rata share is made at cost of production, the banking being the bookkeeping. Each person is a cog in this one machine and has no freedom once he has selected the wheel of which he is a cog; the entire plant is to be run on the basis of efficiency, in order that the things needed in life may be produced at the lowest cost in time and effort of the human beings engaged.

Success is to be secured only through the highest efficiency in organization, down to the most minute detail. This efficiency is sought in a huge bureaucracy of officials. The part each worker has to bear, once prescribed by the efficiency experts—selected by committee, not by competition—must be done; and the organization has the right to enforce fulfillment by force, by the withdrawal of participation in consumption or by degradation to lower work. This idea is, according to Bucharin, what the Lenine régime has tried to introduce. This explains the opposition of the anarchists, who wish to restrict operations to small voluntary associations of individuals. This program may sound feasible in speech, until the heckler begins to ask questions about the details; and then the uneducated listener becomes bewildered by being told that he must be a worker under an efficiency expert unless he is an efficiency expert over the workers.

The third program deals with use instead of ownership. The right of property being abolished each is free to use the earth and the tools of production to obtain what he needs. The land is to be as free to cultivate as the sea to fish. Each will do what suits his convenience or wishes and barter will make the productions of some available to all; the grower of wheat and the seiner of fish will exchange products. This line of pleading contains three fundamental errors: That the resources and direct equipment of production are in excess of the workers and the needs; that such a thing is possible as a spontaneous division of work, since there is such inequality in employment of different kinds—for example, mining and sea fishing are much more arduous and dangerous than farming; and that a successful scheme of distribution could be founded on production based on hit-or-miss use of the resources of Nature.

The Income of Society

"Everything belongs to the state and everyone is free to make use of the resources and equipment of the state" is certainly a phrase of phrases. The idea that the world is a storehouse of resources and ready-to-use equipment; that there are more farms than farmers, more seines than fishermen, more theaters than actors, more violins than players, more automobiles than drivers, more schools than pupils, more clothes than bodies, more food than hunger—all in the sense that there is more water than drinkers and more air than breathers—is refreshing. When heckled the proponent of this free-to-use theory finds himself driven to erect a centralized administration, so that the program passes into the one just stated.

The speakers who deal with the income of society stand on much safer ground, since the masses of Europe understand inequality of distribution of commodities where they do not understand considerations of production. A more equitable division of the products of society—how is that to be attained? The propagandists of communism in Europe follow one of three lines of argument:

The first is division of the gross income. Assume the production to go on, under altruism, with retention of the machinery of capitalism or through the operations of a new bureaucracy; then pro-rata division of the products or a graded scale of division, in accordance with dignity of effort. This means that all would enjoy the same plane of living; when productivity rose all would partake of the gain; when Nature was unkind all would share in the privations.

Waving aside the begging of the question involved in the assumption that production would remain unimpaired under altruism and bureaucracy, all such programs are, under questioning, found to contain a heavily exaggerated idea of the gross income. The total income of the United States in commodities and services in 1914 was about $31,000,000,000, or $300 per person per year. That is far more than the families of many workers received in that year; but it was far less than the agitators who discuss pro-rata division of the total income have in mind. But not even this—the pro-rata share cannot be all consumed. Some must be withheld to provide for upkeep; there must be funding for purposes of replacement; a sum must be set aside each year to provide new resources and equipment to meet the increase in population; and taxes must be levied for the payment of expenses even of a communistic state. These might eat up twenty-five per cent of the gross income; how much would depend on the conditions and the efficiencies of administration.

A Thirty-Dollar Dividend

The gross income of this country rose to $50,000,000,000 in 1917, and to $70,000,000,000 in 1918. The mean gross income that year was therefore some $650 per person. This increase was largely one of price. There was an increase in the production of agricultural products, and a reduction in the production of many civilian commodities. The huge manufacture of war materials must be counted as waste in this computation; each person produced his share of these commodities and sent them to France to be blown up. In the sense of the standard of living the people received no more in 1918 than in 1914; they merely paid more for it. But from the standpoint of this theory of communistic division each of us was twice as well off in 1918 as four years ago. The gross income means nothing but the standard of living.

More dressed up still is the program of pro-rata division of the net income. Here the misconception as to the amount of the net income is still more glaring. The agitator argues that the capitalist gets all the difference between gross and net income; from this he derives not only the means for present luxury but the foundation for new remunerative investments. The net income in 1914 has been judged at three to five billion, out of the gross income of thirty-one. This net income corresponds to savings in the national sense. It may be buried in the ground or invested, at home or abroad, in extension of resources and equipment. The range between three and five billion indicates that the methods of computation must be very rough. The lower figure is probably to be regarded as correct when the bookkeeping is done strictly. In what is usually called new investment is much upkeep, replacement and superfluous outlay. Under new investment should be classed only such as increase the resources and equipment, enlarge the productivity. There are two fractions to this—there must be new equipment installed to meet the increase in population for the year; equipment must be secured to make the work of the present population more productive in units of commodities.

It is sometimes impossible to say whether an innovation really increases production or merely affords pleasure. Driving to business in an automobile may increase a man's efficiency; it may merely get him to business in a different way. There are pleasures and luxuries that broaden our horizon, benefit our health, increase our working powers and enlarge our productivity as industrial units; there are pleasures and luxuries that merely please. Strict national bookkeeping will count many things as luxuries or elaboration in the standard of living that are now entered as new equipment. German bankers working on the definition of net income of the nation before the war, to be employed as basis for income taxation, were not able to convince themselves that the net income of that nation had ever reached one billion dollars.

Taking three billion as the net income in 1914, this was less than thirty dollars per person! This sum does not at all correspond to the idea of surplus held and preached by communists. And as a matter of fact it is not what the speaker is really driving at; he is merely using it as a catch-phrase argument or he does not think clearly. The argument has point only because the poor man says: "If we had each year the money the rich save we would be all right." When he sees the figure that does not satisfy at all.

The last program is really a Marxian proposition. Applying it to our country for the year 1914 the propagandist says: "What we want for the working classes is not merely the three billion, we want five billion more, in that we want the cost of living reduced; we want the price of sale of commodities and services reduced from thirty-one to twenty-six billion dollars; and we want that reduction placed entirely on the classes of wealth." Then he enters into the argument of wage and surplus value over wage.

If every man from top to bottom in 1914 had been on wage, wage varying in accordance with talent and dignity of work, and the price of each product in the different stages of processing from the raw material to the final finished article had represented only the wage contained in it, without value of land in the first stage, without profit of manufacturer, without spread of distributor, all on a strict wage scale, the total commodities would have had a value of twenty-six billion, to use an arbitrary figure. This would mean that the wage of the now wage earner would have remained the same, but that all prices of commodities would have been lower by the amount of surplus over wage added all along the line. Therefore the worker would have lived for that much less on the same wage. And the net income, representing the difference between the production and consumption of society, would have been the same amount of commodities that were before worth three billion dollars, somewhat lowered in price on account of the elimination from them of the surplus value. The argument assumes that everybody above the wage worker would work the same on wage as under the present system. It assumes altruism as a sufficient motive power to maintain production. When this is found not to be true, then the program passes into a bureaucracy to take the place of enterprise, and we are back to the second program stated under distribution of wealth.

High Wages and Little Work

No matter where the propagandist starts he is always driven back to the same place. The communist contends first that the affairs of the nation will go on normally in the absence of acquisitiveness, propelled by disinterested altruism. If it should not go on normally, then it can be made to function under bureaucratic administration, the bureaucracy being drawn from the wage workers, intellectuals, politicians and such technicians of talent and leadership as may be willing to serve in the wage system. And to-day by mutual consent communism means the management of society and industry under self-perpetuating bureaucratic operation, with the elimination of saving for self, home and descendants as distinguished from others' selves, homes and descendants.

All reasonings on pro-rata division of gross or net income assume that each individual would save his share of the amount required for new investment to meet increase of population. Nothing of the sort would occur. A constructive saving instinct is present in but a minority of persons. High wages are more often spent than saved. When the wage exceeds the standard of living of the family the worker cuts down the number of days of work in the week. This reaction has been observed in highly trained workers in Italian munition plants, in French lathe workers, in British screw makers, and in American coal cutters as well as in Mexican peons. If the sense of constructive saving were more frequently present in men and more largely developed, the highly paid artisans, whose curve of wage is in many instances well above the curve of cost of living, would come out of this period with goodly savings. But the sales of jewelry and other luxuries make it certain that this will not be the case.

It is only since the installation of the income tax that we have possessed reliable information as to gradations of income into different classes. The level of exemption is still too high to make the data of value in

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How to Check the Mischief Caused by "Acid-Mouth"

Get a tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste, and use it regularly night and morning.

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6 x 9 feet	$ 9.75	9 x 9 feet	$14.25
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plotting a curve. For the most part, for the working classes we are thrown back on studies of selected family budgets or mass studies in industries. One cannot take the supposed sum of total outlay designated under wage and divide that by the census group designated worker. The farmer cannot be judged in any direct way. But the income-tax returns give some data of value. Last year one million families had incomes in excess of any reasonable definition of need, even in the luxurious sense. Some six million families had good incomes, above the plane of comfortable living according to average American standards. Sixteen million families had incomes a little below, at or a little above the normal plane of living of the prewar American worker and farmer. But the American plane of living is the highest in the world. The fact that there are more than seven million automobiles in the country indicates that many families among the sixteen millions regard this method of propulsion as a necessity. In the sixteen millions are many families to be classed under service, not workers. In this sixteen millions are also the large majority of negroes. Though on paper many farmers might be classed there, in fact very few of them are near the line of minimal standard of living; the farmer lives far above his appearances. And many educated people of the financial middle class are near the bed-rock line; they live below their appearances. How many people in the United States are near want or in want at some time of the year is very difficult of determination; the social uplifter exaggerates the figure, the Bourbon discounts the figure, the statistician can form no figure, but knows the number is low.

The agitator in countries like the United Kingdom and the United States is apt to try to get on familiar terms with his listener or reader by stating that communism is only an elaborated state ownership, knowing that this idea holds for us no terrors. In their own writings communists are particular to say that their program and state ownership have nothing in common. The list of things and functions that have passed under ownership or operation of the state or municipality in different parts of the world is very long, including the following: Banks—commercial, saving, postal-saving, farm-loan, building-and-loan, trust; reclamation of land; irrigation; colonization; elevators; cold storage; refrigerator cars; dairying; forestry; hatcheries; fisheries; stockyards; stock breeding; flour mills; markets; water supply; sewerage; gas; electric light; railways; express; trolleys; docks; canals; ferries; steamships; post office; telegraph; telephone; radio; paper mills; matches; explosives; fertilizers; radium; copper; iron; coal; salt; petroleum; camphor; quinine; opium; alcohol; tobacco; bakeries; breweries; quarries; brickyards; dance halls; theaters; orchestras; parks; baths; and insurance, covering life, accident, illness, old age, maternity, widowhood, orphanhood, unemployment, fire and hail.

Promises Not Fulfilled

These installations of government ownership or operation have usually been done for reasons of service to the state—revenue, stability, continuity of operations, facilities, safety, efficiency—and not infrequently for political considerations. Increased returns to capital have often been the motive, increased returns to labor rarely. No argument can be made for Bolshevism based upon the world's experience with collectivistic operation; they are entirely different things. All agricultural collectivism is purely capitalistic, the farmers never combine to give anything away. Communism means operations of industries by the workers; nothing of the sort exists in governmental operation.

State ownership means the extension of the economic functions of the state to correspond to the development of society. This was rapidly extended in wartime, as a temporary procedure, to meet extraordinary circumstances, and was the expression of a willing people to submit to abnormal control in an emergency. In the orderly development of state ownership the nation proceeds step by step, from one institution to another in accordance with established experience controlled always by limited objectives. Though there is no antagonism between democracy and state ownership it is suggestive that the highest developments of state ownership and operation have occurred in monarchies; the typical republics—the United States, France and Switzerland—have been more conservative.

Bolshevism is to be judged by predictions as well as by results. When the social revolution occurred in Russia the Bolshevists promised the people liberty, peace, food, employment, prosperity and enlightenment. Enlightenment has come, of several kinds and in different directions. But none of the others has been fulfilled. There is no liberty, except to follow the rule of terror. There is no peace, internally or externally. Food is scarce and the prices impossible. Employment, except in the bureaucracy, is scant and intermittent. Prosperity exists but in the imagination. What do the leaders in Russia say now to their people, to themselves, to Bolshevists in other countries, to the world?

To their people, the leaders of Bolshevism attribute the failures to the blockade. If foreign raw materials were available they would be able to restore transportation, manufacturing and agriculture. They argue that the blockade of the outside world is an attack not on communism but on the soviet idea of government. For a time the leaders were inclined to conceal their failures; now they are willing to reveal them, even to exaggerate some of them, in order to rouse nationalism by attributing as much of Russian misery as possible to foreigners.

Excuses for Failure

To their bureaucracy the Bolshevists admit that failure has been due to haste in the socialization of industries, inexperience in control of government and industry, lack of discretion in the selection of officials, and absence of public spirit on the part of the working classes. Institutions were wiped out before the substitutes were worked out, even on paper; and the paper organizations were not in the hands of efficient men. The leaders admit that sabotage of the technicians of experience has been no more injurious than the sabotage of their own workers. Nationalization by decree has been found often to eventuate in a sort of closure. As fast as feasible the old middle-class managers are being brought back into positions of responsibility. Lenine issued warnings to Munich and Budapest to go slowly and not destroy values or capitalistic machinery. The advice was followed in Munich, disregarded in Budapest.

Upon their propagandists in foreign lands the Bolshevists urge two lines of publicity. One runs to the effect that Bolshevism is unable to accomplish much on account of the results of war and blockade; that, with the guidance of their experiences to date, success would be certain in the future if freedom of trade and peace could be secured—together with the benevolent assistance of credits and facilities of exchange, foreign capital being invited to aid communism to prove that the world can be run without capital. Violent agitation is urged in the desire that nations will make peace with Bolshevism in the hope of being let alone in the matter of agitation. Finally it is pointed out that under no circumstances could Bolshevism succeed in one country alone, under modern conditions of interdependence of commodities; it is necessary to destroy capitalism in all countries if communism is to succeed in Russia. At the same time Lenine is offering to withdraw agitation in foreign lands if accorded recognition and freedom of trade!

The war has taught us that different sections of the people react differently to changes in and control of industry. Let us visualize the functions and relations of the different economic groups. We have first the agricultural producers; secondly, the producers of minerals and metals. The products of these basal industries, together with importations of foreign raw materials, are the substratum of the manufacture of commodities. Then we have transportation, using the word in the broadest sense. Then we have the distribution of commodities from producer to consumer, a much misunderstood but indispensable function of a highly developed class. In all of these the interests of capital, enterprise and worker can be shown to be parallel; remuneration of labor follows the price of produce and commodities normally.

Now we come to a large class designated under "services." These are the civil servants of the nation, state, county, township and municipality, of banks, insurance companies and similar organizations; the learned professions; the church; the arts and sciences; the press; the sports, theaters, amusements, and so on—the bureaucracies connected with all the things of life that are not directly included under production, manufacture, distribution and transportation. This class has high cultural qualifications and exhibits peculiar economic characteristics: It is passive and defenseless in the ebb and flow of the cost of living; the income is to a large extent fixed and is outside any relation between demand and supply; and it is not possible to express a bookkeeping figure for these services in the cost of production of the necessities of life.

Lastly, we have untrained day workers connected with no group, shifting from one to the other. All are consumers in proportion to income and tastes. The war has given us vivid illustrations of sequences in breakdowns. Disturbance in agricultural production causes difficulties down the entire line. Disturbance in mining has the same result, acting more quickly, as the stocks are usually lower. Disturbances in transportation dislocate both production and distribution. No matter where the blow, every shock comes back to every consumer. And the class designated services is the most vulnerable of all. The available information enables us to analyze these groups separately in the countries under Bolshevism.

Theory of communism as applied to agriculture: No private property in land, animals and agricultural equipment. Use of these in common to all agrarians, spontaneous or under organization according to circumstances. Use of wage labor on land prohibited. Development of guilds—"soviet estates"—as unit of collectivistic agriculture. Market and price under control of central organization of state. Practice of individual user of land, animals and machinery subject to policy of central organization.

Let us first analyze this on the basis of age-old experience. In the development of agriculture in every country there is a point up to which production can be increased by expansion of acreage, beyond which production can be increased by more efficient cultivation. It is true the marginal acre is to be found in even the most thickly populated agricultural districts; but on analysis it will be found that the marginal acre can be secured for a particular crop only by robbing another branch and disturbing the course of normal rotation.

Speculation in Farm Lands

When one compares the acreage in England under war control with that of the prewar period it might seem that even in a thickly settled country there was a large amount of unoccupied land adapted to cultivation. It is true that there was considerable good land in England set apart for purposes of sport and fancy farming or for a luxurious type of country residence; but a closer analysis will indicate that the larger portion of the new acreage planted to cereals under the war act was land that could not be cultivated in the face of the operation of the law of diminishing returns, but was cultivated during the war at a fixed price that amounted to state subsidy. If costs of production are disregarded there is uncultivated arable land in every country, but the relative amount is not large. In a large country it is difficult to determine the point at which production can be no longer expanded by transfer of uncultivated land to cultivation but must be accomplished by increased returns per acre. Probably the United States has reached this point. Certainly Russia has not.

Clear thinking requires that all speculation, consideration and legislation on the relations of agricultural operations to the law of supply and demand, all computations of costs of production, all estimates of requirements of labor and commodities should be conducted separately for the two planes of agriculture. In every industry we must attain a regular increase of production. The relation of the landowners to each other and to the urban population is and must be different with the two types of agriculture. We are now passing through a period of speculation in farm values in the Middle West. This speculation is based upon the limited supply of good land; if we had broad tracts that could be opened to cultivation with present methods no speculation in land values would be possible. Finally and for our present consideration most important, is the fact that judgment of the operations of agriculture from the standpoint of communism or capitalism will vary, depending upon the relation of the human forces to the available area of land. Considerations that might be shown to hold in one country would not be valid in another country; and in one country considerations valid at one time would not hold ten or twenty years later.

It was the theory of the Homestead Act that the available arable land of the United States would be unlimited for a long period of time when contrasted with the population. The theory of communism in land as at present applied in Russia assumes that for the present the amount of arable land is unlimited when contrasted with the population. When the virgin tracts of the United States were thrown open to settlers they were sold outright, in parcels crudely judged to be large enough to support and engage the services of a family. The formula of the communist runs to the effect that the farmer has no purpose in owning the land so long as he can use it. There might be a possible economic basis to this statement if the land were unlimited. Nevertheless, our forefathers not only believed that private ownership would bring the best results to the holder and to society in terms of production, but they looked forward to the day when, with competition in the holding of land, it would cease to be true that there was no difference between holding title to land and being granted the use of land.

Russia's Grotesque Experiment

There were huge grazing tracts—and such still exist in the forest reserves—the use of which was allocated to settlers in proportion to their holdings of livestock. But in the natural development of our agriculture the use of the public domain has become more and more restricted, through limitation of public areas and sale to individuals. And to-day, for practical purposes, the only public domains that are withheld from sale and allocated for use are forest reserves, where rights of grazing and cutting are assigned by governmental authority. The theory of communism in land applied to the United States would involve the return of all land to the public domain, to be allocated and operated as are the forest reserves to-day by the Department of Agriculture.

But the control in operations does not end with the allocation of the area; that would be unthinkable. In the Russian constitution it is stated that not only the land but also the domesticated animals and the machinery belong to the state and these are to be used by the peasant. Now there would be two possible methods of allocation: allocation of domesticated animals and equipment in accordance with the quality and quantity of the land; allocation of animals and equipment in accordance with the efficiency and quantity of labor in the peasant's family. From the very first moment, therefore, competition would rise between peasants on the basis of initiative, working strength, thrift and ambition—the very thing that, in theory, communism is designed to avoid. Unless the land were uniform it would have to be allocated, and this would mean an allotment. Unless the domesticated animals and mechanical equipment were unlimited these would have to be rationed. The products would have to be graded for quality. Such a system of allocation of the land, allotment of domesticated animals and mechanical equipment in accordance with quantity and quality of land, talents, efficiency and industry of the workers is conceivable in a tract owned by a father and applied to his children. It was actually practiced in feudalism and was successful only in proportion to the paternalism between master and serf. This was the system upon some Southern plantations before the Civil War.

Such a method of conducting national agriculture would require a bureaucratic organization of inconceivable dimensions. The overhead would be overwhelming. Judged by the known experiences in agricultural operations either the results would be grossly inefficient or, if efficient, would be so diminished by the overhead as to represent a failure when contrasted with the results under individual operation.

Under individual ownership of land each unit represents a complex of several forces. Each farmer represents a judgment of land quality. Farmers don't buy their land on

(Continued on Page 135)

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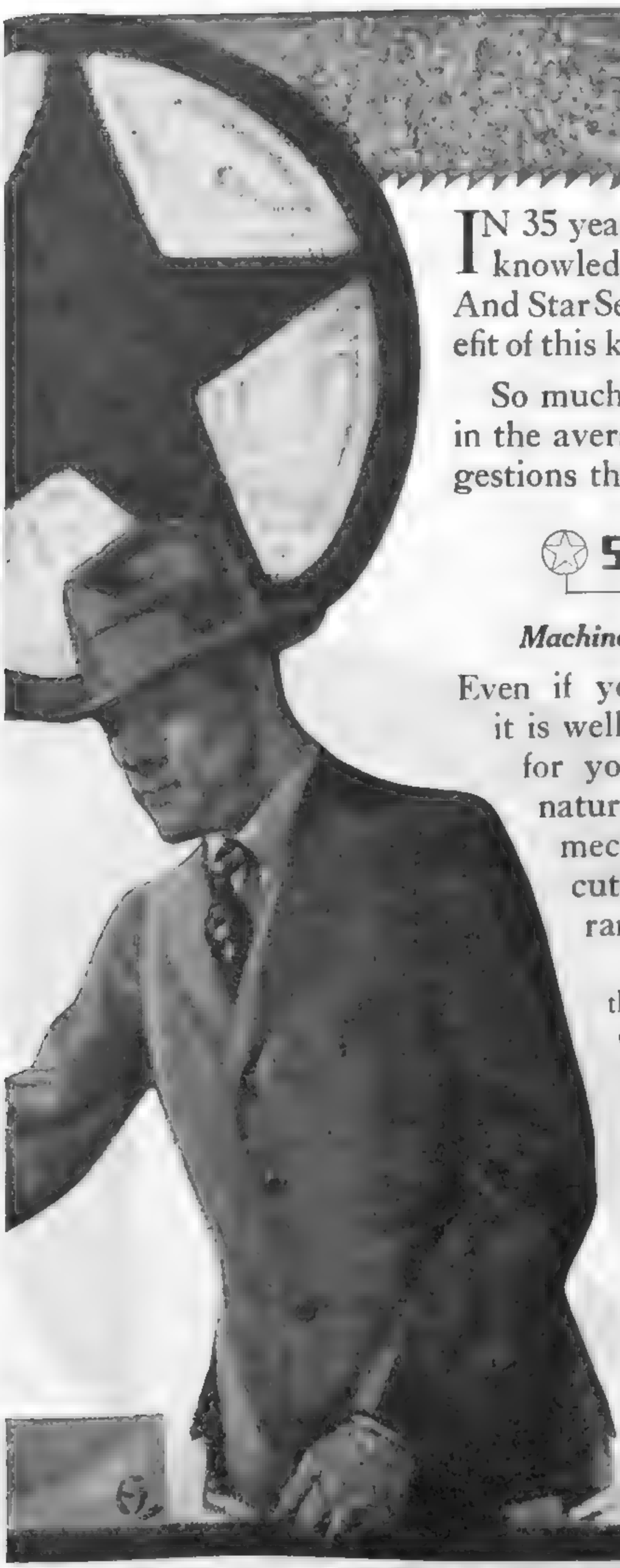

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(Continued from Page 131)

hearsay or fiction. They buy it on the basis of known or assumed qualities; and if it doesn't measure up the farmer sells and locates elsewhere. Once in his possession, the farmer studies his land according to his viewpoint of agriculture. He assembles the facts of temperature, humidity, hours of sunshine, rainfall, occurrence of frost, susceptibility to parasites, periodicity of climatic variations, quality of soil and subsoil, reactions to physical treatment of soil, application of rotation of crops and diversity of uses. In a word, a farm represents a problem, an individualistic problem. To this the farmer applies his intelligence; in the scheme of cultivation he expresses his diligence.

Each farm involves, furthermore, a speculation. Every farmer is a speculator. I do not refer to the gamble of weather. Each farmer tries to foresee the trend of agricultural operations in the current and succeeding years. He tries to dope out the market of the future, to meet an anticipated increase in consumption. The agricultural authorities try to guide the farmer, who may join his judgment to theirs or may oppose. It has been a frequent experience that when a department of agriculture advised the farmers to increase or reduce the acreage of a certain crop a large proportion of the farmers, thinking that the majority will follow the advice, do just the opposite. Lastly farming represents a problem in business organization. The farmer must understand costs of production, banking and finance if his resources are not to be dissipated through incapacity.

Now all of these each farmer actually does or tries to do, and his success depends upon his training and intelligence. It is a highly individualistic profession in the technic of operation and in the dependence of success upon individual qualifications. To assume that the cultivation of the soil would be the same whether the farmer owns the land and raises sons to carry it on in the next generation or whether he merely uses the land is unthinkable.

The hypothesis of allocation of domesticated animals and machinery apparently assumes that animals are animals and machines are machines. The manufacturers of agricultural machinery, who have for years attempted to standardize their products in order to reduce production costs, tell us that farmers are very particular about qualities in machines; that certain areas demand certain styles and that in certain areas particular nationalities demand certain makes; that a campaign of education is required to introduce standardized machinery. "Pigs is pigs" in the familiar story, but pigs are not pigs on the farm, and certainly cows are not cows.

A Ridiculous Restriction

When the Germans overran Belgium and Northern France they carried back into Germany many fine-blooded cattle and horses that represented years of breeding. When the treaty of peace was drawn these French and Belgian peasants demanded not merely that the number of animals taken be returned, not merely that the particular breeds be returned, they demanded that particular animals be returned to individual peasants, together with the progeny of the last four years, so far as they were living. These family strains of established breeds were almost as close to these peasants as the members of their families. The writer once heard a delegation of French peasants pleading for permission to go into Germany and search out their lost individual animals; and no man who has once seen the intensity of feeling upon the subject will ever be convinced that in any country in the world domesticated animals can be successfully allocated for use.

Coöperation is indispensable in farming. It is needed in the purchase of equipment, in the marketing of produce, in the storage of seasonal crops, in the development of rural social life and in the business running of the farm. But it must be combined with individualism in the cultivation of the soil, and this cannot be attained without ownership.

A further provision in the nationalization of land runs to the effect that the individual shall occupy and use only so much land as may be cultivated by his family without the hiring of labor. This is a proposition entailing such inefficiencies in agricultural operations as to make one wonder how any group of supposedly intelligent men could seriously advance it. Denial of the right of the landowner to employ a worker means that a particular family could cultivate no more land than they could work in the month of heaviest work—in other words, in the month of plowing or the month of harvesting. This would mean that during two-thirds of the year, at least, the family would have only enough work to occupy it part time. The practice of diversity of agriculture on the individual farm, in its economic relations, consists in such selection of crops and such use of domesticated animals as will employ the maximum labor of the family during the maximum number of months. The ability to hire help during one or several months of the year will so enable the farmer to utilize the properties of his soil as to double or even treble his production.

A very good illustration is seen in the raising of cotton. This crop requires a heavy application of labor per acre during the period of early weeding and during the season of picking. If a farmer raises nothing but cotton the family works hard two months of the year and loafs the balance of the time. If the cotton raiser will so diversify his operations that he has several crops whose labor peaks fall in different months from the labor peaks of cotton, he will have opportunity to convert work into crop. If he hires men in the months of labor peaks he will still further increase his output. The maximum production of agriculture is attained when the maximum number of months are busy months. To prohibit the use of hired labor on the farm is simply to condemn it to inefficiency. In a certain sense the period of intensive work on the farm may be compared with the peak of production of current in a power plant; the proper disposition of the peak load of power makes or ruins a power project.

The Case of Rumania

An interesting side light in this direction was brought to the attention of the writer by an expert in agriculture in Rumania. The government of Rumania having assented to the principle of division of the crownlands and of the holdings of the gentry in excess of a certain figure was confronted with the problem of securing efficiency in the operation of the subdivided tracts by the individual peasants. Rumania is famous for her export of wheat. The peasant raises wheat for export. He does not eat it. His diet consists largely of cornmeal mush, milk and onions, with few vegetables and little meat. Before the war, in a population of 7,000,000 were 800,000 peasants who, in ownership or control of small tracts, did not raise enough on these small tracts to feed their families and were self-sustaining only by working on large tracts as laborers. The expert to whom I have referred had carried out for Rumania a computation over a period of years, in which the yields per acre were tabulated for holdings of different sizes. When the data were applied to the hypothetical size of the holdings after subdivision of the crownlands and large estates—under the theory that the individual peasants' holdings would be practically of uniform dimensions, representing a pro-rata division—and the yield per acre of a holding of that size before the war applied to all the holdings of that size in the future, it became clear that the exportable surplus of grain of Rumania would be very much reduced and in lean years would fail entirely.

The large holdings had the best methods of labor, used fertilizer, employed efficient machinery, studied the cost of production and displayed intelligence and industry. The smaller the tract the greater the ignorance of the peasant, the poorer the equipment, the lower his spirit and the smaller the yield. There was one further element in the yield of the large tracts: Since the tenant or laborer had to work on them or starve the work was shamelessly underpaid.

The exportable surplus of wheat from Rumania was largely the expression of two factors—the greater efficiency of operations on a large scale, and exploitation of the landworker. Following division of the land both of these may be expected to disappear, the last we trust permanently. It will take years to educate the peasant to the plane of efficiency previously displayed by the large landholder. In addition, the ignorant peasant is utterly unable to visualize the importance of an exportable surplus of grain to the sum total of society in Rumania and will be inclined to work just hard enough to maintain his family.

Rumania depends upon imports for several essential commodities and these imports were paid for by grain and petroleum. Under these circumstances the authorities in Rumania view the next few years with great apprehension. The soil is very rich and climatic influences play an enormous rôle in crop yields. If the country enjoys good fortune from the skies the anticipated inefficiency in agricultural operations may not result in deficient yield; but it is obvious that the margin of safety and the probability of surplus are not so good under ownership of small tracts as with the feudal system of the past. Of course, it is improper for the Rumanians to complain about the situation, since they have only themselves to blame. Rumania has practically no middle class; only an upper class of high development, intelligence and luxury, and a huge lower class, submerged in poverty and ignorance. If the Rumanian peasant does not now rise to the occasion it will be the direct result of the centuries of oppression and neglect to which he has been subjected.

These considerations apply also in varying extent in all countries where subdivision of the land has been recently accomplished, especially in Russia, Hungary and Poland. A decade from now these countries will realize that it would have been highly advantageous if a campaign of popular education in agriculture could have preceded the subdivision of the land. In the history of the Homestead Act in this country, it was the best class of young farmers—from the older states or from abroad—who took up the new tracts for cultivation.

Everything depends on the classification of the farmer. Is he capitalist or workman; or is he to be classed under enterprise? According to the census of 1910 the number of farms was 6,361,000. The number of farms operated by owners was 8,948,000, by tenants, 2,354,000. The number of farms against which stood a mortgage was about 33 per cent. The census of next year will show an increase in number of farms of probably 11 per cent. The farm loan to-day has often a different meaning from that it formerly possessed. Up to a decade ago a farm loan meant uncompleted paying for land. To-day a farm loan often means borrowed capital for use in the business. The efficient farmer, like every efficient business man, employs borrowed money over certain periods; and this is not to be classed as a debt any more than the borrowed capital of the meat packer is to be classed as debt; it is an investment.

The tiller of the soil has always regarded himself as a capitalist. If we define a capitalist as one who believes in profits and savings, in the possession of property and in the accumulation of wealth as heritage, the farmer is in the most elemental sense a capitalist. In no other class is the direct connection between hard work, thrift, overproduction and accumulation of returns so immediate. In no other class is the sense of possession so tangible. Under these circumstances history but expresses an elemental psychology when it records the agricultural class as conservative against every idea of socialization.

Do Farmers Gain or Lose?

The farmer's bookkeeping illustrates that he does not class himself as a workman, because he has no figure for wage. The farmer has figures for interest on investment, amortization of debt, interest on borrowed capital, depreciation and upkeep, and for the costs of operation, including labor, fertilizer, bags, twine, and so on. Against these he puts the money received for the sale of his produce. If he is a careful reasoner and is extending his figures over a period of years he will take account of the increased value of the land, partly the result of unearned increment, partly the result of his work. If the balance between these two sets of figures shows a plus, he has made money; if a minus, he has lost money. He does not figure in a wage for himself, his wife or his children, only for the men whom he employs. When an inventor borrows money to purchase a plant in which to manufacture his device he will enter on his books all the items enumerated for the farmer, but he will also enter a salary to himself as manager. The farmer does not do this either as manager or workman.

If the costs of production are properly computed for farming operations and contrasted with the returns over a period of years it will be found that the remuneration has been nominal or even negligible except for the increase in the price of land. From 1900 to 1910 the value of farm property in the United States doubled. On the basis of the present trend of values the figure for 1910 will be doubled again in 1920. In this increase in the value of the property was the real remuneration of the farmer. Obviously this remuneration was a purely capitalistic return. But this cannot continue, and for the future the remuneration of the farmer will represent efficiency in operation and correct estimate of costs of production rather than increase in the value of land. Running a farm means administering a property, which is a very different thing from using a property, since different qualities of mind and body are involved.

We are not confined to collateral reasoning in judging of the influence of communistic control upon the operations of agriculture. We must distinguish between the reactions of the farmer and the results upon his operations. Everywhere outside of Russia—and in Russia, though inarticulate and for the time being helpless—the peasant class has been the last to accept an experiment in communism and the first to rebel. The Spartacists never scratched the peasant of Germany. In Switzerland last winter at a time of anxious industrial unrest the guards in the cities were drawn from peasant regiments. The peasants of Czechoslovakia and Poland have resisted continuous exposure to the virus from Russia, as is also the case in the East Baltic States. The peasants of Upper and Lower Austria joined with the Tyrolese in the statement that they would send no food to a Bolshevistic Vienna. Even in the depths of a most wretched existence the peasants of Rumania refused to appeal to communism for aid. In Hungary the peasants automatically sealed in Budapest by refusing food supplies; and during the four months' tenure of Bela Kun Budapest was provisioned largely with food seized by force of arms. Everywhere the peasant when given opportunity of free expression has opposed communism as a fanaticism that contradicts his definition of society.

Wartime Control

But in a more direct sense the world has been able to observe the reactions of the agricultural producer to one form of communism. I mean wartime control. During the past three years the farms of the United Kingdom, France, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, Germany and Austria-Hungary have been operated by the state. To a large extent the farmers have been told what to plant and how many animals of each kind to keep; the feeding of the animals has been prescribed, the slaughter of the animals has been regulated; the use of animal flesh by the grower has been restricted; the utilization of dairy products has been defined; free markets have been closed and sales have been largely through governmental agencies; prices for produce have been fixed; the consumption of produce by the grower has been controlled; seed, fertilizer, bags, twine, machinery and even domesticated animals have been allocated by the state; labor has been issued to the farmer by central organizations, outside of which he could not solicit labor; and in many countries the sale of land has been interdicted. Now private ownership in land includes three things: The title, that can be sold or willed; control of the operations of agriculture; and freedom in the marketing of the products. Total communism means the withdrawal of all three. In the named countries title was not withdrawn from private control, but the operations of agriculture and the utilization and the marketing of the produce were practically transferred to state control, if you please, socialized, nationalized, communized.

We in the United States have had little of this. A fixed fair price for wheat, a stabilized price for hogs and pork products, a stabilized price for rice and cottonseed oil, and a fixed price for sugar. What have been the reactions and the results of this widespread nationalization of agriculture on both sides of the fighting line?

An enormous overhead bureaucracy was required to carry out the schemes of control of agriculture. The farmer resented standardization of planting and wished to remain free to choose and rotate his crops. He resented being compelled to sell his cereals as such and to cut down the count of his livestock instead of increasing the

(Concluded on Page 139)

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count, feeding his cereals and selling his produce in the shape of meat. The purpose of control was to increase the total calories available to the consumer by restriction of meat production. The instinct of the farmer was to market his produce in the form in which it brought the highest price.

Everywhere the farmer resented restriction in consumption on the farm and refused to obey. The household of the farmer cannot be rationed. Everywhere the farmer resisted the fixed price and demanded the open market. Everywhere the farmer has contended that the prices of the produce that left the farm were more strictly controlled than the prices of the commodities that were purchased for the farm. The only items of control that the farmer welcomed were those that he thought operated in his favor. All others he opposed. He wanted control of speculation in steel but free speculation in wheat.

The grower's idea of control is well illustrated in the position of the cane growers of Louisiana, who have contended that since they devoted a full season of labor to what turned out to be a half crop of cane they should be paid a double price. In every country the instinct of the farmer was to resist with every device that lay within his power the regulations imposed by the exigencies of wartime control.

As a matter of fact, in most countries the farmer suppressed his natural reactions, rose to the plane of his duty as a patriotic citizen, and deserves the highest praise for his rectitude. Nowhere has the farmer balked at increasing production. In no country has sabotage ever been observed on the farm. The farmer revolted at regulations, partly because he did not understand them, partly because he distrusted the motives that inspired them, partly because he had no faith in the men who were executing them, but largely because war regulations deprived him of his rights as a capitalistic individual. He did submerge his individuality as an expression of patriotism; but he found the entire system of control unnatural in itself and abhorrent. He was willing to work overtime in order to increase production; the world over, the farmer is the best exponent of the correct conception of production. He expected to be paid a good price for his produce, and as a matter of fact a careful survey of conditions in agriculture in Europe and in the United States indicates that the farmers and peasants have come out of the war wealthier than when they went in. This result has a positive value for society because it contributes a stabilization to the entire social fabric.

Only in Germany did the peasant play his game and not his country's game. In Germany it may be fairly said that the peasant joined with the enemy blockade in the deprivation of the industrial classes.

The Cycle of Events

Repeat this huge experiment in the absence of a patriotic impulse, a war spirit, "for country and for home"! Enlarge the experiment by withdrawing also from the farmer the title of his land. On the basis of wartime experience what would certainly occur may be summarized as follows:

First, production falls. A certain fraction of agricultural production represents the farmer's desire for profit. He has little conception of an altruistic duty to work hard in order to feed an unknown man a thousand miles away. Production would fall to the point of nominal output. The farmer will always feed his household well and care for his domesticated animals. He is self-sufficient and independent. If he has no outlook for surplus produce he will not plan his work to produce the surplus.

Second, the farmer holds his products. The processes of distribution from the farm to the consumer lag in the first stage. The impulse to market is a positive factor with the farmer. He can ship out or he can hold back. Dispossession of the farmer's crop by force is a physical impossibility, as was proved in Germany. The initiative act of shipment from the farm of whatever the farmer has to export is an indispensable step in effective distribution and cannot be replaced by any amount of requisition.

Third, the producer attempts to market behind the back of the authorities, and he succeeds. The German peasant would send his son through the front gate to fight for his country; but he would not send his pig through the front gate to feed his country so long as he could send him through the back gate to feed the rich. There is no use reprobating the patriotism of the peasant. The plain truth is that he was too capitalistic to be always patriotic. From the time of the French Revolution, when the peasants refused to obey the regulations, down to the moment of writing, the producer in every country has sold his produce at high prices to secret buyers in contravention of all regulations. It does not need to be in return of money; it may be in return for a desirable commodity. But the practice is universal and cannot be eradicated. It has occurred every day in communistic Russia by the very peasants who belong to the soviets; and it will occur in every state of communism that may be erected, so long as human nature remains what it is.

Fourth, the farmer cuts down his purchase of manufactured commodities, since he follows the rule that holds between nations—that imports must balance exports. To an amazing extent the farmer is self-sufficient and when he decides to adopt a simpler standard of living he can do so with no untoward effects outside of inconvenience. The well-to-do farmer is a heavy consumer of commodities that may be properly classed as luxuries; and when the rural population in the face of a reduction in their exportable surplus reduce their consumption of manufactured articles it results in a heavy retardation of trade.

What Russian Farmers Want

Fifth, the urban communities fail to secure their normal food supplies. When the exportable surplus of the farm is reduced, when the farmer holds back what he has to send out, when he reduces his purchases and thus disrupts the normal flow of commodities from the city to the farm and from the farm to the city, the disorganization of distribution and industry will be so profound that the earning power of the city workers and of the middle class will fall below the plane of their needs. Anything that stagnates commerce between city and country carries with it danger of starvation to the city. This normal relationship cannot be maintained by force; it has never been attained by altruism. It rests upon the impulse of trade and is purely capitalistic.

All these results have occurred in every country that has attempted a national control of agriculture, either as an enforced war policy or as the expression of communism. They occur even under conditions of economic apathy. Whenever the value of money falls heavily each one of these results is manifested to greater or less degree, according to the circumstances. In the mildest degree it is expressed in isolation of the farmer; the distance between him and the consumer is magnified. Even in France and England abnormalities in the relations between city and country are apparent. In Germany and in Central Europe city and country are almost divorced. Our information from Russia convinces us that though breakdown of railway transport makes it difficult to ship foodstuffs into the cities, at the same time the communistic authorities have great difficulties in securing from the peasants the amounts that they are able to send. The beautiful picture of the peasant piling stacks of grain at the railway station, awaiting cars to take it to his brothers in the cities in return for urban gratitude and communistic paper money, is a fiction.

The real test with the Russian peasant will come when the foreigner wants his grain and is able to pay for it with commodities. Representatives of Russian co-operative agricultural societies make no secret of the fact that what the peasants, whom they represent, want is a market, a market of cash and commodities and not a market of altruism.

The world over the owner of a farm gets better results than the tenant, other things being equal. The owner develops, the tenant exploits. The difference represents the incentive of ownership.

The social revolution of November, 1918, led to class war in the country. The peasants attacked the large estates, drove off many of the people, destroyed improvements, wrecked machinery and killed or drove off the animals. This was done partly out of revenge, partly because it was the fashion of the moment to kill, partly under the naive idea that if the estates were wrecked the peasants would have a better chance of getting the land. The Mensheviki and social revolutionists wanted to make compensation for the estates; but the Bolsheviats decreed seizure without payment. The Russian peasant before the war subsisted largely on bread; a usual allowance for the farm hand was fifteen bushels of bread grains a year. But during the first months of Bolshevistic freedom many animals were eaten. The grain deliveries to the cities fell one-half in the first month of the new régime, due to disorganization in the country.

What became of the land in the throes of the class war? Parts of it were seized by peasants. The government took other tracts and formed guilds, associations of peasants in the commune, with use of animals and machinery in common. In order to induce peasants to join these guilds concessions were made, so that the guilds first formed had the best land and the pick of animals and machinery. Later guilds had still more land, but it was poorer land and they had little machinery and few animals. The individual peasant had usually least machinery and fewest animals. The destruction that had been accomplished in the class war greatly reduced the equipment that the same peasants were to use. The acreage was heavily reduced in the spring and fall of 1918 and in the spring of 1919, exaggerated by inefficiency in the organization of the guilds and the disinclination of the peasants to work. The peasants of Poland, Rumania, Serbia, that had been badly ravaged by war, have done much better in acreage than the peasants of Russia, because out of Bolshevistic control and influence.

Competition rose between the guilds. The poor guilds made war on the rich guilds, to even the possession of animals and equipment. This led to bloody battles. Then the guilds had to fight back the individual peasants, who wanted more machinery and animals, also more and better land.

The guilds soon found that their lands could not be operated without hired help; also the peasants who had good land. So they hired labor, against the rigid orders of the authorities. There fell the first prop of communism on the land. Soon the guilds and individual peasants found that they could better conditions by exchange of pieces of land; or land for machinery or animals; or these for each other. Barter soon led to sale, and within six months of the social revolution land, animals and machinery were sold openly and widely. Holders of superfluous machinery and animals, often the guilds, would rent them to poorer peasants at extortionate prices, a most unsocial exploitation. There fell the second prop of communism on the land. Finally appeared the instinct of trade. The peasants began to hold back from the cities. Because they received from the cities few commodities they sent little grain.

Military requisition was then undertaken, after appeals to the altruism of the masses had failed, just as had failed the appeal to the creative spirit of the masses for increased acreage. These requisitions were often brutally executed and often attended with bloodshed. Grain and other foods reached the markets through illicit traffic. In illicit traffic the guilds have been more active than the small peasant, because they had better facilities. For a year the sale of produce has been honeycombed with illicit trading and graft.

Russia's Dwindling Food Supply

With the establishment of the sale of produce according to the law of supply and demand, fell the last prop of communism in land. To carry out their private purposes the country districts often elected soviets composed of a majority of anti-Bolshevists; these were always repressed with force. Thereafter the country soviets were nominally Bolshevistic, but behaved like capitalists.

The food supply of Russia has fallen steadily since 1917. This deterioration has been most marked in European Russia, and here most extreme in Bolshevist Russia. How much the production has been reduced cannot be accurately said; we know that the privations continuously increase, and the populations of the cities fall steadily on account of scarcity of food. Petrograd and Moscow received in the months of 1918 from 12 to 28 per cent of the normal grain shipments. The Bolshevists do not know how much food is in the country. In the one tabulation known to the writer it was estimated that the 75,000,000 people in Bolshevist Russia had for the crop year 1918–19, 68 per cent of the normal grain supply; this was much less than the crop of 1917–18, and that one was less than that for the year 1916–17, indicating a progressive deterioration, despite abundance of labor. The army of 2,300,000(?) received a larger ration than other workers; the ration for civilians has been scant indeed. The sugar production has fallen to less than a third; the ration to workers has been 3½ ounces a month. Animal foods are very scarce in the cities, dairy products almost unknown. Since the legal rations are insufficient the worker uses his paper money to buy, at prices five to twenty times the normal, smuggled foodstuffs that represent his compromise with the peasant. Naturally the death rate is terrific.

The following table presents in rounded figures the grain production of Russia during the past six years, based on the best data available:

YEAR	PERCENTAGE OF NORMAL CROP	CROP REPRESENTED PERCENTAGE OF NORMAL CONSUMPTION
1914	93	110
1915	94	111
1916	83	98
1917	75	85
1918	60	70
1919	55	65

The prewar export was 15 to 20 per cent of the crop. The normal carry over was 20 per cent of the year's consumption. At the end of the 1915 crop the carry over was nearly 40 per cent of the year's consumption, since the export had fallen to nothing. At the end of the 1916 crop the carry over was some 25 per cent of the year's consumption. At the end of the 1917 crop the carry over was under 20 per cent of the year's consumption. At the end of the 1918 crop the carry over was practically nothing. This represents the combined results of diminishing acreage and inefficient distribution. During the years 1915, 1916 and 1917 more than 10,000,000 men were in the military service; during the years 1918 and 1919 not more than 2,000,000 men were in military service, but the others were not working on the land.

Capitalism and Communism

During the summer of 1919 it has become clear to the leaders that allocation of land, animals and machinery will not work, even in the form of the guilds. Good guilds become oppressive; the poor guilds go to pieces and pass into a condition worse than tenantry. It became clear that compromise had to be made on the land if communism was to be even distantly hoped for in the cities, especially as the cities produced so little to offer in exchange for foodstuffs. It was clear that ownership and sale of land, animals and machinery would have to be permitted, and the use of hired labor allowed. It was also clear that an exportable surplus for the cities could not be obtained so long as the market was not free and prices unrestricted. In September Lenine announced that henceforth the peasant was to be allowed "freedom in action, possession, cultivation and marketing." The guilds are either splitting into separate ownerships or have taken on the character of the coöperative associations of prewar Russia. Communism on the land in Russia is ended.

This, however, will not solve the difficulties. The scarcity of shipments of food from the country was due to deterioration of transport and lack of organization for the collection and distribution of the produce as well as to refusal of peasants to deliver and to smuggling into illicit traffic. Autonomy for country and city is necessary, but it is not enough. The status of the holder of land cannot in the long run be separated from the status of banks, flour mills, refineries, dairies, factories and importing associations. If these are socialized this means control and limitation of the opportunities of the peasant even if farming be not socialized. Freedom of action of these agencies acts as stimulation to the agrarians; if the state runs these this will repress the freedom of action of the peasant. If the peasants run them they will be conducted capitalistically. The return of farming from communism to capitalism means the influence of agriculture on the return of manufacturing to capitalism, since a communistic industry cannot be expected to operate harmoniously or efficiently with a capitalistic agriculture.

Editor's Note—A review of manufacturing, commerce and transportation in a concluding article by Doctor Taylor will give a companion picture to the desolation in agriculture.

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THE GENERAL CORD TIRE

SKINNER MAKES IT FASHIONABLE

(Continued from Page 7)

"Quick work, Jenks, my boy," Skinner commented.

Skinner crossed to his desk, picked up the envelope he had sealed that morning, tore it open and read: "Some Meadeville lady will call you up to say that she's going to have a big meeting at her house to discuss the high cost of living."

Honey turned wide-eyed to Skinner.

"How ever did you do it?"

"I didn't do it." Skinner took the slip of paper from his pocket. "It was this. This little slip of paper did more in a minute than I could have done in a year. This whole high-cost-of-living bugaboo is psychological. I'm going to prove it."

"And this meeting is your first step?"

"Uh-huh."

"And what's the next?"

Skinner made enigmatic answer.

"Every arch has a keystone." He picked up the phone and asked for the Colby number. Presently: "Oh, good evening, Mrs. Colby. You and Mr. Colby well? Splendid! She's fine, thank you. Oh, yes! Mrs. Colby, will you let me run over a few minutes? I've something of importance. Thank you—yes, in a very few minutes. Good-by." Skinner hung up.

Honey looked astounded.

"You're not going to ask Mrs. Colby to that meeting, dearie?"

"I am."

"Have you lost your head?"

"It's a part of my scheme."

"But she wouldn't go to the Jenks' in a thousand years."

"You just leave it to me," said Skinner.

"But," Honey pleaded, "you wouldn't ask Mrs. Colby to do anything to push along your scheme?"

"I wouldn't ask Mrs. Colby to do anything—only go to the meeting."

Skinner took his hat and stick and started for the Colbys'.

"Well?" said Honey when Skinner returned an hour later.

Skinner patted her head caressingly, then crossed to his desk and got the Jenks on the phone.

"Mrs. Jenks. Yes. Mr. Skinner speaking." Then in a few seconds. "Oh, good evening, Mrs. Jenks. I want to add my thanks to those of my wife. It was wonderful of you to think of it. I know it'll be a big hit." He turned and winked deliberately at Honey, then: "Oh, by the way, Mrs. Jenks, you wouldn't mind if I bring Mrs. Colby over, would you? Yes, Mrs. Stephen Colby." He put his hand over the receiver. "It's a knock-out. I can fairly hear her gasp." Then: "Yes, Mrs. Jenks. Mrs. Stephen Colby from The Hill."

Skinner waited, beret, while Mrs. Jenks babbled on, and when she presently said good-by, hung up. "How they do give themselves away." He paused. "Gosh, but the lady on The Hill has a pull!"

"That's because she stays on The Hill," said Honey.

"It won't take Mrs. J. long to flash that bit of news over the wires—if anybody should ask you," said Skinner.

Many persons who had accepted the Jenks' invitation tentatively, knowing such affairs to be a bore anyway, no sooner heard from their neighbors who had accepted that Mrs. Colby was to be present than they swept aside all contingencies and accepted. Those who had declined positively, resenting any preachment about the question of the high cost of living now that they had just got so that they could live high, when they heard that there was a chance to meet Mrs. Colby recollected that they hadn't "married a wife" or "bought an ox," and revised their declinations.

Said Driggs, the gas-mask king, to his good lady: "You'd have a chance to show Mrs. Colby that you ain't any slouch when it comes to sparklers and glad rags."

Said the socks baron, who had made big money out of reenforced heels and toes for the boys in khaki, to Mrs. Socks Baron: "What are you so excited about—meeting that old lady on The Hill? You're good enough to be on her calling list anytime. Look at the names I've got on my working list! Pelham, De Peyster, Rhinelander, everyone of my office force is a pedigreed critter." The baron took a long draft of smoke and blew it out through his nose. "Is it not a funny world that I who furnish these men with their daily bread am not considered good enough to sit at their dinner tables?" He paused to mark the change of subject, then: "Listen, my dear. If I'm the business man I think I am my opinion is worth something. Let me give you a hint. You can't impress a swell like Mrs. Colby by talking cheap living. You got to act refined. Make a show! Talk big money!"

In the home of W. Bentinck Bentinck, personal representative of the gas-mask king at a salary commensurate with his pedigree and alleged social influence, the news that Mrs. Colby was going to be at the Jenks' meeting was received with much surprise.

W. Bentinck Bentinck came of an old family. But W. B. B. was not only a gentleman—he was a good sport. He had to earn his living and he did it like a gentleman. Furthermore, he never poked fun at or spoke slightingly of his employer. Such a thing, in his esteem, would not have been compatible with taking the money Driggs paid him.

"How do you suppose they ever got Mrs. Colby?" said Minnie, who used to be a Ten Broeck.

"Philanthropy—civic appeal—that's the only way."

"What a chance for Mrs. Jim Biddle!" said Minnie.

"If she's there there'll be something doing."

"I shudder to think of it."

William Manning Skinner was preëminently a genius in selecting his captains, his actors and in staging his scenes. Of his captains he required quick wit, spunk enough to talk right out in meeting should occasion rise, and irrepressibility. Therefore after advising Honey of his success with Mrs. Colby, Skinner took his hat and stick and strolled to the home of the formidable Mrs. Jim Biddle. He was glad to find Mrs. Jim alone, for Biddle was a quiescent, neutral-tinted, afraid-of-his-own-shadow, cold-water-throwing proposition.

Skinner quickly outlined his plan. When he had finished he said: "You see, I can't do what I'm asking you to do, because I've been a fool myself, like Jenks and the others. It'd be like a sinner suddenly turned saint. They'd laugh at me. But you've got an ax to grind—a very real ax. They'll listen to you. Will you help me, Mrs. Jim?"

The little woman stuck out her pointed, defiant face and her eyes snapped.

"Will I help you, Will Skinner? I should say so! It's worth a year's living to say some things to some folks."

"I thought you'd feel that way about it." Skinner lifted an admonishing finger. "Remember, Mrs. Jim, you're doing this on your own initiative. I'm not to be known in it."

Mrs. Jim grinned.

"I get you, Will Skinner!"

And Skinner grinned back at Mrs. Jim.

"Good night, Mrs. Jim."

"Good night, Will Skinner."

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Munitions Jenks just beyond the edge of the town was a hoary mellow monument to the memory of the old landed baron Lafcret. Hence its aristocratic outward bearing. But it had been made over inside to suit the smart proclivities and bad taste of Mrs. Jenks. Architects, decorators and furniture men had been called in ostensibly to suggest but in reality only to confirm the preconceived notions of the present mistress of the house. And so all the fine old character of the place had been improved out of it. Instead, the rooms were overdecorated, overfurnished and over-everything-else. It was anything but a home. It would better have been called a servants' hotel de luxe.

The Jenks' grounds were extensive, the Jenks' rooms were large, the Jenks' menservants were all portly fellows suggesting opulence. Characteristic of these serving men were large feet and small hands, which was quite natural since their feet were forever carrying great bulks about the premises while their hands rarely descended to any duty weightier than a visiting card or a tea tray. A portly butler opened the door for you and took your card on a tray tray that might have been borne by a child of six. At tea time a portly butler in extreme livery threaded his way through the gathering with a tray bearing tiny cups, each containing a thimbleful, while a second man—also portly—bore a sugar bowl and a precious pair of tongs with which he daintily dropped a lump or two into your cup according to your pleasure.

The male servitors of Mrs. Jenks' establishment were so ubiquitous and withal so much better looking than the customary male visitors that but for their livery one might have taken them for guests. Mrs. Jenks seemed bent on exploiting her servants rather than keeping them in the background. But she was a bad captain. She fluttered about, directing the elephantine bearers of teacups and sugar tongs like a child with a new toy. It reminded one of a doll leading a wonderfully caparisoned Jumbo through a crowd.

Such were the servants, such was the house, such were the Jenks, in the order of their present importance.

The meeting to discuss the high cost of living was called by Mrs. Jenks for eight o'clock. Promptly at that hour, there being an attendance full to overflowing, the hostess started the ball of discussion rolling.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said she—the fact that she was dressed in silk, cut low at the neck, and stood with her white elbow resting on the edge of the grand piano is of no importance. "Ladies and gentlemen," said she in a voice carefully rehearsed for the occasion, "I have asked you to come here to-night to take up the question of the high cost of living—a question in which we are all deeply interested. I am not going to make a speech. This is a general forum. The meeting is now open to everybody." The ever-present fear that Mrs. Colby might be bored prompted the lady to raise her finger enjoiningly. "I am going to beg that no one will speak for more than two minutes at any one time."

At this there was a general murmur of approval, then a silence indicating the same kind of hesitation one notices at a church experience meeting when the pastor calls for testimonies.

Presently Mrs. Army Shoes Bingham spoke up. Mrs. Army Shoes was in the habit of speaking up when in the presence of her peers. But now she was breathing the sanctified atmosphere of a Colby. She must modify.

"I think we owe Mrs. Jenks a vote of thanks for giving us this opportunity to get together to protest against the outrageous cost of living," said Mrs. Army Shoes, rising.

A general murmur of "Hear! Hear!"

Mrs. Army Shoes would have continued, but Mrs. Army Undershirts Smythe, whose husband—next to Army Shoes Bingham—had made the biggest killing out of the war, broke in. Mrs. Army Undershirts had a brain like maple sugar. With a placating eye on Mrs. Colby she began: "I hate to differ with Mrs. Jenks, but for my part I don't see why we should complain. Of course we are sorry for the poor, but don't high prices mean good times?"

"Good times for plumbers and grocers," jerked out Canned Beans Henderson.

"This promises to be interesting," whispered Holden, clerk, to his neighbor, also clerk.

But Mrs. Undershirts had too carefully rehearsed her speech—contrived to conciliate Mrs. Colby, for all the new-rich present felt that the lady from The Hill must be on their side—to be deflected by sneers. She cast a deprecating glance at Canned Beans and went right on: "Should not we spend our money freely? Don't the Government urge everybody not to hoard?"

At this Mrs. Socks Baron, who—next to Mrs. Army Shoes—felt it incumbent to be on her feet, stood up.

"I, too, don't see why we shouldn't spend our money. What else is there to do with it? Now that the bond drives are over there's no longer any need for saving."

"That may be very well in your case, Mrs. Stein," said Henry Higgins, cashier of the Meadeville First National, "but I happen to know that in a great many cases Liberty Bonds haven't been paid for yet."

"Oh, dear!" cried little Mrs. Abel Howe—also army shoes—putting her hands to her head. They were beautiful white hands and wonderfully well jeweled. Annabelle affected humorous perturbation. "It's all scrambled up—the whole thing is fearfully scrambled up. I've had to engage a social secretary to keep things straight."

"What do you pay her, ma'am?" said Canned Beans Henderson, who was looking for information.

The question was ignored.

Here old Jimmy Dooling—commonly called Money Bags Dooling—piped up from the red-silk sofa that matched his red face and tie and set off his white hair and spats strikingly.

"So are all big questions scrambled up, Mrs. Howe. We must unscramble this one. So let us begin at the beginning. We'll assume that the profiteer's at the bottom of it all. Let's tackle him first."

"Profiteer!" giggled Annabelle. "To me that's only an expression born of the war—like camouflage."

"And where can you put your finger on a real profiteer, Mr. Dooling," sneered Mrs. Seth Craddock, who made it a point to oppose everything Dooling said and who was forever begging to correct and inform him, much to that gentleman's exasperation.

Dooling hated Mrs. Craddock. He hated her frowzy false bang and her little near-set spiteful eyes that peered out from under it like a dog watching you from under a hedge; he hated her high-arched nose, suggestive of loftiness and sneering; he hated her remarkably high stomach, which she carried prominently and with much pride and dignity as became an aristocrat, an authority, a woman of wealth; he even hated the old black-velvet dress covered with beads which she always wore and which had turned him against all black-velvet dresses and beads. In brief, old Jimmy Dooling hated all of Mrs. Seth Craddock.

"That's a funny question, ma'am. Every child knows you can't throw a stone without hitting one." He snickered. "I'll send you a few addresses so you'll know him next time you see him."

"Trouble is," chimed in Army Soups Porter, "when you blame the retailer he passes the buck to the wholesaler and the wholesaler passes the buck to the producer and the producer passes the buck to high wages and high wages passes the buck back to the high cost of living—and there you are, back on the doorstep of the retailer again."

Bentinck nudged his wife.

"Chestnuts! Ancient and moldy chestnuts!" he whispered.

"Just to show you," Army Soups went on, "my grocer said to me when I jumped him: 'My landlord's profiteerin' on me—I have to pay more rent; my plumber's profiteerin' on me—I have to pay more for my plumbin'; and my help's profiteerin' on me—I have to pay 'em more. Why,' said he, 'I'd have to put up prices to pay the plumber alone.'"

"And it's up to us to pay his plumber's bill?" said Dooling.

"Then let's start with the plumber," said Mrs. Craddock. "He must be the basic profiteer from whom all evils flow."

"No," said Army Soups, "'cause when I jumped my plumber he said he had to charge more 'cause his groceries were so high."

At this a large woman with fire in her eyes struggled to her feet.

"Everybody blames the plumber!" she cried. "They've always called him a thief and a liar. Now they call him a profiteer to boot. He ain't to blame. My husband's a plumber. It costs us forty dollars a week for our table an' there's only two of us. The grocer and the butcher ain't got anything on us."

"Any way you put it, we have to pay the freight in the long run," said Dooling.

"But you can afford to, Mr. Dooling," said Mrs. Henry Matthews, whose husband was shipping clerk for Socks Baron. "Trouble is, we have to pay the freight too—and we can't afford it."

"How I hate to hear folks talk poverty!" whispered Mrs. Socks Baron to Mrs. Army Shoes Bingham.

At this point Mrs. James Nichols—also canned beans—put her lorgnette to her eyes and surveyed the left wing of the party, where the gregarious poor were gathered.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Matthews," she observed, "but the salaried persons"—she'd only recently learned to say persons instead of people—"are not the only sufferers."

Mrs. Colby cast a quick glance at Skinner, who but for the slight twitching of the left corner of his mouth betrayed no astonishment at Canned Beans' lady's words.

"My fruit bill," Mrs. Nichols went on, "with alligator pears at prohibitive prices and grapefruit—a special kind, of course,

(Continued on Page 147)

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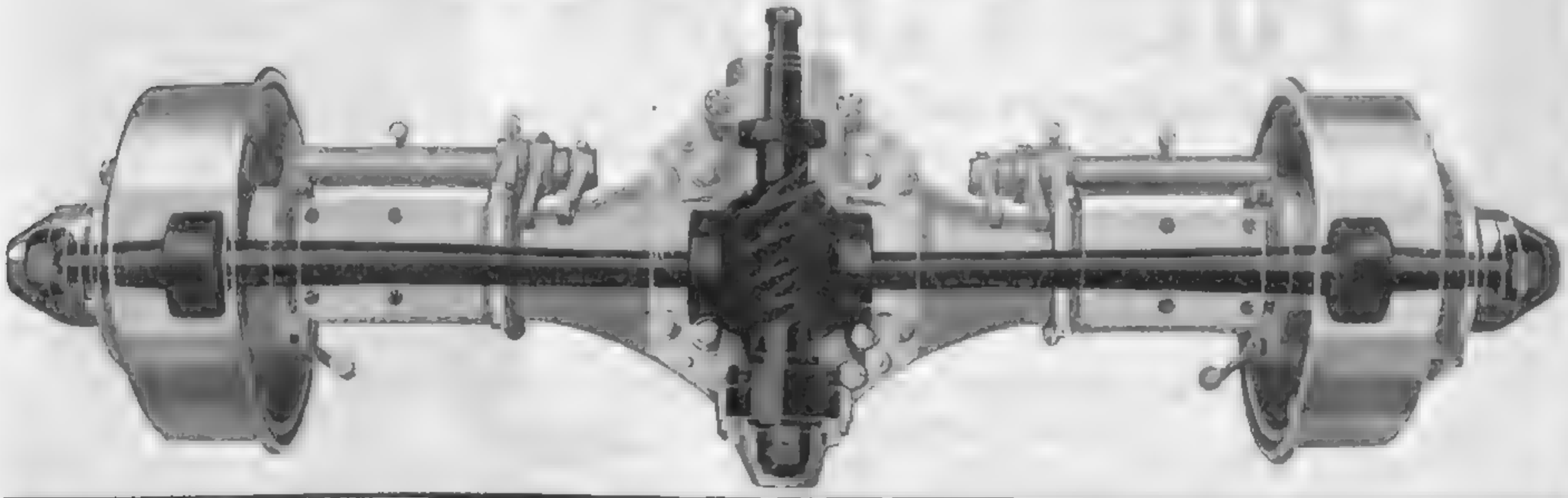

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(Continued from Page 143)

because Jim simply won't have any other—is something positively appalling."

Old Jimmy Dooling catching Skinner's eye winked covertly, for Jim Nichols had been one of Dooling's bookkeepers only five years before.

"And I haven't money enough even to ride down in an elevator," whispered Charley Biggs, bookkeeper, to Albert Case, chief clerk.

"And since you can so easily locate what duller persons find it so difficult to locate, what do you propose doing with these rascally profiteers, Mr. Dooling?" said Mrs. Craddock.

"Quite obvious, ma'am. Stop patronizing 'em while they are profiteers. They're all organized against us. We're not organized against them. We're the suckers, you and I are, Mrs. Craddock." Dooling smiled sweetly.

The high-stomached aristocrat didn't relish being hitched up with Money Bags Dooling as a sucker, but nothing was further from her than to let Dooling see that she didn't.

"We're the suckers all right," spoke up Worthington Briggs, army tins, who up to two years ago, when he used to mow his own lawn and sprint for the station every morning on toast and eggs, was a fine specimen of a man, but now for obvious reasons graphically nicknamed Flabby Briggs. "But we've got to eat, haven't we? They've got us by the throat, haven't they?"

"I wouldn't call all grocers profiteers," protested Mrs. Billings—also undershirts—mildly. "Mine is an awfully good one. He advises me just how to buy—saves so much of my time."

"Over the phone, ma'am?" suggested Dooling, catching Skinner's eye again and winking.

"Either that way or through my butler. My butler has a wonderful knowledge of how to buy."

"No doubt," said Dooling.

There was a general snicker among the gregarious poor. Mrs. Nichols resented Dooling's inquisitorial way.

"I assure you, Mr. Dooling, my butler is quite indispensable. Really he's worth twice what I pay him."

"And as we don't know what you pay him how can we tell how indispensable he is?"

Mrs. Nichols hesitated and old lady Craddock spoke up:

"My dear, tell Mr. Dooling what you pay the butler. It's your own affair, of course, but he wants to know."

Dooling gave Mrs. Craddock one of his sweetest smiles, then turned again to Mrs. Nichols:

"If you don't go to the shop yourself, ma'am, how can you tell you're getting what you order or getting the right weight?"

"My, but ain't he the old death's-head at the feast?" whispered Mrs. Socks Baron to Mrs. Army Shoes Bingham.

Mrs. Jenks sensed the approach of a dispute. There must be no friction while Mrs. Colby was there.

"We trust," she said with infinite sweetness, for Dooling was a multimillionaire, "that most of the ladies here also have absolutely reliable butlers who do the buying. We haven't the time to deal directly with tradesmen. I trust my servants absolutely." She cast an affectionate eye at her butler—generously bonused to remain and serve, it being his night off—and second man, who lingered near a rear door, catching bits of gossip for retailing below stairs. "I know servants. I've had quite a number in the last two years."

"I thought so," muttered Mrs. Craddock; then raising her voice: "I always do my own marketing. It's the only way I can live within my income these days." Mrs. Craddock kept an enormous establishment. "How could I pick out a piece of beef over the telephone?" She glared at Mrs. Jim Nichols. "I can't see it. And I can't stand over my butler when he weighs it. It's wonderful how much weight meat loses traveling from butcher to consumer when you don't do your own shopping."

"I can vouch for the truth of what Mrs. Craddock says," said Dooling. "I used to be a butcher's assistant when I was a boy."

The nose of Mrs. Socks Baron went into the air at Dooling's allusion to his previous condition of servitude.

"I didn't know that I had to be vouched for," observed Mrs. Craddock loftily, shooting a cutting glance down her long nose at Dooling.

"I, too, can vouch for the truth of what Mrs. Craddock says," said Mrs. Time Clerk Wilson, rising, her face florid from much cooking. "And I'll tell you why I can vouch for the truth of what Mrs. Craddock says. I went to my butcher for chopped meat. Fifty cents a pound.

"'Seems to me a cheaper cut would do just as well,' said I.

"'Better,' said the butcher when he found I wouldn't pay that much. He brought me out a piece of beef—chuck, he called it. It didn't sound so good, but it was streaked with fat and much better for grinding. He let me have it for thirty-six cents a pound. Out of one pound I made eight large meat cakes for supper. Do you think I'd have got that much over the telephone? Well, not on your life!"

Mrs. Jenks blushed deep with mortification that one of her guests should mention chuck steak, particularly chuck steak streaked with fat, in the presence of the lady from The Hill. She raised her hand.

"Just a minute, Mrs. Wilson."

Jenks edged close to his wife.

"Why do you shut her off?" he whispered.

"No one wants to hear that kind of vulgar talk here, you goose. This is a social affair," Mrs. Jenks whispered back.

Jenks groaned in his heart.

"I'd hoped it would be something more," he said, turning away.

Mrs. Jenks turned.

"Pardon me for interrupting, Mrs. Wilson, but Mrs. Howe has the floor."

Annabelle Howe was standing. Again she was humorously perturbed. Again she put her beautiful, white and heavily jeweled hands to her head in a charming, puzzled and much-rehearsed little way.

Whispered Minnie Bentinck to W. B. B.: "What's the matter with Mrs. Jim Biddle? Never a word!"

"Scared of Mrs. Colby," said Bentinck, whose great pride was his sophisticated knowledge of men and women.

"I wonder?" queried Minnie.

"This talk about grocers is all very well," Annabelle began, "but I don't know, because I don't come in actual contact with such persons."

"She did four years ago," Minnie Bentinck murmured for Bentinck's ear alone.

"It's the milliners and the tailors and all that sort of thing we're actually compelled to meet. Really we couldn't buy a hat or a gown without meeting them, you know. I should call them the profiteers. I'll tell you how I know. I went to town to shop yesterday. I selected four hats. They don't show me anything under forty dollars. Think of it! I suppose it's this curtailed production one hears so much about." She smiled at Mrs. Colby. "Those shop people knew I just had to have them. I was helpless, you see."

"To my certain knowledge that woman's been trying to get on Mrs. Colby's calling list for a year," muttered Jimmy Dooling to Dick Smith at his right.

"That kind of talk won't put her there," observed Smith. "I know the Colbys."

N. B. Fleming broke in:

"Let me tell you some of my experiences — er — hats fourteen dollars — er — and—er—shoes twenty dollars—and—er—er ——"

For the first time Jimmy Dooling stood up, bored.

"Your experiences are not unique, Mr. Fleming. You'll pardon me, but I understand we came to this meeting to do something. We've heard nothing but talk, talk, talk. Let's act. Let's get somewhere."

"But we've got to talk, Mr. Dooling—talk it over—or there couldn't be any discussion, could there?" appealed the hostess sweetly.

"Maybe," said Dooling, "but we don't do things that way in my office."

"Only one person does the talking there, Mr. Dooling, I imagine," said Mrs. Craddock.

"And not much of that, thank you kindly, ma'am."

Mrs. Jenks sensed the approach of the usual clash between Dooling and Mrs. Craddock, for the antagonism of the pair was notorious.

"Mr. Dooling, before I forget it I want your opinion of a new brand of coffee. Binns is about to serve it now. Everybody knows you're the best judge in town."

"I'd rather sip coffee than talk, Mrs. Jenks."

The butler and the second man, off stage, having got the cue, immediately began to circulate, the one with cups and coffee pot, the other with sugar and tongs. When Binns and Betts had presently retired, leaving their ears behind them, Canned Beans Henderson renewed the discussion:

"We've been calling the butcher and the grocer profiteers, but we haven't mentioned his fellow conspirator against us, the one who makes profiteering possible. I mean the domestic servant."

Mrs. Jenks cast a quick glance round. This was a phase of the discussion she hadn't contemplated. There was a buzz of expectancy. Many ladies put their fans to their faces, but Mrs. Craddock only smiled grimly.

"What I can't understand," broke in Morrisey—also army soups—with great feeling, "is why we want so many of 'em. I can't come home at night without treading on the toes of some of these elegant ladies and gentlemen. I'd like to feel that there's a niche somewhere in my home that I can call my own."

Morrisey paused dramatically. There was a dead silence. Army Soups Morrisey had touched on the one sensitive point—the servant question. All the men present hated liveried servants. All the women adored them. A superfluity of servants was the one indulgence the new millionaires had granted their wives unquestioningly. But in their hearts they rebelled.

"You'll pardon me if I speak feelingly," Army Soups went on, "but I am a business man. My office, thanks to my chief clerk, is a model of efficiency and economy of effort, and it grates on me to witness the appalling waste of energy in various households."

"I admit we've got to eat," Canned Beans Henderson went on as Army Soups Morrisey sat down, "and so we must submit to the profiteering propensities of tradesmen. But we don't have to be fed like babies in long clothes. I for one have not got so fashionable that I can't put on my own breeches nor so fat that I can't lace my own shoes"—glancing at Flabby Briggs.

Mrs. Henderson made as if to arrest her husband's talk, but thought better of it, for Canned Beans was a true Scot. He would not be dictated to by his wife—in public.

"Hear! Hear!" cried Jimmy Dooling.

Again Annabelle Howe raised high a beautifully jeweled protesting right hand, moving it a bit to promote scintillation.

"You mean we ought to let some of our servants go, Mr. Henderson? I only have—let me see—twelve."

"How's that, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Craddock. "Haven't you room in your home for any more?"

"What do you do with that many?" said Dooling. "How do you feed 'em? Where do you put 'em to sleep? It seems to me that some of you folks keep huge establishments just to give servants room and bath and board, and you pay 'em for enjoying it. They ought to pay you. You're prisoners. They're your jailers."

"Servants are an awful care, Mr. Dooling's right," exclaimed Mrs. Socks Baron. "When I shop I really have to consider them quite as much as I do my family or my guests."

Dooling looked over his shoulder to see that the bearers of cups and sugar tongs were well out of the way.

"Yes, by all means give 'em the best—the very best," he emphasized. "A friend of mine in Boston had a wonderful escape that way. He used to get all his milk from a certain certified dairy. He attempted the archaic game of giving his servants a standard quality of milk, but not the extra quality he gave his family. Suddenly an epidemic broke out among the servants, but the family didn't get it. The trouble was traced to the certified dairy." He paused, then: "The servants had been swapping milk with the family."

Little Mrs. Undershirts Billings had her eye on Mrs. Colby.

"I admit it costs a great deal to feed them, but even so I couldn't dispense with one of mine—I only have eleven. I have to pay them whatever they demand"—she made an appealing gesture—"but what am I going to do about it?"

"That's not wise talk," commented Mrs. Colby to Skinner behind her fan. "Servants have ears, very large ears, capable of catching the smallest sound."

"It wouldn't cost so much to feed your eleven servants, Mrs. Billings, if they didn't stand in with the profiteers," Canned Beans observed.

"The idea!" protested Mamie King, the stout one of the four daughters of William King—also army shoes—who was sweating to maintain them in idleness. "If we bounce any of our servants we'll have to do the work ourselves."

"You've no idea how it would add to your beauty, my dear, if you did some of the housework," said Mrs. Craddock. "Not that you aren't beautiful enough as you are, but a slight reduction of embonpoint, you know ——"

The spirited young woman was about to retort, but her mother kicked her foot. Old lady Craddock was a dangerous person to engage. She had a way of speaking right out in meeting. And the Kings didn't have an unassailable reputation.

"Why not let a few of our servants go? We don't need so many," Army Soups Morrisey urged.

"I guess not much!" said Mrs. Gas Masks Driggs to Mrs. Undershirts Smythe under her breath. "Fred's made a lot of money and we're going to live as we always wanted to live."

"Why don't you get up and say so? Speak right out!"

Thus backed up, Mrs. Gas Masks jumped to her feet.

"It's all right for you to talk about our letting some of our servants go and doing the menial work ourselves, Mr. Morrisey, but are you men good enough sports to help do the washing?"

"To be frank with you," said Morrisey, "I could do it if necessary. I did it many a time when Mary and I started out together and she had to look after the babies, and my back was all the stronger for the exercise it gave me."

Mrs. Morrisey was blushing blood red, her eyes downcast.

"What disgusting talk!" said Mrs. Undershirts Smythe to Mrs. Socks Baron under her fan.

"I really wish somebody'd show me how I can dispense with any of mine," Mrs. Gas Masks continued.

"How many have you, ma'am?" said Dooling.

"Let me see—I have only two chauffeurs and one assistant and a butler and only two footmen, and Jake's got to have his valet and I've got to have my maid, and to entertain as we do we must have at least two cooks and a scullery maid, and our two laundresses are positively overworked and I find my three housemaids have all they can do. You know what an establishment Jake insists on keeping up."

Several eyes were turned on Jake, who sat in a corner. Jake neither confirmed nor denied. It was notorious among the men that Jake hated keeping up a show place.

"What do you pay 'em, ma'am?" said Dooling.

"Really, Mr. Dooling, my secretary attends to that."

A beautifully jeweled scintillating hand was again thrust into the air, followed by Annabelle Howe:

"I can give you some figures, Mr. Dooling. I pay my butler a hundred and fifty. I must, you know, for he sees to everything—he's perfectly indispensable—and I pay my cook a hundred and twenty-five and ——"

Here Mrs. Craddock interrupted. She rose, threw her head back and puffed her stomach high into the air.

"That's sixty-five more than I paid her, my dear, and that fact throws some light on this very important question, Mr. Dooling." Turning again to Mrs. Howe: "I trained that cook of yours. I paid her sixty a month. A certain lady present bribed her away from me for a hundred a month. It's clear she was bribed again. I don't sympathize with you, my dear. I know what I'm talking about. Most every good servant in this town was trained by me and seduced away by higher pay. If you women would only be loyal to one another and not go poaching on someone else's domestic preserves there wouldn't be all this fuss about high pay for servants. You've swelled their heads. That's what you've done—swelled their heads."

"Do you mind telling me how much you pay your chauffeur, Mrs. Howe?" said Dooling.

"Forty dollars a week, which is little enough for such a man."

"Ridiculous!" said Dooling. "You pay him too much. What's a chauffeur anyhow? He never had to know as much as a coachman. Before the war he couldn't have earned fifteen dollars a week as a

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ditch digger. The whole chauffeur game is a matter of capitalized impudence and they put it over because we're all a lot of suckers."

"Don't include me in that, Mr. Dooling," said Mrs. Craddock. "I don't pay my chauffeur that much."

"No, but the one that gets him away from you will."

Mrs. Jenks raised her hand for silence, then said very sweetly: "Now that we've discussed this question—pro and con—very thoroughly"—here Jimmy Dooling nudged his neighbor and chuckled—"I move that we select committees, one committee to investigate, another to consider reports, another ——"

Mrs. Jim Biddle, watching, now caught Skinner's eye and Skinner nodded almost imperceptibly. That was the signal. Mrs. Jim was on her feet.

"It strikes me, Mrs. Jenks," said she, "that we've been rambling a good deal and haven't got anywhere."

Everyone looked at Mrs. Jim Biddle. To the women the meeting was nothing but a social affair. But the men had hoped that something might come from it. But after listening for a time to much vainglorious babble they had given up hope and had resigned themselves to silence for the most part, now and then covertly glancing at their watches. But Mrs. Jim's words made them sit up. It was as if a lost cause had suddenly found a new advocate.

Obviously something unpleasant was about to happen. Mrs. Jenks glanced anxiously at the lady from The Hill. If she could only shut the speaker off. But nobody'd ever been able to do that, once Mrs. Jim got started. As a matter of fact, it was for that very reason Skinner had selected the little lady as his spokesman. The hostess could only lift a protesting hand, hoping that Dooling would come to the rescue.

"Really, Mrs. Biddle, I think we have been discussing the question very intelligently."

Evidently Dooling didn't think so, for he didn't come to the rescue, and Mrs. Jim went on:

"We've been beating all about the bush, Mrs. Jenks, discussing this part of the question and that part of the question, but the most important part we haven't touched on at all."

"Hear! Hear!" cried Dooling.

Mrs. Colby put her lorgnette to her eyes and regarded Mrs. Jim keenly. The speaker's chin was in the air. Her hat was in the ring.

"Why," she chuckled contemptuously, "we've blamed the butcher and the grocer and the hatter and the clothier—we've called them profiteers and everything else that isn't flattering. We've even connected our servants with them—all of which may be right, for I hold no brief for any of them. But"—she flashed an accusing eye round—"who is it makes it possible for these people to profiteer and cheat? Who is it can check all that profiteering and cheating just by the exercise of a little bit of resolution?" She paused a moment, then very sternly: "The one who holds the purse strings—that's who—the consumer! How I hate that word 'consumer'; hate it even more than I do the word 'profiteer'—he's such a fool. Who are the consumers? We, rich and poor alike, and we're all of us fools. The rich are the more guilty, because the more powerful." Mrs. Jim swung on the left wing, where sat the gregarious poor. "But don't let us kid ourselves. Don't let us pass the buck to our more fortunate neighbor. We're all fools, every man jack of us. Why? Because we complain and whine and appeal for help from somewhere, somehow, about as intelligently as old Æsop's goggle-eyed frogs in the puddle that prayed into the vast spaces of the universe for a king. And yet we ourselves hold the key to the situation. Can you imagine bigger fools than that?"

Evidently no one could, for no one answered. Deep down in his heart Canned Beans Henderson began to feel a glow of warmth toward the little woman whom he'd always disliked. Nor was Jimmy Dooling in the habit of interrupting when things were coming his way.

Here Mrs. Jim directed her attention to Dooling, Henderson, Morrisey, Billings et al.

"You shrewd business men complain about the increased salaries you have to pay your clerks, yet you are permitting your wives and daughters by their extravagance to boost prices so high that those very clerks can't live without the raise they ask for. That's the kind of shrewd business men you are!"

Jimmy Dooling took his medicine like the good sport he was.

"By jingo, you're right, Mrs. Jim!"

"Of course I'm right. You all know it."

Mrs. Jim now turned her guns on the women.

"You women complain that you have to pay forty dollars for a hat and you go and buy four of 'em. Do you have to have four? That's the reason we who haven't got so much money can't have even one. It takes the involuntary denial of four women to supply a hat for one. Your excuse for paying outrageous prices for things—and then cornering the market on 'em—is that they're going higher. Of course they're going higher. The shopkeepers would be fools if they didn't go higher. Imagine a woman paying six hundred dollars for a fur piece, as I know they do, and exploiting it on the Avenue while anarchy stalks at her elbow!

"And you men, I've heard you complain that you have to pay a hundred dollars for a suit that you used to buy for forty or fifty and ten dollars for a hat that used to cost five. Why is it? Curtailed production—that's the answer. The big clothing houses have plenty of material, but they can't get it made up. Why?" Mrs. Jim brought one clenched fist into the palm of the other hand for emphasis. "Because you men don't deny yourselves. You rush in and order clothes and hats and shoes you don't really need, trying to overtake advancing prices, yet by your very acts keeping those prices ahead of you. You're like the jackass that runs faster and faster, trying to catch up with the bag of oats that's fastened just ahead of his nose. You'll never overtake prices that way. The profiteer'll see to that. You compel the clothiers to pay the absurd prices their workmen demand. You swell the poor devil's heads by your extravagance. They never had such money before. And big money to them means big laziness. They simply won't work."

Once or twice Annabelle Howe had raised her scintillating hand high above her head in protest. But diamonds didn't count. Clubs were at the bat.

"And you women," Mrs. Jim went on, "complain about curtailed production. Yet by your very vanity you keep men from producing useful things. You fill your houses with able-bodied men bearing tea trays and sugar tongs, men who ought to be out raising wheat or cutting down trees or making shoes. The practice is an offense against patriotism these times." She paused. "What's come over you women? Why don't you go to your own front doors once in a while with a glad hand when you see an old neighbor coming up the path, like you used to do? Why," she laughed, "if I had a million dollars I wouldn't give up the fun of doing that. 'Hello, Mrs. Howe! Come right in—glad to see you! How's Billy B?' That's the sort of thing that makes life worth living."

"Hear! Hear!" cried Canned Beans Henderson. "That's the stuff!" But Mrs. Jim didn't notice the interruption.

"You women complain about the wages you have to pay your servants and the bonuses you have to pay 'em to get 'em to stay in when it's their night off. Why do you have to pay 'em such wages? Why do you have to pay 'em such bonuses? Because you've taken 'em away from one another. You've paid 'em higher wages to get 'em. You've bribed 'em. You've swelled their heads. And yet you complain." Mrs. Jim threw back her head and laughed. "Why, ladies, you know as well as I do that your talk about expensive servants is only a boast camouflaged as a complaint." She paused, then to mark a change: "The trouble is you ladies are playing with a dangerous toy—new money. Why don't you get somebody that's always had money to teach you how to spend it?" Here she looked pointedly at Mrs. Colby. "You ought to. You're endangering the whole country by your riotous exploitation of new money."

Mrs. Jim paused and looked round as if expecting a challenge.

"And now, Mrs. Biddle," Annabelle Howe spoke up, "that you have enlightened us consumers, now that we know we are fools, now that we know that we are endangering the whole country, won't you kindly tell us how to remedy it?"

Mrs. Jim was superior to the gentle irony.

"Not one of you can remedy it all, Annabelle, but everyone of you can do your bit. It's the easiest thing in the world—so obvious that I'm almost ashamed to suggest it. It's this: Use the shrewd wits you used to use when you didn't have quite so much money, when you used to do your own work, when you used to go to your own front door when you saw a neighbor coming up the path. Use the wits you were compelled to use when necessity stood at your elbow."

Mrs. Jim sat down. For a moment there was silence. But the air was charged with resentment. Then began a buzzing, an antagonistic, an acrimonious buzzing behind fans held to cover the mouths of the speakers and the ears of the listeners. Mrs. Jenks sensed the general sentiment. It would be useless to try to formulate any program of procedure now. Nor did the other ladies wait, so the meeting broke up.

Apologetic, Mrs. Jenks immediately crossed to the lady from The Hill.

"I can't tell you how disturbed I am, Mrs. Colby. Mrs. Biddle ——"

Mrs. Colby put her hand on her hostess' arm.

"I found it wonderfully interesting. Mrs. Biddle's clever. The whole thing's been a regular education to me."

"Dearie, I'm so disappointed, so disgusted," said Honey to Skinner when they reached home.

"Why disgusted, Honey?"

"The whole thing. Such a fine start, everybody interested, and then Mrs. Jim Biddle queered it all."

"Queered it all?"

"It was your affair—this meeting. Why didn't you get up and head her off when you saw how things were going?"

Skinner chuckled.

"Head Mrs. Jim off?"

"Worst of all, she seemed to be directing her remarks right at Mrs. Colby as if she had a spite against her. Everybody noticed it."

"Who knows? Perhaps she was. Perhaps she had. What if they did?" Skinner commented.

"Why, when she said someone ought to teach those people how to spend their money she almost shouted it in Mrs. Colby's face. It was dreadful!"

"She had to shout it in somebody's face in a meeting like that—unless she'd whirled as she talked, which would have destroyed the effect of her words."

"Silly!"

Skinner chuckled at the picture his words had conjured of the burlesque effect of the fiery little Mrs. Jim doing the teetotum act and showering the party with her sparks like a centrifugal sprinkler.

"Silly!" Honey repeated. "But that wasn't the worst of it," she went on. "They were about to form committees."

"You mean that was the worst of it?"

"No, silly, they were just about to do something."

"Don't worry," Skinner said. "There are things more effective than committees."

"And since Mrs. Jim made such a fizzle out of your meeting, what is your next step?"

"I don't know that I have any next step."

Honey looked surprised.

"My experience has taught me that in great matters like this the only thing any one man can do is to start the ball rolling. No man can control it after it has started, or direct its course. No sensible man tries to. It's a curious thing," Skinner philosophized. "The course from cause to effect is often most erratic, wholly uncontemplated by the originator. You start a big ball rolling downhill. The objective is the bottom of the hill. That ball won't roll in a straight line. It'll strike a rock here and be deflected from its course and it'll strike a tree there and be deflected back again. But it'll keep on going in the right general direction. And, Honey, it'll get to the bottom of the hill. You see if it doesn't. All you've got to do is start it. I believe I've started the ball rolling—started it rolling in the right direction."

Honey looked at Skinner shrewdly for a few moments, then her face brightened.

"I know why you're so calm, so philosophical. When you're philosophical you always have something up your sleeve. This meeting wasn't a fizzle. Mrs. Jim was directing her remarks at Mrs. Colby."

"Uh-huh."

"You old dear! You did it all. You told her to, didn't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"You told her what to say, didn't you?"

"Uh-huh."

Honey clapped her hands.

"I know now why you asked Mrs. Colby to the meeting."

"So long as you know so much, why?"

"She's the keystone to the arch, isn't she—the arch you told me about?"

"Uh-huh."

"And what she does the others'll do, because they've all got their eyes on her all the time."

"Uh-huh."

"I know. They think she must be a great spender because of her money and her family and they're trying to keep up with her just to curry favor with her."

"Uh-huh."

"And that's what sustains the arch of the high cost of living."

Skinner patted Honey's cheek fondly.

"Honey, you know what happens to the arch when you knock the keystone out?"

She laughed gleefully.

"The whole thing collapses," she cried. "Doesn't it?"

"Uh-huh."

While many persons were complaining that the whole Jenks' meeting had proved a fizzle, due to the scolding methods of Mrs. Jim Biddle, certain unlooked-for very definite results were taking place in two diametrically opposite quarters.

"Well, Sally," said Stephen Colby when the lady from The Hill got back from the Jenks' meeting, "how about it?"

"I was somewhat disappointed, Stephen."

"How's that?"

"I had thought these people sincere. I'd thought they really wanted to do something about correcting conditions. But really, Stephen, it seemed as if they'd come there just to see me."

"Snob," laughed Colby.

"Not at all, Stephen. I had hoped to be an unobserved observer, but I couldn't escape. They all seemed to be directing their talk at me from the very start, trying to impress me. But most absurd of all they bragged about their riotous way of living."

"Bragged, my dear?"

"Complained in a peculiarly feminine, appealing, plaintive, piquant way—a way designed not to gain sympathy but to exploit big money, to promote envy."

"Bad as all that, Sally?"

"They expected me to applaud that sort of thing. Applaud," the lady repeated, then burst out vehemently: "Stephen, I was amazed at the way those women talked. It was a revelation. The people here are indulging in nothing short of criminal extravagance, right here in Meadeville, under our very noses. And it's this riot of extravagance that's to blame for the riot of profiteering that's going on."

"I suspected it," said Colby. "But what can one do about it?"

"Stephen, I was fortunate enough to have a grandmother and a mother who were trained in the art of spending money economically, effectively."

"True, my dear."

"Frankly, Stephen, little Mrs. Jim Biddle made me feel as if I were to blame."

"Nonsense! You don't spend money that way. We live very quietly."

"But they don't know that."

"How you going to show 'em? Invite 'em up here to live and observe us?"

"No, there's another way." Mrs. Colby hesitated, toyed with her fan nervously for a few moments, then sprung it: "Stephen, I'm going to be game enough to open our front door myself when I see an old neighbor coming up the path."

Colby pursed his lips and raised his eyebrows in a surprised, questioning way.

"I'm going to let Jacques go."

"No butler, Sally?"

"No butler and no second man, Stephen. They should be doing something more useful than carrying tea trays and sugar tongs these times."

Colby chuckled.

"Did little Mrs. Jim tell you that, Sally? I always knew she was a firebrand, but I didn't think she could set you on fire."

"Well, she has. Stephen, the present condition is a menace to the welfare of the whole country. I'm going to show the people here in Meadeville that we whose ancestors fought for this country love this country above everything else." Mrs. Colby paused, then, "Are you game too, Stephen?"

Colby was a man who thought slowly and spoke slowly, and what Colby said he meant. He puffed his cigar, glanced here, glanced there, looked at the ceiling, then at the

(Continued on Page 153)

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(Continued from Page 150)

blotter on his desk, then: "Yes, Sally, I am. I'm game enough to let Luigi go and leave the cars in the garage. Or, hang it, I can drive my own car!"

Luigi had that very afternoon struck Colby for another raise. But Colby didn't mention that fact to his wife.

There's an old chestnut to the effect that the same thing affects different persons differently. The effect of the irresponsible talk at the Jenks meeting was to rouse in Mrs. Colby a public-spirited interest, to suggest to her an opportunity for patriotic self-denial, an opportunity for service. To the Bolshevistic Binns, the Jenkses' butler, the selfsame irresponsible talk suggested nothing but an opportunity for graft. And this relates to what was taking place in the servants' hall downstairs while the meeting called to bring about the reduction of the high cost of living was going on upstairs.

While Binns and the second man were circling among the guests with imperturbable mien or hovering round outside, their large and gossip-sensitive ears were taking in everything, however minute, that was going on. So it chanced that bits of talk bearing on the servant question but not meant for publication were gathered and stored away for future reference by the gentlemen in livery.

The Bolshevistic Binns a bit later in the servants' hall faced a group of rubicund cream-fed confrères—butlers, second men, cooks, scullery maids and chauffeurs—who had been advised by servants' wireless of the purpose of the meeting and had gathered from the various mansions of the war rich thereabouts. Binns held up his hands enjoining silence.

"My word, ladies and gentlemen, I've 'eard a bit upstairs! 'Aven't we, Mr. Betts?"

"What did you hear, Mr. Binns?" said Jenny Brackett, a Craddock graduate and later handmaiden to Mrs. Socks Baron Stein.

"What did I 'ear? I 'eard something as'd open the eyes of all of you. Didn't we, Mr. Betts?"

"Abusin' us as usual, Mr. Binns?" said Becker, Annabelle Howe's forty-dollar quite indispensable chauffeur.

"Abusin' us? I guess not!" Binns paused, looked all round. "They was a-sayin' as 'ow we didn't get our rights."

The cream-fed ones looked from one to the other in perplexed silence for a moment, then: "You mean as how they didn't get their rights, Mr. Binns?" corrected Jenny Brackett.

"Pardon me, Miss Brackett, but I guess as 'ow I know 'ow to speak the English language correct, even if you folks 'ere doesn't. I said 'we,' not 'they.'"

"I've always got my rights," broke in old Maggie Platt, nurse in general to the Morrisey babies. Maggie had started in as maid of all work at the Morriseys' in the good old days when servants were called "help" and the mistress of the house wasn't above doing a turn at kitchen work.

"But what can you say when they admits it theirselves as they just done upstairs? I might even say as 'ow they bragged about it."

"I don't see anything very strange in what you say, Mr. Binns," said Maggie Platt. "Everybody brags in their place. What about it, anyway? What are you drivin' at? Suppos'n' they do brag?"

"What about it?" sneered the Bolshevistic Binns, sensing insubordination. "What about it? Now's our 'arvest time. That's what about it."

"Harvest time for what, Mr. Binns?" insisted Maggie.

"'Arvest time for what? Well, some people is slow, ain't they now? 'Arvest time for more money, Maggie Platt. That's what. Everybody else is gettin' it."

"You're right, Mr. Binns," said Becker the indispensable. "They pay it to the grocer and the butcher. Let 'em pay those fellers less and then we'll get somewhere near our dues."

For obvious reasons Binns didn't press that particular point.

Old Peggy Watson's loyalty to Honey Skinner, whom she loved like a daughter, forbade further silence. She slowly rose, adjusted her little black hat and pulled her shawl close about her shoulders.

"But, Mr. Binns," she urged in a quiet little voice, "now that everybody else is bleeding 'em, ain't this the time for us to hold back?"

"Ha!" laughed Binns. "Ha! Ha! If that isn't logic for you! Don't tackle 'em when they're down an' 'elpless, say you! Wait till they gets independent! I like that!"

The laughter that followed Binns' sarcasm squelched Peggy. She subsided into her chair silenced but not converted.

The derision aimed at her old confrère angered Mary McCann, upstairs maid at the Hendersons'.

"I don't like the way you talk, Mr. Binns." Mary wouldn't have liked the way he talked if he'd been an angel, for Binns was an Englishman. "I ——"

Binns shut her off.

"Now look 'ere, Mary McCann! You're out of order with this meetin', an' what's more you're 'ypnotized, you are. I know what you're goin' to say. You're goin' to say as 'ow your mistress 'as taken care of you when you was sick an' all that kind of twaddle as I've 'eard till my ears ached. Of course she 'as. It was cheaper to do that an' get your good will than to let you go die on 'er 'ands. My, but 'asn't she pulled the wool over your eyes? My word!"

"My mistress loves me and so does all the young uns. I know it, Mr. Binns, in spite of all you say," urged Maggie Platt.

"Just you go to 'er and ask 'er for more money. That'll show you 'ow much she loves you, my dear."

Such cynicism was repugnant to Mary McCann; coming from Binns, doubly repugnant. She jumped to her feet.

"What do I care about you and your newfangled notions, Mr. Binns? I've got a good mistress. She's been kind to me, not because she's afraid I'm going to die on her hands, as you say, but because she loves me. It ain't a matter of money. It's a matter of kindness and love I owe her. I'll not stay and listen to any more of your Bolshevist talk, Mr. Binns. You may go to the devil—and good night to you."

Out Mary marched, lifting her skirts as if to escape contamination as she did so, and trailed by old Peggy Watson, Maggie Platt, Delia McCarthy and the others of the old loyals.

Binns waited until the last of the conspicuous loyals had closed the door behind her.

"Let 'em go!" he shouted. "We're well rid of 'em. Them's the kind as stands in the way of progress. Don't know their rights an' is insulted when you tell 'em." He paused. "Do you ladies and gentlemen realize we're the only ones round 'ere that 'aan't struck? The carpenters 'as struck, an' so 'as the plumbers an' so 'as the milk drivers. Even the grave diggers 'as struck. Everybody's struck but us. An' we're the most important of the lot, we are. Why? Because those bloomin' nobodies upstairs couldn't run their grand 'ouses without us. They don't know 'ow, any of 'em, except the lady from The 'Ill and that old lady with the false bang and the 'igh stomach. They 'as to 'ave us. Didn't they say so upstairs a minute ago?"

"They did, Mr. Binns?" said Hicks, Driggs' butler. "They said that?"

"Did they? Why, they was 'orrified, positively 'orrified at the mere idea of lettin' any of us go, I'm tellin' you! Scared to death, my dears. Didn't they admit as much? An' they admitted as 'ow they wasn't payin' us enough too. That's why I say we're fools, we are; we're suckers, we are; we're ijits, we are."

"Admitted that, Mr. Binns?" said Mary Dugan—"Greedy Mary," so called—cook for the socks baron, her eyes narrowing.

"Admitted as 'ow they'd pay us more rather than let any of us go. Don't that mean they ain't payin' us enough now? Don't you see that's a message they give us without meanin' to?"

Thus it was shown by Binns' words that some of the irresponsible ladies upstairs, like many men before them, had been digging their graves with their tongues.

"But I don't understand, Mr. Binns," Mary persisted. "They really said that?"

"Of course they did! I know what I'm talkin' about. I 'eard what they said an' so did Mr. Betts, what was standin' right behind me listenin', 'ear it too."

"Course I did," Betts corroborated.

"And didn't I 'ear Mrs. Nichols say to old Money Bags Doolin'—didn't I 'ear 'er say: 'I assure you my butler's quite indispensable'? That's what I 'eard 'er say." Binns lifted his hands for emphasis. "And I 'eard 'er say: 'Really 'e's worth twice what I pay 'im.'" He looked at Betts for confirmation and, getting it, went on: "And our lady upstairs, I 'eard 'er say: 'I trust my servants absolutely.' That's the 'igh esteem in which they 'old us, and we'll show

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This new scientific way of softening the beard insures an easier, quicker, more comfortable shave. Perfected after many tests and experiments, Shavaid does instantly what men have been trying for years to accomplish. A Free Trial Tube will convince you. Send for it today.

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Shavaid softens the beard instantly, so that the razor "takes hold." It makes shaving a positive pleasure. The beard is removed easily, smoothly, without "pull" or smarting sensation.

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No need now for hot towels, for rubbing in the lather. These old methods take time. They draw the blood to the surface, open the pores, make the skin tender. Shavaid does instantly what these harsh methods were meant to accomplish.

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Softens the beard instantly
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Saves time and trouble
—no hot water, no "rubbing in" of the lather.

Protects the face
—skin remains firm and smooth.

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—harsh ways age the skin prematurely.

Replaces after-lotions
—Shavaid is a cooling, soothing balm.

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Do you shave close? Shavaid will prove a positive revelation to you. Not only will you experience a new satisfaction in shaving—a new after-shaving comfort. Your face will be in better condition than it could ever be under the old methods. It will be smoother, firmer, younger looking. It will lose that unnatural dryness, that "drawn" feeling.

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The way to find out what Shavaid will do toward giving you an easier, quicker, more satisfactory shave is to send for a Free Trial Tube. That will show you. Thousands of men are using Shavaid today. But you must test it for yourself. Just fill out the coupon and mail it now—before you forget it. Then when your trial tube comes, see for yourself what Shavaid is.

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'em as 'ow we appreciates it by askin' for more money."

"And they said all that?" Mary Dugan muttered to herself, and relapsed into meditative silence.

"An' what's more," Binns went on, "I 'eard Mrs. 'Owe, Mrs. Annabelle 'Owe, the lady with the white 'ands that she's always stickin' up to show off her rings, I 'eard her say, 'I pay my butler a 'undred and fifty.' Now mark this! Says she, 'I must, you know, 'cause he sees to everything; 'e's perfectly indispensable.' You know what 'indispensable' means, my dears? It means they can't get along without us. 'An',' said she, 'I pay my cook a 'undred and twenty-five.' Do you 'ear that, Mary Dugan? A 'undred and twenty-five, an' you only get a 'undred." Binns paused. "Don't that cinch it? One admits as 'ow she can't get along without us an' another admits as 'ow she don't pay us 'alf enough. Ain't we the suckers, 'earin' all that an' still submittin' to it?"

"But what excuse have we for askin' for more money, Mr. Binns?" said Hicks.

"What excuse 'as we?" shouted Binns, who upstairs was little more than an obsequious semianimated statue with big ears, but now a roaring firebrand. "My word! 'Cause we wants it. That's what excuse we 'as. Ain't that enough, Mr. 'Icks? Some other feller 'ad it an' these folks upstairs wanted it an' they went an' took it. Now they 'as it an' we want it. Ain't that logic? Ain't it?"

"Suppose they won't give it, Mr. Binns?" said the greedy but cautious Bailey, Henderson's second man.

"Won't give it? 'Aven't you ears? 'Aven't you been listenin' to what I've been tellin' you? They've gone mad over this social game. An' what's society for but to furnish opportunities for folks like us? Now's the time, I tell you, while the iron's 'ot."

"What's your plan, Mr. Binns?" said Hicks.

"My idea is that us butlers take the first step."

This met with enthusiastic approval, the other servants not being loath to letting the butlers take the initiative and bear the brunt of what might follow.

"Now," said Binns, "if all but the butlers will retire and let us 'ave this room?"

The hint was sufficient. The meeting broke up. When they were alone Binns turned to his confrères.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the wise man strikes at the hoppertune moment. Now's the time for action. The lady upstairs is to give her grand affair on the night of the eighth. The answer is, we strike at eight o'clock on the evening of the seventh. We give 'em an hultimatum of twelve hours—twelve hours—that won't look like no 'old-up an' it won't give 'em time to get other 'elp to come out 'ere an' take our places, which I doubts as 'ow they can't get any-'ow an' which I also doubts as 'ow they wouldn't be willin' to take them as what they could get. Don't you ask for no answer till I gets mine. Just as soon as the lady upstairs agrees to my terms I'll phone to Mr. 'Icks an' that'll stiffen your backs in case any of your folks should be stubborn. They'll all be dyin' to give in, but their dander'll 'old 'em back. An' just as soon as you can tell 'em Mrs. Jenks 'as give in they'll fall like a lot of ninepins. An', gentlemen, if they should 'old out against us butlers we 'as the biggest weapon of all in our 'ands. You know—we'll call out the rest of the ladies and gentlemen at twelve o'clock."

And so it was agreed.

Within seven days from the time William Manning Skinner determined to set the town of Meadeville by the ears in a sensational way the ultimatum of the butlers, an absolutely direct and logical but wholly unlooked-for result of the machinations of aforesaid Skinner on aforesaid evening, did set the town of Meadeville by the ears in a sensational way. The first explosion took place at the Jenks' a few minutes after eight on the evening of the seventh. Explosions of more or less violence took place simultaneously at other dinner tables throughout Meadeville at a few minutes after eight. The Jenks' explosion was typical of the others.

Jenks waited until Binns had retired. Then he raised his clenched hands in the air. This was a storm signal, for Jenks, the mild-mannered burden bearer, rarely gave way to wrath.

"Now, please be calm, Dick," Fanny adjured.

The words were like a dash of petroleum on a fire.

"Calm!" shrieked Jenks. "Am I going to be calm till I bust? Am I going to keep on being calm all my life, under all conditions? Can't I have the luxury of busting out once in a while, getting mad, swearing? Binns can blackmail, because he holds the cards, and you can be hysterical and the whole world can rage and storm, but I, Jenks, must be calm! Calm!" he groaned.

"But, Dick," Fanny pleaded, "what's the use in going on like that? We must give in just this once—we've got to."

"That's what you said the last time, Fanny, and I did give in. Am I going to go through life giving in—giving in?" There was an agony of wrath in the way Jenks ground out the words between set teeth. "Is nobody ever going to give in to me? Hang it, it's worse than being calm!"

"Sh-h, Dick! Don't raise your voice!"

Jenks glanced sidewise at the door through which Binns had made a silent but exultant exit after having cast the shot.

"Oh, I know—big ears! Well, let him hear!"

The first fury of Jenks' temper had spent itself like a sudden thunder squall. He settled down in his chair.

"Go on," he said calmly.

"Now, Dick," said Fanny, "it's unfortunate, but there's no two ways about it. The affair to-morrow night will be the biggest thing I've ever done. Dick, think of it—the prestige I got from Mrs. Colby!"

"I wish she'd never come!"

"And now after all that and what I've been through to get it, think of my having a reception without any butler! Preposterous!"

"Ugh!" groaned Jenks, twisting in his chair.

"This is going to be the most brilliant social season Meadeville has ever had, Dick. All sorts of things are planned out to my certain knowledge. You don't suppose Mrs. Stein or Mrs. Henderson or Mrs. Billings or Mrs. Driggs or Mrs. Howe would let a matter of pique or a few dollars more stand in their way?"

"Ugh!" barked Jenks. "You women are slaves to vanity, slaves to ambition." Then pleadingly: "Hang it all, Fanny, don't you ever think of me, your old running mate, the burden bearer of this outfit? You know how I like quiet, simplicity—how I love to get into a little nook to read. But after a hard day's work I come home and have to put on these newfangled airs and do these newfangled things that bore me. Gad, I wish I could go to some place in the Rocky Mountains and stay there for a year and be quiet like I used to! Fanny, I'm tired of it all. I want a rest. So does every other man in Meadeville. We're all sick of it. We all hate these falderals."

"Well, Dick," said Fanny finally, "I don't know what I'm going to do about it. The invitations are all sent out. You wouldn't make me a laughingstock of all Meadeville, would you, Dick?"

"No, Fanny, I wouldn't. Do as you please. But I really don't know where it's all going to end."

And that was typical of the way every good man and true of the Meadeville warrich set rebelliously capitulated. What happened in the various households of Meadeville when the various ultimatums were delivered was faithfully reported at a gathering of the butlers the same evening in the servants' hall at the Morriseys'.

Said Benson:

"My missus offered me a bonus to hold off for a couple of weeks. She was afraid to tell the guv'nor."

"My missus offered me a bonus to wait till the guv'nor got back from Chicago," laughed Crookes.

"And what did Mr. Skinner say, Stebbins?" Binns asked.

"Said he: 'Stebbins, why do you strike just now? What put it into your head?' And I said, 'It was that meetin' held at the Jenks' the other night.' 'The meetin' held to reduce the high cost of living?' said he. 'Yes,' said I. He seemed surprised, then he burst out laughing—insolent like. 'You butlers consider yourselves indispensable, don't you?' said he. 'To be frank with you, we do,' said I. 'Well, you're not,' said he. 'Stebbins, take my advice—stay where you are. Cut out all this talk about higher wages.'"

"Oh, he did, did he?" said Binns. "Well, don't you worry, Mr. Stebbins. We 'as a rod in pickle for that Mr. Skinner of yours. 'E'll laugh on the other side of his face when we gets through with him."

There was a chorus of "You bet he will!"

"An' now let me tell you about the lady at our 'ouse.' He lowered his voice. "She was flabbergasted—simply flabbergasted. Said she to me: 'Why, Binns, you know to-morrow night is my big reception. Don't you think you're takin' an unfair advantage?' 'No, ma'am,' said I without crackin' a smile. 'No, ma'am,' said I, ''cause can't you get other servants from town?' 'Impossible,' said she. Then she pleaded with me to stay, fairly begged me to stay, offered me a bigger bonus. But I was firm, I was. I wasn't goin' to be took in by no such bait as that."

"I take off my hat to you, Mr. Binns. We've got you to thank for this," said Hicks.

There was a chorus of "Yes, so we have," and much wagging of heads and appreciative nods.

"You bet you 'as, gentlemen," said Binns, puffing out his chest. "I don't like to brag, but if it 'adn't been for me you fellows never would 'ave woke up to your rights. An' what's more, I've 'ad experience, gentlemen.

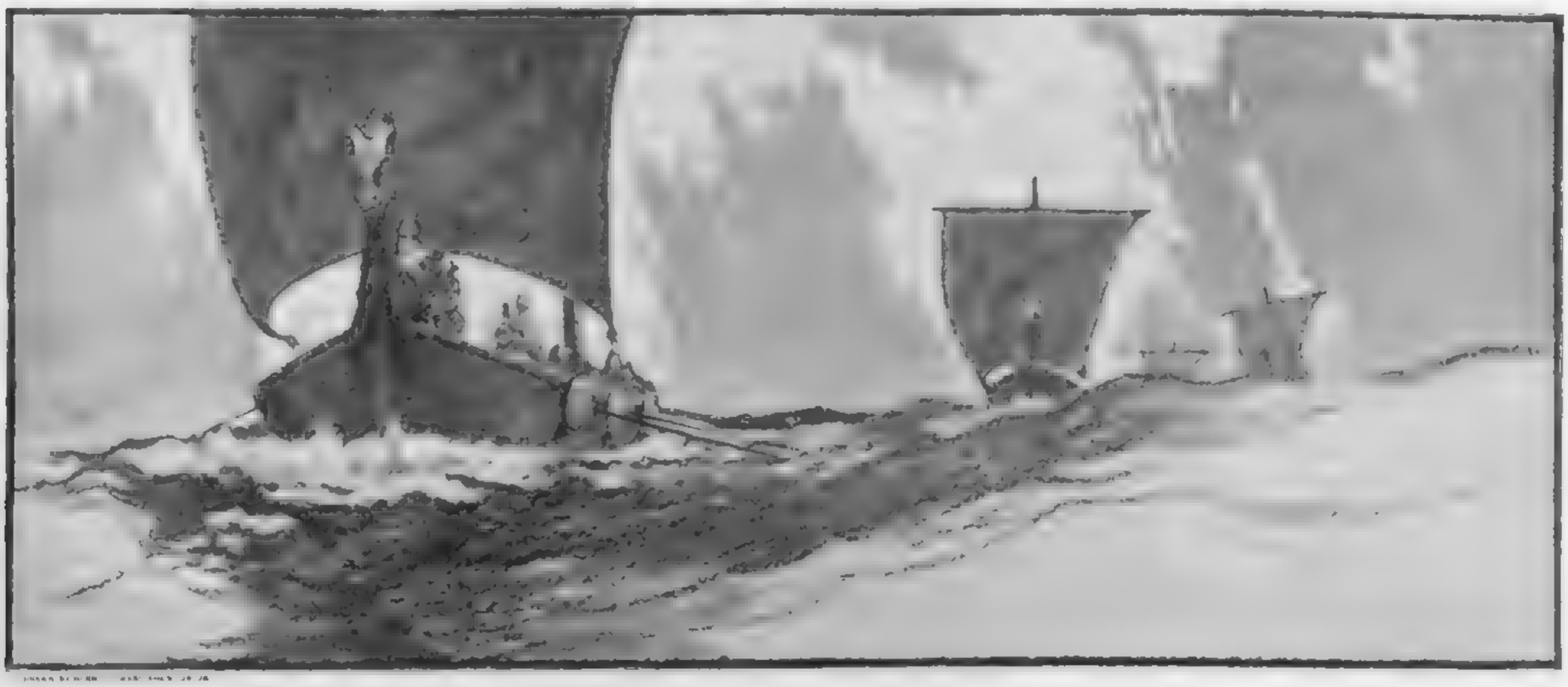
"I know enough to strike when the iron's 'ot. Look at the way they took our hultimatum! Ain't I proved it?"

After much further felicitation, of which Binns was the object, and many expressions of mutual admiration, the meeting broke up.

Breakfast time at the Jenks' next morning found the lady of the house in a state of hysterical but rebellious submission. She had slept little. Until long into the night Fanny and Dick had talked servants, nothing but servants. Jenks had cursed his own servants in particular and had uttered a vast blanket curse to cover all servants in general. He had cursed the new fads of women that had made the thing indispensable; he had cursed the big party his wife was to give that had put it into the hands of Binns to humiliate him, Jenks—make him eat crow—for he felt that Binns hated him, even as he hated Binns. In brief, Jenks had done enough cursing in a few short hours to damn the souls of a regiment for all eternity.

Presently the door opened and Binns—more suave than usual—pussyfooted in with the morning papers and mail, which the carrier had just left at the front door. Never before had Jenks felt so gallingly humiliated. Never had he so longed for a chance to tell this fat-lipped flunky a thing or two and then kick him in the bulging calves. Jenks hated those bulging calves. It was the thing about Binns he hated most of all. Binns laid the New York papers on the table at Jenks' right and then passed to the other end of the table and quietly put down some letters and the despised Meadeville Morning Star. This

(Continued on Page 157)



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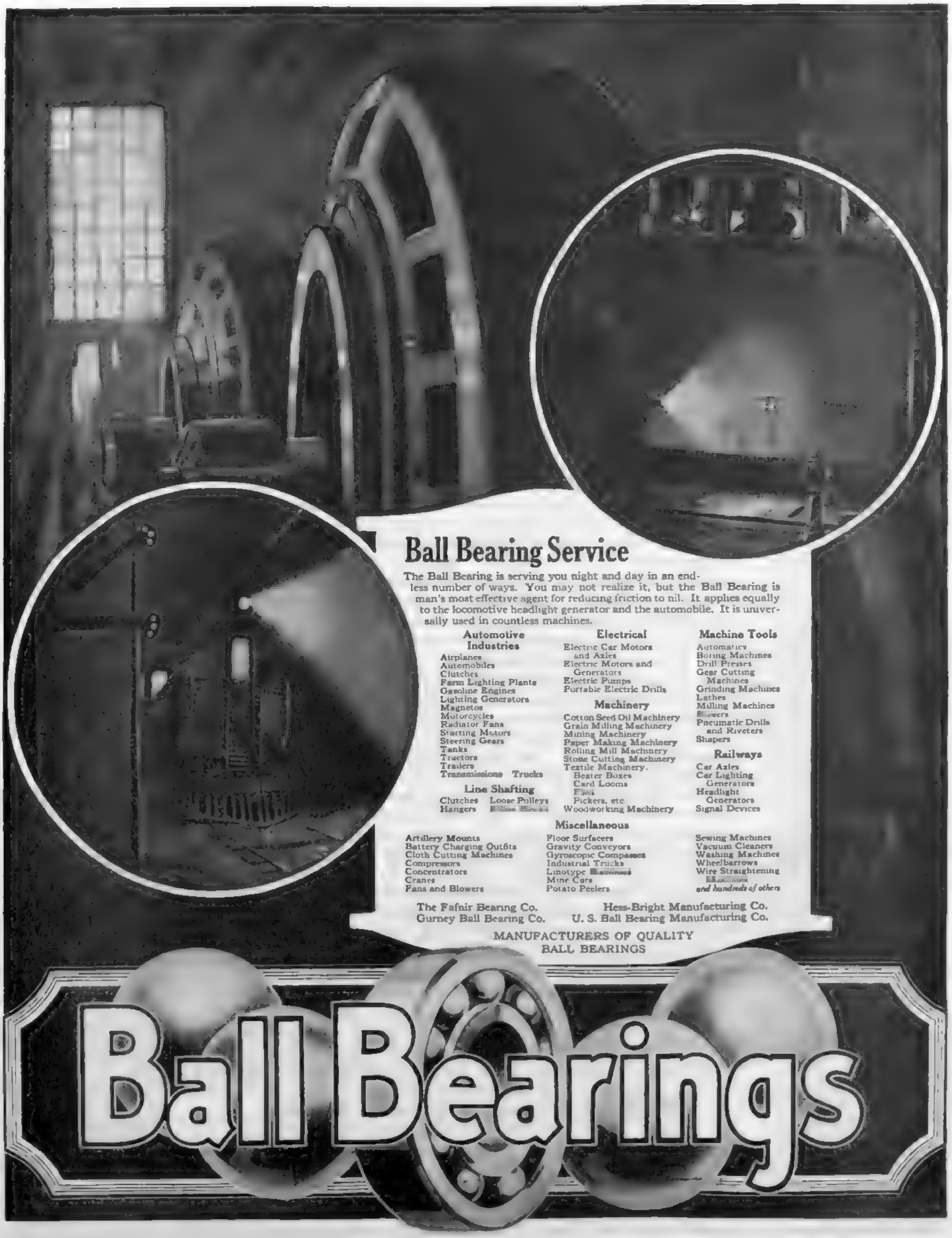
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Ball Bearings

(Continued from Page 154)

done, Binns stepped back a few paces and waited, a look of calm assurance in his eyes. This was an important moment for Binns. He glanced sidewise at the clock. In two minutes he would flash the news of the capitulation of the man he hated to the waiting Hicks. The lady of the house tossed aside letters bearing tradesmen's names, hastily glanced over a social note and then picked up the Star.

"Ahem," said Binns, impatient to flash the news to the waiting Hicks. "I beg pardon, ma'am."

But Mrs. Jenks' eyes had been caught by a glaring headline—one that might have caught Binns' eyes had the despised sheet not been folded inside of the metropolitan paper.

"Oh, yes, Binns," she smiled sweetly. "Just a moment. There's an item here I want to read to Mr. Jenks."

Binns was indulgent. "Of course, ma'am—very good, ma'am."

"What is it, Fanny?" growled Jenks, looking up from the Times' financial page.

Fanny paused, then read very distinctly: "Mrs. Stephen Colby on The Hill dismisses her butler, her second man and her chauffeur."

"Heh? What's that, Fanny?"

Fanny, reading: "Mrs. Stephen Colby on The Hill dismisses her butler, her second man and her chauffeur."

Jenks dropped his paper to the floor and glanced sidewise at Binns. A marked change had come into that gentleman's face. He was decidedly less ruddy. The indulgent smile was gone. Binns was wetting his lips with his tongue. Clearly Binns was interested.

"Go on, Fanny. Read it."

And Fanny read: "'To a reporter of the Star Mrs. Colby said, 'The dismissal of my butler, second man and chauffeur has nothing to do with the strike, as you suggest, nor does it reflect in any way on the character of these men. Mr. Colby and I had decided upon such a course some time before the butlers of Meadeville made a demand for higher wages.'

"'When and how did you happen to decide on such a course, Mrs. Colby?'

"'I first came to realize the seriousness of the situation at the meeting held at Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jenks' on Wednesday last—the meeting called to discuss the high cost of living. Mr. Colby and I felt that as wages were so high there must be a shortage of labor; that it was because of such shortage production of the necessaries of life had been restricted and the cost of living put up—put up on persons less favored by good luck than ourselves. We felt that we could not consistently maintain in positions of comparative idleness three able-bodied men who would better be doing something to increase production. I was made to feel at the meeting at Mrs. Jenks' that this is the time to retrench instead of contributing in any way to the high cost of living; that it was my patriotic duty to do so.'

"'Are you going to retrench further than in the matter of servants?'

"'Decidedly! Mr. Colby and I feel that it is our duty as citizens to simplify our manner of living. For instance, simpler table, simpler dress, which means,' Mrs. Colby laughed, 'having perfectly good garments done over instead of buying new ones; simpler amusements and so on.'

"'How long shall you keep this up, Mrs. Colby?'

"'At the moment I would say until this crisis is past—till things get back to the normal.' Mrs. Colby smiled. 'One can't tell, you know. The simple life has always had much charm for me.'"

Jenks was silent for a moment. So was Binns.

"Well, Fanny, what do you think of it?"

"She mentioned me twice, Dick." Fanny's eyes were full of exultation. She could imagine every other woman in Meadeville reading the interview and noting the number of times the Jenks' name was mentioned by The Hill aristocrat. "Twice, Dick! What do you think of that?"

But Jenks was thinking of something else. A wonderful calm had come into Jenks' soul.

"Fanny," he said quietly, "Binns is waiting."

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Jenks turned. "Oh, yes, Binns, I see! It's eight o'clock." She paused, knitted her brows, then very sweetly: "Binns, Mr. Jenks and I have decided"—an agonizing instant for Binns—"to let you go."

Binns shut his eyes, then opened them wide. He was really awake.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "Yes, ma'am," almost in a whisper.

And there was something in Binns' face just then that would have made Jenks forbear to kick him in the bulging calves, even if he'd had an opportunity. With this Binns pussyfooted out and closed the door.

At the top of the stairs leading to the basement Binns halted. It was a test of moral courage, what he had to do. Binns was not at heart a sinful man, but for a moment he fervently wished that Hicks might be dead when he should call him up. But Hicks was not dead. Hicks was very much alive and waiting.

"Mornin', Mr. 'Icks. 'Ave you seen the mornin' paper? I mean that narsty little Meadeville rag? You 'ave? I'm glad. Then you know." A pause. "Why, what could the missus say after that? That old lady on The 'Ill's like a queen issuing a royal edict." A long pause. "That's right, blime me! It warn't my fault. It's the fault of Mrs. Colby." A pause. "What's that? What do you say, Mr. 'Icks?" A pause. "Go there your own self! 'Ow did I know the old lady on The 'Ill was goin' to act that narsty?" Another pause. "What? What's that? I'd like to see you there too, you ungrateful beast!"

Binns slammed up the receiver, shutting off responsive anathema from Hicks.

At twelve o'clock precisely the same day each and every mistress of a grand establishment in Meadeville was waited on by a committee of one—the cook. Each lady was notified by said cook, after a more or less incoherent preamble, that unless said lady saw fit to reinstate the butler, she, the cook, the upstairs girl, the scullery maids and the chauffeur—in fact the whole kitchen and upstairs outfit, with the exception of old Peggy, who didn't know her rights and hadn't any sense anyhow—would quit forthwith. The answer the Morrisey cook received was typical of all the others:

"Get out! Vamoose, the whole kit and caboodle of you! I don't care! I'm sick and tired of you all and your absurd airs!"

And they did vamoose, the whole kit and caboodle of them. They went—and in their wake was no mourning.

No sooner had the exodus of cooks, upstairs girls, scullery maids and chauffeurs taken place than the Jenks' telephone bell was seized with a violent ringing. Every war-rich woman of Meadeville was on the wire. Each telephonic dialogue began with "Of course you'll have to call off the reception, Mrs. Jenks," and ended with "Of course I'll not have to call it off. Dick stayed home from business to help out and I've still got Mary left—the dear faithful old sensible. And I guess I haven't forgotten how to open my own front door when I see an old neighbor coming up the path."

In all the history of Meadeville there never was such a party as the Jenkses gave that night. To begin with, the lady opened the front door herself and welcomed her guests, giving each one the glad hand in the good old-fashioned way, the way they all loved but were ashamed to own it.

Her first words were: "You must excuse Dick. He's down in the kitchen helping Mary."

And Canned Beans Henderson responded: "Praise be to the Lord! This is a joyous occasion."

Then Canned Beans collared Jimmy Dooling and got him into a remote and obscure corner and pulled out a great flask from his hip pocket—his own hip pocket.

"Have a wee nippie from my private store in honor of our liberation," said he. "Don't peach or Uncle Sam'll get after me for transportin' it." Then after an awful five seconds, "Hoot, mon! I didna' ask you to get drunk on it. Have a heart! Morrisey's here and so is Billings."

"Don't worry," said Dooling. "They all have one."

He turned and lifted his coat tails and patted a bulging pocket.

"Scoundrel! Sneak!" said Canned Beans.

By nine o'clock all the emancipated ones of Meadeville had arrived. The hostess, never more radiant, threaded her way among her guests, assigning to them various duties. She beckoned Jimmy Dooling.

"You're to preside at the buffet, Mr. Dooling. I want you to do the carving."

Said Dooling: "In that case you needn't worry whether you have much or little beef, for I can juggle with a carving knife all right."

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Flabby Briggs, Army Soups Morrisey and Socks Baron Stein were assigned to help Dick bring up the goodies from the kitchen at the proper time and act as waiters. W. Bentinck Bentinck and Washington Irving Pelham were made general roustabouts to look after the grate fires, fetch and carry chairs and the like.

But lo and behold! In the midst of Mrs. Jenks' activities the telephone rang. W. Bentinck Bentinck, who was standing near the instrument, answered. Quite naturally there was a general hush, for everyone likes to listen to a telephone conversation. Bentinck's words electrified the party:

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Colby. Yes. Good evening. Yes. She's right here. Just a moment."

But it required less than a moment for Mrs. Jenks to reach the phone.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Colby. Good evening." A pause. "Well, that's wonderfully sweet of you, wonderfully sweet." Mrs. Jenks positively couldn't help it. She put her hand over the transmitter and then in an aside, "She's congratulating me on the stand I've taken." She removed her hand and resumed: "That's perfectly lovely of you, Mrs. Colby. But you really don't know how much you did"—in which Mrs. Jenks was quite mistaken. "We'll show them a thing or two, won't we?" Mrs. Jenks knew in her heart that every woman present envied her that "we'll." Another pause. Another, "Yes, yes. How perfectly lovely! You don't know how much you're doing for Meadeville, Mrs. Colby. Isn't that wonderful?" Pause. "Yes, thank you so much. Good night."

Mrs. Jenks turned to her guests.

"You all heard what she said to me"—with the accent on the "me."

As a matter of fact, they'd only heard what Mrs. Jenks said Mrs. Colby had said, but Mrs. Jenks was quite truthful in her recital of it, for Mrs. Colby's remarks had been eminently flattering. The hostess lifted her finger.

"What do you think? Mrs. Colby is going to retrench all along the line. She's going to drive her own car; she's going to do her own shopping; she's going to have her clothes made over by Henrietta Bates down on Elm Street; and she's going to let Mary Bates do her hats over. She says Mary takes the old materials and makes up hats just as good as new. And she says Mr. Colby is quite willing to tend his own furnace and mow his own lawn if necessary."

"Goodness," said Mrs. Socks Baron to Mrs. Army Shoes Bingham sotto voce, "but she's getting thick with the Colbys!"

Mrs. Jenks' sensitive ears caught the remark, but she made no haste to deny it.

"I can go Mrs. Colby one better," cried Mrs. Army Shoes Bingham. "I'm not so helpless, if anybody should ask you. I can make my own hats."

"If it comes to that, I can make all my own clothes," cried Mrs. Socks Baron. "I've still got the old wits I used to have, even if we have made lots of money."

And now that the lady of The Hill had made thrift fashionable, the women who had vied with each other in spending, even bragged about how helpless they were without servants, now began to brag about how they could save and how capable they were of doing everything themselves.

Flabby Briggs broke in:

"You ladies haven't got anything on me." He drew up his chest proudly. "I want you all to know I've just been emancipated from two years of servantude. I celebrated the event by getting under my car and lying on my back and tinkering with its insides all the afternoon at four dollars an hour. I'll be a rich man pretty soon from what I don't have to pay." He paused. "And to-morrow morning I'm going to begin mowing my lawn right under your window at six o'clock, Will Skinner."

"Glad you told me about it," said Skinner. "I'll change my bedroom."

"Oh, dear," cried Annabelle Howe—her white hands in the air—"oh, dear, it's all so wonderful! Do you know, dear Mrs. Jenks, we've been talking it over and we've all decided to follow your perfectly wonderful example and give all our parties just the same—servants or no servants?"

"Bravo!" cried Jimmy Dooling. "We'll call this day Fourth of July the Second."

At this point Mrs. Jenks produced from the sideboard a number of white aprons.

"Advance, sir knights, and receive your decorations."

And the first one, designed for a slender maid, she miraculously adjusted to corpulent Army Soup Morrisey.

Flabby Briggs, who had suddenly become a self-constituted wag, bowing low, accepted the honor with: "I've always regarded this apron as a symbol of servitude. I now accept it as a symbol of emancipation."

And led by Socks Baron the three gentlemen descended to the lower regions. Presently Jenks made his appearance—the first of the evening—no less welcome from the fact that he bore a wonderful twenty-pound roast on a large platter. This he deposited on the table in front of Jimmy Dooling, who was now equipped with white cap and apron and carving tools.

"Come one, come all!" cried Dooling. "And I'll give you an object lesson in carving, an important step in reducing the high cost of living."

With an old-time gesture Dooling swiped the blade across the steel once or twice and then proceeded to carve a slice of beef expansive enough to cover a dinner plate but little thicker than a sheet of paper—and the feast was on.

When the supper was ended the signal was given for the dance, and as the striking servants had not been affiliated with any union the musicians did not refuse to play.

And my, didn't they dance—those joyous emancipated ones! All the newly acquired form, all the newfangled restrictive falderals were abandoned. They capered about like children, just as they had done at barn dances in the good old times. Honey Skinner did a one step with Canned Beans Henderson. W. Bentinck Bentinck tangoed with Mrs. Socks Baron. And Jimmy Dooling and Mrs. Craddock buried their feud long enough to be partners for the Virginia reel.

Yes, it was a wonderful party. Everybody said so. At the tail end of it Army Soups Morrisey moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Jenks. Said he: "We've all wanted to do it all along, but we didn't know how, and you've shown us."

Then they gave three rousing cheers for the hostess and the party broke up.

Said Skinner on the way home: "I told you the whole high-cost-of-living bugaboo was psychological, Honey. The simple life solves the whole thing. You've seen it for yourself to-night."

Honey pondered a bit, then: "I know Fanny Jenks'll think she did it all."

"Who cares, so long as the thing's done? And she did give the meeting."

"And Mrs. Jim Biddle'll think she did it all."

"She did the talking, didn't she?"

"And of course Mrs. Colby'll think she did it all."

"Well," said Skinner, "she's the keystone of the arch. Can't get away from that, can you?"

Honey squeezed Skinner's arm and giggled.

"And you know you were the one who did it, you sly dog."

"Of course I know I was the one who did it," said Skinner, not overmodestly.

When they reached the house Skinner turned the light up, there being no butler present to perform that arduous task.

"Come into the library, Honey." Again Skinner exerted himself to turn up the light. Then he drew from his waistcoat pocket the slip of paper. "It was this—this little slip of paper I clipped from the correspondence column of the Sun." Holding it up, he read:

"Little Lolita suggests the way. How to become a society leader. Now is the time. For many ambitious women, so papa says, are capitalizing civic duty to further their own social ends. The ambitious matron, so mamma says, has only to interest herself in some sanitary work or some mercy scheme to become famous overnight. I am only a little girl, but if I lived in a village or small town I'd start something—something which everybody was interested in like the high cost of living—and I'd use my house, my servants and even my husband to push it along. And everybody'd follow me like a flock of sheep. It's dead easy.

"LOLITA C. SWEET."

"So you see, Honey, I didn't do it. Lolita did it."

Honey regarded Skinner with infinite fondness.

"How wonderful you are, dearie—how perfectly wonderful! If they'd only had you over there at the Peace Conference, what wouldn't you have done?"

"I know darned well what I'd like to have done," Skinner growled.

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JAZZING THE DOLLAR

(Continued from Page 13)

when they could afford to do so. I am afraid my poor ignorant parents took a genuine interest in the accomplishment of this building up of a home little by little, out of good things made to last. For example, the poor benighted beings saved up to buy a mahogany dresser at sixty dollars. And when it was delivered, believe me, that was an event in the family. Father unpacked it and we stood round and watched him excitedly, and then we tried it in every part of the room with the aid of the brawny houseworker, and finally put it back where we had tried it first, after which we all stood round and admired it.

It gave us pride and satisfaction and the ambition to go on and save up for a set of dining-room chairs. But, of course, our flat wasn't jazzed up by it; in fact it made the rest of our furniture look pretty shabby. But we took a sort of humble pleasure in the thought that it was paid for and that eventually our whole flat might gleam sleekly with the fruits of industry, patience and thrift.

What silly, old-fashioned terms! How senseless, how meaningless they become in competition with an installment furniture-house contract! Who to-day would jazz to the altar and afterward cabaret through a honey-honey-honey—umph—honey-honey—you're-ma-baby—honey—moo-hoon, and then settle down in anything but a flat with lots of pep and snap and jazz to it, when one can so easily provide said snappy flat complete all except necessities on the dollar-down-dollar-when-you-catch-me plan?

Never shall I forget my first visit to one of these sure-thing emporiums! I was dazzled, I was amazed. Instead of the cheap hideous atrocities I had anticipated seeing I found vast floors divided into period sections where were displayed great quantities of reproductions in the best of taste, of every period from the original Adam to late Lincoln. All the American styles except the ugly ones were represented. And as for the European sections—how they reminded me of dear old England and Italy, and all those other places where I have never been!

A Close Call

I was enchanted, and at once fell for an Italian Renaissance table that you would never have suspected of being pine, and a Chinese-Chippendale table with a lamp to match; and blindly signed a chattel mortgage which gave me immediate possession of these treasures for the incredibly small sum of ten dollars cash and a vague, misty procession of insignificant future monthly payments which at the time seemed to have no reality. But then, neither did the pieces of furniture which I had bought have any reality. They were shoddy and wore poorly, and yet I was so fascinated by the possibility of getting everything I wanted for my flat at once that when I came into that emporium of hokum to make my final payment on the aforementioned articles of furniture it was with the full determination at once to plunge back into the debt of the kind-hearted proprietor and pledge myself to a couple of hundred dollars more. In point of fact I had a feeling that I would be unbearably lonesome without those monthly visits to the cashier's desk, my bill in hand, my pittance ready. I should have felt uneasy and without an anchor, as it were.

And a good many of my fellow citizens are afflicted with the same fear, to judge from all accounts.

Well, I was sitting outside the cashier's office with bill and cash as per see above, waiting my turn with that guilty feeling which always seizes upon the installment payer no matter how clear his conscience may be, when I noticed that my neighbor upon the criminal's bench or convert's bench, whichever it is, was wiping her eyes on an inadequate handkerchief and sniffing great sniffs of indignant grief. The animated gent's latest eighteen-dollar suit that was attending to my needs and the firm's interest simultaneously came up at that moment and told me how glad he was that I was going to buy something else and that the house would be delighted simply to add it on to my old bill and so would require no new first payment. In a flash the sniffing young matron beside me became an angel with a sword. "Don't you do it!" she said to me. "Excuse me butting in, but you take a receipt for what you've paid for, and start a new bill if you want to. But lookit me! I left them put it on the old bill, and when I lost my job and couldn't finish the payments they took the whole business—see? The old bill give them a mortgage on everything I had—paid-up stuff and all—see?"

I saw. Suddenly and clearly I saw how devilish near I had come to being jazzed out of my rights because of wanting to jazz up my dwelling beyond what was right and proper for a poor heaven-protected working girl of an authoress. I realized then and there that I had no right to a standard of living which my earning capacity did not warrant, and that I had either to get out and earn the living I wanted or live as I was earning. It was a big step toward human intelligence, and I owe it all to that poor little sniffing matron whose name I didn't even learn.

Well, out of the mouths of babes and suckers, you know!

The Jazzless Cabinet-Maker

At any rate I paid my last installment, took my receipted bill and walked out a free woman. For freedom from debt is one of the few forms of real freedom one can attain even in this land of the free which the invading Russian hordes are trying to make us think means land of the something for nothing. Whereas, of course, nothing is free here because we all know that even the free-air stuff that the garage bandits display at the doors of their lairs is the bunk, and that that same free air never costs less than fifty cents to a dollar according to the hypnotic power of the garage boy's evil eye. The average citizen—if there is such a supernormal creature—has intelligence enough to know that anything you get for nothing is pretty apt to have something serious the matter with it.

But coming down to furniture once more, let me remark in passing, as the deacon says, that these pay-through-the-nose establishments ask about a third more than a legitimate furniture house, and that the prices of either are, to be perfectly accurate and truthful, exactly four and five times respectively what the wholesaler gets for the same articles. Lookit here! Having despaired of a dressing table of the sort which I felt would do greatest justice to my dark beauty at fifty dollars for not quite what I wanted at a noninstallment place, and something which might conceivably have answered at seventy dollars in a life-term establishment, I hied me to a cabinet-maker in a small town. He had his being, his beans, his jeans and a fireless cooker in a big old house with elm trees out in front and a pigpen out in back. He was and is an American and an artist, though contemptuous England may not believe it possible. I talked to him through an ear trumpet, and after a moment he drew me a picture of my beau ideal of a dressing table. Not a makeshift, but exactly what I wanted. And it was to be not factory turned, but handmade.

"How much?" I inquired palpitatingly.

"Well," he said, "I'm afraid this is going to cost you pretty near to thirty dollars!"

But then, he had no jazz to him. I admit that. There was not even an imitation Chinese rug or a joss stick to grace his little shop; in fact it sort of smelled of cabbage.

He was a long way from the Fifth Avenue idea—and as for jazz, I think I have mentioned that he was a little deaf; probably he had never heard of it. But he made some table—and incidentally a perfectly good living so far as I could see. Perhaps ten years ago he would have only charged me twenty dollars, but ten years ago I or almost any other plain American female wouldn't have known enough to have wanted that particular piece of furniture. My standard of taste hadn't been snapped up enough at that time. I wouldn't have cared whether my bedroom had pep or not so long as it was comfortable. But I had escaped selling my soul for a mess of imitation mahogany, thank goodness! And Lordy! How I hate to think of the poor folks who have no one to warn them; who go on—are to-day going on pledging their futures for jazz. The thing has even gone into the clothing business and there are hundreds of people paying installments on

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Love and longing, pathos, hope and happiness are deftly mingled in the new Stasny Song Hit, "I'll Love You All Over Again." It has a sympathetic appeal that charms everyone as soon as they hear it.

STASNY music wins the instant approval of every heart because it is so sympathetic in quality, so universal in appeal, so singable. No wonder everybody "Sings Stasny Songs." They make you happier. They give jollity to any company. They are at home on any piano.

You dance to Stasny Music, you hear Stasny Song Hits in all the best shows. Whenever you dine at a fine restaurant you hear Stasny Music played.

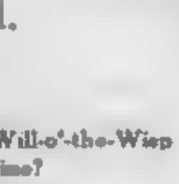
Other Stasny Hits

What a Wonderful Girl You Are
Will You?
I'm Forever Thinking of You
Lullaby Land
Girl of Mine
My Gal
In China
Tears Tell the Story to Me
Somebody Misses Somebody's Kisses
Evening
Rose Dreams
(Vocal or Instrumental)
Just Like the Will-o'-the-Wisp
Can You Imagine?
Beautiful Dixieland
I'm Not Jealous
Bangalore
Jazzin' the Blues Away
It's Never Too Late to Be Sorry
Just You
On the Bay of Biscay
I Want My Old Gal Back
Some Day
I Found You Among the Roses
Dance of the Moon Buds

On Sale at any Music or Department Store and any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory, Metropolitan, Grant or Kraft Store. If your dealer is out of these Stasny Song Hits, we will send them to you for 15c a copy, seven for $1 postpaid; orchestra 25c each.

Get them from your dealer for your TALKING MACHINE

J. Stasny Music Co.
67 West 45th Street
New York



Get them from your dealer for your PLAYER PIANO

Sweetheart Land

Some people like the West and others the East—EVERYBODY likes "Sweetheart Land." It's the universal country that we *all* hope to visit—the new Stasny Song Hit that everyone wants to sing.

ONLY YOU

Nothing will ever please HER better than this song—"Only You." Of course she'll believe the words, and keep humming the melody over and over—it's that kind of a song.

Your WDC Pipe is bound to break in sweet and mellow, because it was made of specially Demuth seasoned French briar. It is unsurpassed in workmanship because it was fashioned by contented, self-governed workmen. And for these reasons it will give you the better kind of smoke. All good dealers sell WDC Pipes in your size and shape, and at your price.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., NEW YORK
WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF FINE PIPES

clothing which has long since worn out and been discarded by them.

Hundreds, I say, but fortunately not more than hundreds. For when we come to clothing, there—at least here we girls are concerned—at last I get on a chance to give the jazz devil his due; to speak well of him.

That is to say, one hearing myself and a thousand other thirty-fours and a thousand thirty-sixes and an equal number of thirty-eights and forties can get the same identical, exclusive, snappy model at less than what ten years ago we would have had to pay for an equally tasteful, well-made garment. It is true that we may keep running across duplicates of our clothes in a variety of sizes and colors, but American women seem to enjoy instead of resenting this occurrence. And if there is any fly in the ointment of our pleasure in wearing what is being worn it is that, of course, the other woman knows what the dress or coat cost. In which case a parley in gently apologetic depreciation of the garment will ensue. "Not a bad little thing for ordinary wear" and all that sort of bunk. And I am again talking of us middle classes—to wit, namely, as follows: of the ten-to-sixty-dollar-a-garment woman.

To hear some husbands rave and wives complain you would think there was nothing in the shops fit to wear under a hundred dollars, and, of course, all that is absolute nonsense. The department shops and the small specialty shops are at this very moment carrying literally thousands of really charming dresses. The assortment at fifteen and eighteen dollars is enormous, and that at twenty-five to thirty is almost unlimited in variety and charm. Of course there are a great many clothes made of more luxurious materials with breakfast-food names and selling at higher prices. And if you are the type of female that simply can't take a fitting without jazz or look at a gown unless it is displayed upon the person of a forty-dollar-a-week candidate for the Follies chorus—well, the overhead has to be charged against something. Even a mere female woman like myself can see that!

Personally I can and do get along without the manikin. Funny, but I prefer not to buy secondhand clothes. I hate to wear hand me-downs, though I like to create them, in fact I have a sort of passion for being the first person to wear my dresses, and if there is any trying on to be done I want it in the first person. If anybody's gum is to be found in the pocket of my new winter suit I want it to be my gum. And I am perfectly willing to pay forty to a hundred dollars per suit less for the privilege.

The High Cost of Labels

And honest, I have a peach of a new suit. It is of an excellent quality French serge, beautifully lined and tailored, and as distinguished as can be. It cost thirty dollars. Ten years ago I couldn't have touched it under eighty, and then only from a limited selection. I chose mine from about fifty models at round the same price. What is more, in the pre-cousin-given-silk-stocking era, such a suit would not have been obtainable ready-made at all. And I could go on shouting about my wardrobe for several thousand words more, only it isn't necessary.

As for what jazz has done to lingerie—well, almost any shop window speaks for that, and this is not an article for that amazingly frankest of frank publications, the theater program, nor yet a Sunday newspaper advertisement.

Lingerie I may therefore ignore, but I can't pass up hats without a murmur. No woman could. I love hats! I could eat them, I love them so! And they must be chic and knowing, new and many. I have a feeling that hats are a thing which women are entitled to with some sort of inborn, inalienable right. And right or wrong, I have them, many and lovely. And I never pay more than five dollars for any one hat, and seldom over three. Why? Because I buy these hats on Second Avenue instead of on Fifth. For once, they are actually just as good, and the arithmetic is obvious—three from five leaves two. So while almost any hat bearing a silver-printed label marked "*au jazzerie*" and sold in a "*saloon de chapeaux*"—don't you love my French? I do, it's so easy to understand—Well, for such a hat you pay at least fifty-five dollars. Take away the label and the avenue and you have the hat for five dollars. A good many women will do just that if they think they won't be found out. Curious, isn't it, how woman's old-time love of a bargain seems to have vanished? I guess she left it in a taxi coming home from a cabaret and is ashamed to advertise for it.

For, of course, though we have more, better, snappier, cheaper clothes to-day than ever before, it is equally true that we have a larger number of people apparently willing and able to pay more for reckless, worthless, extravagant clothes than formerly. I suppose these garments are made for union-labor men's wives and the wives of other profiteers. Because I cut out an advertisement from a New York newspaper in October, 1919, which could have solicited only some such patronage as theirs, unless we except a few of the more successful movie stars. They might have been interested. The advertisement was that of a not particularly fashionable fur house, and the specific sale advertised was of Russian sable coats at the exceptional price of fifty-odd thousand dollars per each, for that day only. I'd say it was an exceptional price even for these days, though I don't believe their advertising man meant what I mean.

And that terrible sale was by no means as exceptional as it ought to be. Offerings of "comparatively priced gowns at $195, $250 or $300" are spread temptingly before me on the back sheet of the daily paper I affect, with a casualness which leads me to suppose that nobody thinks such prices high. But I remember—I remember that when, many years ago, a well-known woman's magazine made a campaign on the rising cost of women's raiment it cited the fact that Mrs. Grover Cleveland spent three hundred dollars a year for her clothes. If the President's wife could do that it seems as if other women might have struggled along on about the same scale.

Spare That Rooftree!

Nobody has asked that question of the present Administration. Probably because nobody ever thought of it before. I suggest it to the Senate and the House, with the respectful request that they tag it on to the Shantung question before the summer-silk sales begin.

But, of course, those three-hundred-dollar-dress-allowance years were jazzless years. In fact the jazz influence on the music of our social and industrial spheres had scarcely begun to make itself felt. And mind you, there are a whole lot of people in the country dressing on that much, or less, and dressing well on it to-day. And they are not in penal institutions either, for all they maintain an arbitrary fashion. But they are the ones who shop for what they want, buy what they want and know what they want to buy. And they manage to do entirely without the gray-velvet carpets, the stuffed canaries and select addresses of the hokum venders.

And now, Mister Chairman, one more last word upon the H. C. of L. and I will be ready to receive the applause.

Housing—we haven't touched upon housing, though housing has undoubtedly upon us.

It is a delicate question, involving as it does the possibility of someone's at once either throwing a bomb or committing suicide at the mere mention of the subject.

And yet we cannot ignore it, much as we should like to.

To begin with, doesn't it strike you as queer that what with all the people who were killed in the war and by the influenza—to say nothing of the big automobile casualty lists—doesn't it strike you as queer that there should still be too many people alive for the houses in existence? Of course there were a lot of war babies and others, but surely not so many as to account for the apparent increase in population! But we haven't dwellings enough; no doubt of that! All the abandoned farmhouses are now abandoned roadhouses with blind—or at least nearsighted—tigers in the cellars, so they have to be counted out as possible homes. Jazz and the automobile did it for the nation. And as for the cities—they are either filled by all the Americans who used to live abroad, or all the abroaders who now prefer America, or by the dual-personality stuff that you read so much about, or something. Probably something. But there isn't any place for anybody to live, and we are struggling for two rooms and a bath at three hundred a month as we used to struggle for silk remnants at a department store in the good old days.

(Concluded on Page 165)

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

HOW can you keep throughout life those 32 teeth which mean so much to your appearance and health? Make sure that they are *really cleaned* at least twice a day, for "a clean tooth never decays."

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is scientifically devised to clean every part of every tooth. The tufted bristles actually reach in between the teeth, dislodging the smallest food particles, working into the tiniest crevices, and brushing the back surfaces of the teeth as readily as their front surfaces.

The curved handle fits the curved formation of the jaw, thus making it possible to brush the back teeth as easily and thoroughly as the front ones.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush comes in child's, youth's and adult's sizes, and is always sold in a Yellow Box.

Florence Mfg. Co., Florence, Mass., U. S. A.

Canadian Address: 247 St. Paul St., West, Montreal, Canada

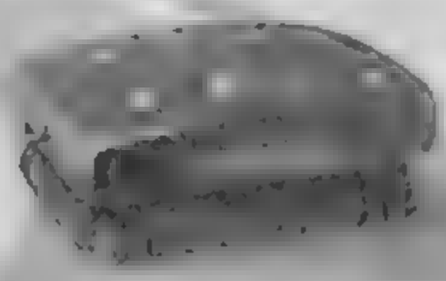
Pro-phy-lac-tic

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand and Nail Brush

(No. 400)

Make the Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand Brush just as inseparable a part of your toilet as the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. A few months' use will convince you that it's worth ten ordinary hand brushes. Bristles of finest quality obtainable are set in aluminum and riveted to a specially finished hardwood back. The Pro-phy-lac-tic cleans the hands and nails thoroughly without scratching the most tender skin. Always sold in a Yellow Box.



Sticks Out like a Sore Thumb

AN inelegant comparison, maybe, but when a man is getting out a catalog or booklet which is to show a picture of the goods he makes, he is best pleased with his illustrations when they stick out conspicuously.

Effective printing which makes the reader see a thing as it is and be conscious of the personality of the goods, rather than of the picture itself, is largely a matter of the right printing paper plus printing brains.

Better paper means better printing. Better printing means better seeing, and in the case of commercial printing, better seeing means better selling. The object of the close and accurate standardization of the Warren Standard Printing Papers is to enable the printer and the merchant who buys printing to produce printing results that will be satisfactory to the eye of the beholder.

Good printing is always valuable. Poor printing is always inexcusable, because it is ugly and because it is wasteful. That which fails to please seldom convinces.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

better paper ○○○○ better printing

The Warren Standard Printing Papers are

Warren's Cameo
Dull coated for artistic half-tone printing

Warren's Lustro
The highest refinement of surface in glossy-coated paper

Warren's Warrentown Coated Book
Glossy surface for fine half-tone process color work

Warren's Cumberland Coated Book
A recognized standard glossy-coated paper

Warren's Silkote
Semi-dull surface noted for practical printing qualities

Warren's Printone
Semi-coated. Better than super, cheaper than coated

Warren's Library Text
English finish for medium screen half-tones

Warren's Olde Style
A watermarked antique finish for type and line illustration

Warren's Cumberland Super Book
Super-calendered paper of standard uniform quality

Warren's Cumberland Machine Book
A dependable, hand-sorted, English finish paper

Warren's Artogravure
Developed especially for offset printing

Warren's India
For thin editions

Your printer can show you specimens of printing on Warren Standard Printing Papers.

Most catalog printers possess books that we have prepared containing constructive material for users of commercial printing who are serious students of better printing.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

(Concluded from Page 162)

Of course the shortage of rooms is partly accountable for by the increased demand for bathrooms. You see what comes of educating the masses. A lot of well-intentioned folks called social workers strove for years to make the laborer and his family demand bathrooms, and then, when they had got 'em, to use the tub for something besides a coal bin. And now, having precious little use for the tub in its former so-called capacity, the people have taken to bathing in it, and the habit has become fixed. Nowadays everybody must have a private bathroom to convince himself or herself of his or her social standing. And, of course, this demand has taken up a lot of rooms that heretofore were in daily use.

When I was a girl we had a seven-room apartment. This apartment was situated a block off Fifth Avenue. I mentioned that before, do you remember? I don't want you to forget it! Well, it was a block off Fifth Avenue in the fifties, up two flights of stairs; and steam-heated, gas and electric lighted, unfurnished, it cost us fifty iron men a month on a year's lease. And if we had been willing to climb another flight, that would have cut it down another ten. Forty dollars—you get me, don't you? The bath was one in number, and we were five not including the houseworker. Nobody ever mentioned baths to her, and she never mentioned them to anybody. A bathroom, except for the chore of scrubbing up the oilcloth, was a closed room to her. And in the summer on our farm we pumped our own water and went in swimming quite often.

But now! Of course becoming one of the Allies may have had something to do with the American public's recovering from the idea that a daily bawth is a silly ass of a joke, old thing! But then, the French are not so—so—are they?

And I can't blame scant housing on jazz altogether either, though jazz has undoubtedly heightened the standard of washing, and so created those confounded, blessed bathrooms. To me the housing situation is the most baffling, the most inexplicable of our present-day economic problems—though I have solved it most satisfactorily for myself.

After a nerve-racking, back-aching, heart-straining, poise and temper shattering search for some hole or corner between walls, under roof and upon floor in which to dwell, and having located two dazzling possibilities of three and two rooms and four baths each at five and seven hundred a month respectively only to find that someone had been ahead of me at the real-estate broker's, I simply parked my sedan in West Ninth Street, thirty feet from the green hydrant on the north side, where mail may be addressed to me until further notice. I have window shades, electric light, and a rear seat which is a trick bed by night. As the cold weather approaches I expect to get heat from a little stove attached to the exhaust, and my winter life promises to be fully as comfortable as that of the average traveling salesman at any rate. Of course there is always the possibility that a parking-time limit may eventually be put upon that street; in which case friends and creditors alike may have some difficulty in finding me, especially as I work up into the fifteen-minute zones. But as there is a city court just down the block no policeman has as yet paid any attention to the prolonged presence of a handsome closed car in that quarter. And I don't believe in troubling too much about a future beyond one's control.

But, believe me, it is primarily jazz which has carried our present economic situation such a long howl from those dear past days when those silk stockings I told you about were given me by my first beau, only to be instantly confiscated by my indignant mother! Jazz is to blame. For an up-to-date mother would probably have let me keep 'em!

Sense and Nonsense

He Yearned for Higher Education

COL. BILL STERRETT, formerly a well-known Washington correspondent, inquired of an acquaintance on the street of a Texas town one day how he felt toward Governor Ferguson's campaign for reëlection. Ferguson had been impeached and was running again for vindication, one of the issues being higher education. That is to say, Ferguson opposed certain appropriations for the University of Texas.

"I'm against him," declared Sterrett's friend.

"What? I always thought you were a strong Ferguson man."

"So I was. But a little while ago I made a trip back to my home town out in the sticks and got converted. It was this way: There was a long-haired sport round the place who had been cleaning up a lot of money playing poker. Now I happen to be some poker player myself, so when a chance came I took him on. We sat down to a little table in his shack and he got out a pack of old greasy cards. It was to be table stakes, and I had my whole roll with me for a killing—about seven hundred dollars.

"The cards were marked—a child could have seen that. It was done so clumsily, however—for instance, he marked a king with a K, a queen with a Q, and so on—that I made no objection, figuring that I could read the hands as well as he could and he would have nothing on me at that game.

"Well, we started and for a while it was ding-dong back and forth without either of us winning much. Then I picked up a bob-tailed straight—king, queen, jack, and ten. And, oh boy, the top card on the deck, which would come to me, was marked A!

"I saw that the other guy had three kings, and as I had one in my hand and the chances against him filling a full house were strong I just shoved my whole stack into the pile, remarking it would cost him six hundred and fifty dollars to draw cards.

"'Stranger,' says he, 'I reckon I got to see that.' And he put up the money.

"Well, we drew cards—one to me, two to him. But when I picked up the card marked A, I found it was an eight. Of course he won the pot. I was broke.

"'Friend,' I said, as I got up to go, 'there is just one little thing I would like to ask. How do you spell eight?'

"He looked surprised. 'Why, a-t-e,' he replied

"And since then, Bill, I've been for higher education and against Jim Ferguson."

Mr. Carnegie's Admission

DR. CHARLES W. BURR, the Philadelphia alienist, was for a long time professionally associated with the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and was a great admirer of the gifted author of Hugh Wynne and the originator of the rest cure. He said the other day that some of Doctor Mitchell's detractors were fond of charging that the author-doctor was excessively vain of his achievements; but for his own part he thought that any little personal vanities the doctor may have exhibited were outweighed a thousandfold by the greatness of his work. He recalled a story of Andrew Carnegie as testimony for the defense.

Some years ago Mr. Carnegie, accompanied by a friend who was a college professor, made a long call upon the Philadelphia nerve specialist at his Walnut Street home. Doctor Mitchell spoke freely about his success in both medicine and literature and made it evident to his guests that he considered himself very near the top in both fields of endeavor, as indeed he was.

In the middle of a sentence the physician was summoned to the telephone in another room. When the two guests were left alone the Laird of Skibo observed to his professorial friend: "Our host seems to think pretty well of himself, doesn't he?"

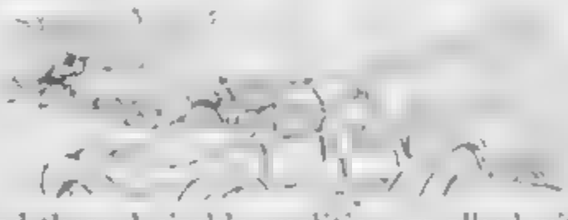
"Yes, indeed," replied the professor; "but doesn't every great genius, every man whose extraordinary talents have enriched the world and advanced civilization, think well of himself?"

Mr. Carnegie pondered. Then he nodded. "Yes," he replied, "I suppose we do!"

ALL outdoors calls to the man in a Bostwick Warmwear coat. For sport or for work, he finds all weather friendly.

The Bostwick dealer, too, has a friendly feeling for the winter selling season because Bostwick Warmwear coats, vests and flannel shirts please the outdoor man—customers find Bostwick means special garments for winter wear.

Specializing on garments of warmth and comfort, Bostwick has added the style element. Thus, the Bostwick dealer, and his customer, obtain the friendly features of roomy armholes and sleeves, generous fur collars or three-way collars, comfort pockets tacked and piped, knit worsted wrists *inside*, etc.

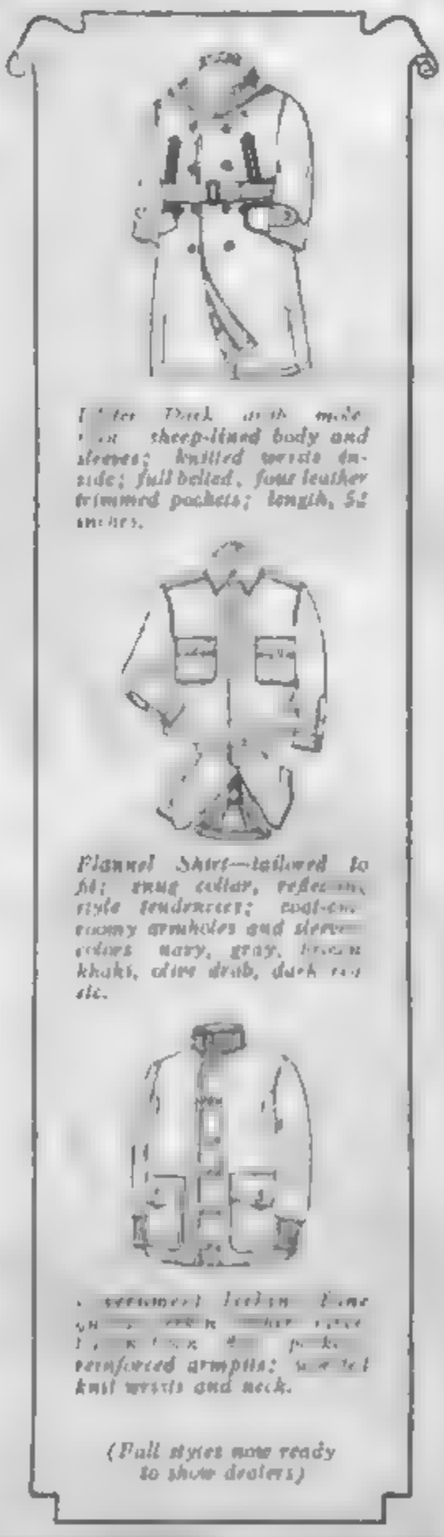


And these desirable qualities are allied with authentic tailoring; choice fabrics, leather or fleece lined; correct lengths and fitted backs. Yet the prices are medium. There's health in Bostwick Warmwear—the vim and vigor that belong to the man outdoors. Make friends with winter in a Bostwick.

Dealers are invited to write for further particulars regarding Bostwick Warmwear garments and Bostwick selling plans for the 1920 seasons. The Bostwick line makes friends with all customers and is a [illegible] business asset. Your increasing public acquaintance and appreciation is an enhancement.

JOHNSON BOSTWICK & CO.
108 Bostwick Building, Minneapolis

KNOW BOSTWICK BY THIS LABEL



[illegible] Duck, with sheep-lined body and sleeves; knitted wrists inside; full belted, four leather trimmed pockets; length, 52 inches.

Flannel Shirt—tailored to fit; snug collar, reflecting style tendencies; coat-cut roomy armholes and sleeves; colors navy, gray, brown, khaki, olive drab, dark red, etc.

[illegible] reinforced armpits; [illegible] knit wrists and neck.

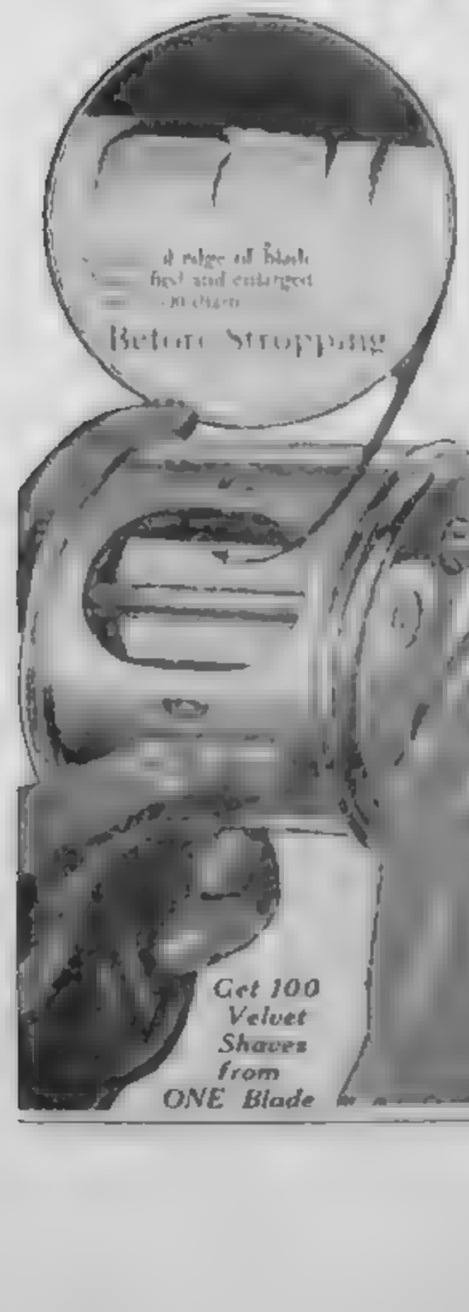
(Full styles now ready to show dealers)

BOSTWICK WARMWEAR
MINNEAPOLIS

My beard is tough—but
I strop my safety blade
and shaving is no bother at all

Your beard may be heavy, wiry and tough—or your skin exceedingly tender—but *strop* your safety blades, and you will shave with surprising ease and with delightful *after-shaving* skin comfort.

Twinplex Stropper



for double-edged safety blades

You just insert the blade and turn the crank. Strops both edges at once, reverses the blade and strops the other side. Every shave turns the edge of your blade to tiny saw-teeth, like this [image] Stropping smooths them back, like this [image] into a keen cutting edge that glides over your face. However wiry your beard, however tender your skin your face will always be shaved clean and close, delightfully cool and comfortable, when you strop your safety blades with Twinplex Stropper.

Get Your Twinplex On 30 Days' Trial

from any cutlery, hardware, drug or department store—*with 10-year service guarantee.* Price $5—in satin-lined, nickel or leather case. Also a variety of outfits, including Twinplex Stropper and Shaving Sets

More than half a million men now use Twinplex Stropper. It is indispensable to *delightful* shaving with double edged safety blades. Make *your* trial of Twinplex *now*—full 30 days use in your own home, without obligation

Write for Free Booklet.

Twinplex Sales Company
1648 Locust Street, St. Louis.
261 Fulton Street, New York
511 St. Catherine Street, Montreal

RAMBLE GAMBLE

(Continued from Page 15)

busy sleeping that he had difficulty in doing justice to the rations which lay in profusion round him.

"Only trouble us is got is short days."

Heaven to the Wildcat was a place just like St.-Sulpice, only with days two or three times as long. Not until pay day did he realize the disadvantage of being a free-lance soldier. Other boys marched up and got eighty-three francs or more, depending on their grade and how the Government happened to be feeling that day, but the Wildcat lingered in the background thoughtfully thumbing Hogface's dice and wondering where at could he git himself a stake to build up with.

Pay day progressed as fast as the clocks could make it, but somehow the Wildcat failed to collect. At evening he was sitting on the ground at one corner of his bunk house enjoying the last rays of the sun.

"Come easy, go easy—Ah cubes myself rich and Lady Luck runs me ragged." Softly he began to hum his old philosophy:

Ah don't bother work, work don't bother me;
I see fo' times as happy as a bumblebee.
Eats when Ah kin git it, sleeps mos' all de time;
Ah don't give a dog-gone if the sun don't never shine.

Ah kin ride a freight train, Ah don't pay no fare;
Ah kin ride a steamboat mos' anywhere.
'At's de reason I see as happy as a bee—
Ah don't bother work and work don't bother me.

The mascot, Lily, hearing her master's voice, came parading round the corner of the bunk house. Lily had been toying with a salad course and fragments of her menu showed about her mouth. In the corner of her jaw, drooping modestly with its noble suggestion, hung a four-leaf clover.

In the growing darkness the Wildcat grabbed Lily by the head while he inspected the talisman in the goat's mouth.

"Lady Luck, I hears you! De jail door's open at las'!"

In an adjoining bunk house the big crap game was in progress. Round it at the four doors of the structure four more smaller games were going strong. The Wildcat elbowed his way into the fringe of one of these smaller groups.

"Boy," he said to one of the noncombatants, "leave me mortgage Lily to you fo' a hundred francs."

The mustard-colored soldier looked at him without reply. The Wildcat made a vociferous announcement:

"Ah'll tell the world dis mascot's worth a million dollars fo' luck. Any boy here what lends me fifty francs gits a mortgage on Lily. Forty francs—thirty francs—twenty francs——"

The Backslid Baptist, against whom luck had been running pretty measly in spite of his personal dice, handed a twenty-franc note to the Wildcat.

"See what kin you do."

The Wildcat took the twenty-franc note with his right hand, listening meanwhile to the betting in the big game. Hundred-franc notes seemed to be common currency. He edged into one of the satellite games near the door. Lily still following him in spite of the temporary change of proprietors shadowed close behind him. In the Wildcat's hand under the twenty-franc note lay Hogface's dice. The Wildcat knelt in the doorway of the bunk house. Behind him standing on the ground was the faithful mascot.

"Shoots twenty francs," the Wildcat announced. "Keep yo' dice—Ah has my own."

"Boy, roll 'em."

"Wham! Seven. Shoots forty francs."

"Boy, roll 'em."

"Wham! Seven. Shoots eighty francs."

"Boy, roll 'em."

"Bam! Lily Joe - an' two an' two comes back."

The Wildcat dragged down part of his winnings.

"Shoots a hundred francs."

Thereafter for five minutes with unvaried monotony the Wildcat found seven, eleven or his point. He began to attract the attention of some of the experts in the big game.

"Boys, ol' Wildcat done come back."

"Lemme see dem dice!"

A saddle-colored giant, who had been whittled down to a financial zero in three passes, carefully inspected the Wildcat's dice.

"These cubes looks all right," he grunted.

"Dey is all right. Dey knows their manager. Is you broke stan' back. Shoots a hundred francs."

A successful player in the big game, scenting wide action, deserted his companions and covered the Wildcat's bet. He was presently followed by several more large rolls of money completely surrounded by cinnamon-colored fists. Pretty soon the Wildcat, kneeling in the doorway of the bunk house, had become the center of attraction for the Fust Service Battalion. His hat on the floor beside him was half full of crumpled fifty-franc notes, moist with the perspiration of dusky palms. In the darkness outside the doorway Lily the mascot bleated faintly.

"Sing loud, Lily, Ah buys you a gol' watch an' chain to-morrow."

"Bla a!" said Lily. "Father, dear father, come home while you're rich."

The Wildcat paid no heed to Lily's warning.

"Shoots a hundred francs. Bam! These cubes is fatal. I reads eleven. Shoots two hundred."

"Boy, roll 'em."

The Wildcat rolled 'em.

"Bones means bonus. Shoots fo' hundred. Laz'rus come forth. Is that money meat, you was lucky does you get de gravy. Shower down, brother, shower down. Git weak while Ah git strong. Pam! An' it says six, ace!"

The Wildcat gathered in his latest winnings and rammed the bank notes into the hat beside him. The money market tightened up a little.

"Shower down, brother, Ah shoots fifty francs."

Three brothers pooled and covered the bet.

"Whuff! Five an' a deuce. Ah lets it lay."

Nobody seemed inclined to cover the bet. The Wildcat dragged down all except twenty francs.

"Iodine dice, you is marked duty. Shoots twenty francs. Cash, rally round! How come everybody slowed up?"

"Everybody's slowed up 'cause pay day's done built a nest in yo' hat."

The Wildcat had accumulated practically all of the surplus funds of the Fust Service Battalion's pay day.

"Shoots ten francs! Any boy? Any boy? Is all you niggers bust? Ah couldn't 'a' killed you quicker had Ah th'owed gas bombs. Shoots five francs. Shower down five francs."

The Backslid Baptist produced his last five-franc note.

"Boy," he said, "here's where Ah starts to build up."

The Wildcat spun a pair of careless cubes.

"Gallopers, as you wuz! Oveh the riveh! Six an' five. Backslid, you is skinned alive. Money, come here."

The Wildcat picked up the two five-franc notes and reached back to shove them into his hat on the doorsill. Deep in the hat his hand encountered Lily's munching jaws and deeper still the mascot's cold nose was exploring a vacancy which had been filled a little while before by highly scented French bank notes.

The Wildcat jerked the mascot's head into the light.

To the mascot's jaw, which an hour before had been garnished with the four-leaf clover, there adhered the corner of a hundred-franc note.

Somebody in the crowd saw it.

"Lily's et pay day! Git a bayonet and empty that goat!"

The Wildcat was about to reach for the razor which dangled between his shoulder blades under his shirt when some naturalist postponed the major operation which would have considerably embarrassed Lily's health and strength.

"Pay day's gone! Money's gone! Goats digests grub sudden!"

The Wildcat grabbed his four-legged treasury department by the horns.

"Lily, you long-haired bank, wuz you human Ah'd feed you to de hogs!"

"Lay off 'at goat!" the Backslid Baptist interposed. "I holds a twenty-franc mortgage on him."

The Wildcat shoved his remaining ten francs to the Backslid one.

(Continued on Page 169)

GRANT SIX

This Coupé will delight those who appreciate smartness and comfort with *light weight*

The good coupé is never a compromise. To make and keep its owner happy and satisfied it must be a well-built body on a truly fine chassis.

It is therefore pleasant to record that those who have seen the Grant Six coupé declare it notable for precisely these qualities.

The upholstery, trim and finish are richly complete. There is nothing lacking; and the body has distinctive beauty that adds new lustre to the Grant's reputation as the world's handsomest light six.

It is an easily handled car. It steers without effort and its short turning radius, a very desirable feature, makes it easy to park in close quarters.

Owners everywhere praise the velvety operation of its ten-inch dry disc clutch, which disengages readily and takes hold with surprising smoothness.

And enthusiasm over the flexibility and power of the motor is coupled with admiration for the splendid way the Grant Six holds to the road at any speed.

Because of exceptional balance and unusually effective spring suspension, the Grant Six is remarkably easy riding.

You will find exactly what you want among its four smart body styles.

Five-passenger Touring Car. Two-passenger Touring Roadster. Five-passenger, four-door Sedan. Four passenger Coupé. Descriptive literature and name of your dealer mailed on request.

We will exhibit at both New York and Chicago Shows.

GRANT MOTOR CAR CORPORATION—CLEVELAND, OHIO

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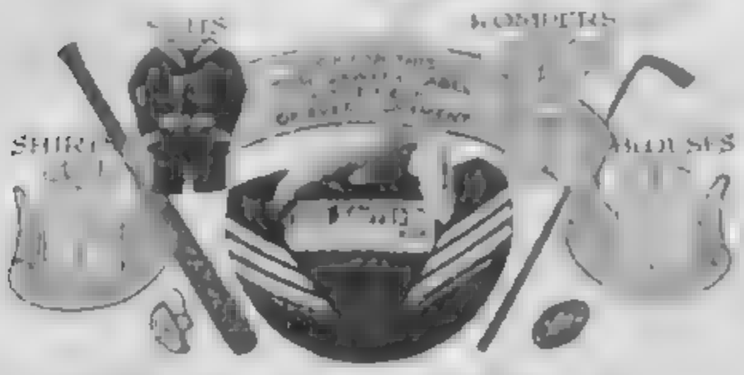
BECAUSE BOYS WILL BE BOYS AT ANY age, the Tom Sawyer romper of the three-year-old is made of the same firmly woven fabric as the Norfolk of his bigger brother.

To make its colors rich and tubfast, this Tom Sawyer fabric is dyed in the thread.

Of course the fabric is only one of the things that makes Tom Sawyers the washwear for real boys.

The sturdy waistbands, the thoroughly made pockets, and the stout seams and strong buttonholes help, too, in making this washwear better than you used to think washwear could be.

And because your dealer can buy it direct from the maker, it costs you no more than you usually pay.



SHIRTS—12 to 14 neck. RUSSIAN SUITS—3 to 8
BLOUSES—6 to 16 years. JR. NORFOLK SUITS—3 to 9.
MIDDY SUITS—4 to 10. ROMPERS—3 to 8.
ALL-IN-ONE SUITS—3 to 8.

For dealers there's a *miniature* sample trunk. From it you can make stock orders unhampered. With it comes a mighty interesting sales story. Better request it right away

Elder Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

New York Chicago Kansas City Dallas Los Angeles

Tom Sawyer

CUT OUT FOR A LONG CAREER

"WASHWEAR" For Real Boys

(Continued from Page 166)

"Take dis. You an' me is partners in dis mascot. Keep me off him is all I says. Keep me off him 'til Ah tames down."

Captain Jack remained discreetly under cover in Pauillac for a week as a welcome guest of the navy gang. He crossed the river one evening and at Blaye, having avoided all local military police, he boarded a train headed for Paris. He arrived in Paris two days later, just in time to participate as a victim in one of the periodical military raids which ever and anon added zest to the business of being A. W. O. L.

"But what the hell do we care?" he asked a brother victim en route to that section of the bull pen reserved for officers of the A. E. F. who strayed from the straight-and-crooked line of military red tape. He headed blithely for his prison. Papa's daughter, light of a midnight world, was headed for Paris, and Captain Jack trusted his luck.

Three days later the Paris edition of The Herald announced the arrival of papa.

"The senator is accompanied by his daughter."

A week later, having failed in five official attempts to avoid an impending general court-martial, which appeared to be a pretty serious business, Captain Jack was not so blithe. For various obvious reasons the captain had refrained from communicating with his lady of love, who at that moment was wondering why the deuce her prodigal Romeo had not answered her radiogram. Her papa senator, busy with his stomach and affairs of state involving the fate of several nations, interested himself in discovering Captain Jack's trail. It developed that the officer had been last seen on board the Texan at Pauillac, headed home, and that he had not landed in New York.

The great storage depot at St.-Sulpice had functioned properly and the end of the war had rendered the hundreds of buildings useless, and so presently the chemical fire extinguishers—ordered fourteen months before—began to arrive. A colonel with varnished boots appointed a fire marshal to take charge of the equipment, and the fire marshal appointed a fire officer to organize a system whereby the ghost of greatness could be saved in the event of a fire breaking out. The fire officer, busy with the details of fabricating this organization from the human timber about him, walked past a hut in which the Wildcat was doing the best he could to rest himself so he would have strength enough to eat a heavy supper.

"Ah kin ride a freight train mos' anywhere," the Wildcat sang.

"What grieves me is why don't you ride one, Wildcat," one of his auditors commented. "You says you kin do lots. All Ah see yo' do is lay round sleepin', 'ceptin' when yo' gits up to eat."

"Boy, Ah kin do lots. Ah kin cut me lawns an' Ah kin aviate. Ah tames wild animals. Lily, come here. Wid horses an' mules Ah ain't seen my equal. Ise champion mule-driver of de world, an' wid de gallopin' dominoes ——"

The fire officer poked his head inside the hut.

"Boy, you say you can handle horses?"

"'Tenshun!" The Wildcat got to his feet. "Captain, yessuh. Shore kin."

"And mules?"

"Captain, suh, Ah knows mules so good that sometimes Ah think they's mule blood in me."

"Come with me."

The captain led the way over to a corral where some desperate-looking mules were trying to eat their daily allowance of expensive hay.

"Get a couple of them mules," the captain directed. "Bring them over to the chemical fire engine—the red-painted one. Hitch 'em up and keep 'em ready at all hours. Keep 'em ready to answer any fire alarms. You're on duty from one o'clock until eight o'clock at night."

"Cap'n, when does Ah eat?"

"Don't bother me with details. Carry out your orders or I'll cremate your constitution."

"Captain, yessuh."

The Wildcat walked over and mentally selected a couple of agile-looking mules.

"Mules, you an' me is the fire department wid a red wagon hitched onto us. Come over here."

The black mule drooped a casual ear. The gray one sneered as much as a mule could sneer with his face full of hay. Thirty minutes later with the assistance of half the Fust Service Battalion the Wildcat had succeeded in festooning his four-legged victims with a variegated assortment of harness, parts of which were hooked up to the chemical fire wagon. His labors finished for the moment, he reclined languidly on the top seat of the red-painted fire wagon. Below him on the ground there lingered a group of his brunette associates.

"Hand up 'at mascot," the Wildcat directed. Lily was boosted up to the seat beside the Wildcat, and in this inconspicuous position the pair waited and waited and waited for the first alarm of the fire department. The Army was short on fire alarms that afternoon, and when his relief came at eight o'clock the Wildcat had not turned an official wheel.

"Sho' have to get me a cushion fo' 'at seat, or else set on Lily."

He climbed down from the fire apparatus and walked hastily to the kitchen, where he did the best he could to eat himself to death.

"Ah aims to nutrify myself heavy 'til adiposity sleeps me," he said after the fourth helping of roast pork had disappeared down his neck.

Two days after the Wildcat had established himself as conductor of the four-wheeled fire department of St.-Sulpice a fire guard down among the warehouses sought to justify his career by taking a couple of illicit outdoor drags on a cigarette. Having successfully busted this recent no-smoking order, he threw the cigarette away and made the rounds of a group of buildings which he was guarding. Returning to the site of his nicotine picnic ten minutes later he was surprised to discover a grass fire well under way. He hurried over to the next guard and borrowed three cartridges which he fed into his rifle, after which he discharged the piece in the air according to regulations. Farther down the yard a siren fire signal sounded. The Wildcat heard it.

"Lily," he said to the mascot beside him, "'at's de evenin' quittin' whistle. Us eats now."

An excited officer came tearing out of Headquarters.

"Boy," he said to the Wildcat, "why the hell don't you answer that fire signal? Get out of town before I kill you!"

The Wildcat needed no second order.

"Lily, let's go!"

He shook the kinks out of the lines and burned the accelerator into the epidermis of the starboard mule. The mule turned round and gave him a pained look.

"On yo' way!"

The Wildcat poured the leather into his four-legged motive power. The black mule shifted to second. Passing the camp limits the Wildcat was standing up in his seat like a chariot racer. Halfway down the yard between the camp and Izon the Wildcat resolved to swing to the right into a road which led to the scene of the fire, but at Izon the mules were writing some sixty-mile history on the surface of France. On the long stretch of straight road which lay between Izon and the banks of the Garonne at San Pardon the Wildcat discovered that he was chaperoning a duet runaway.

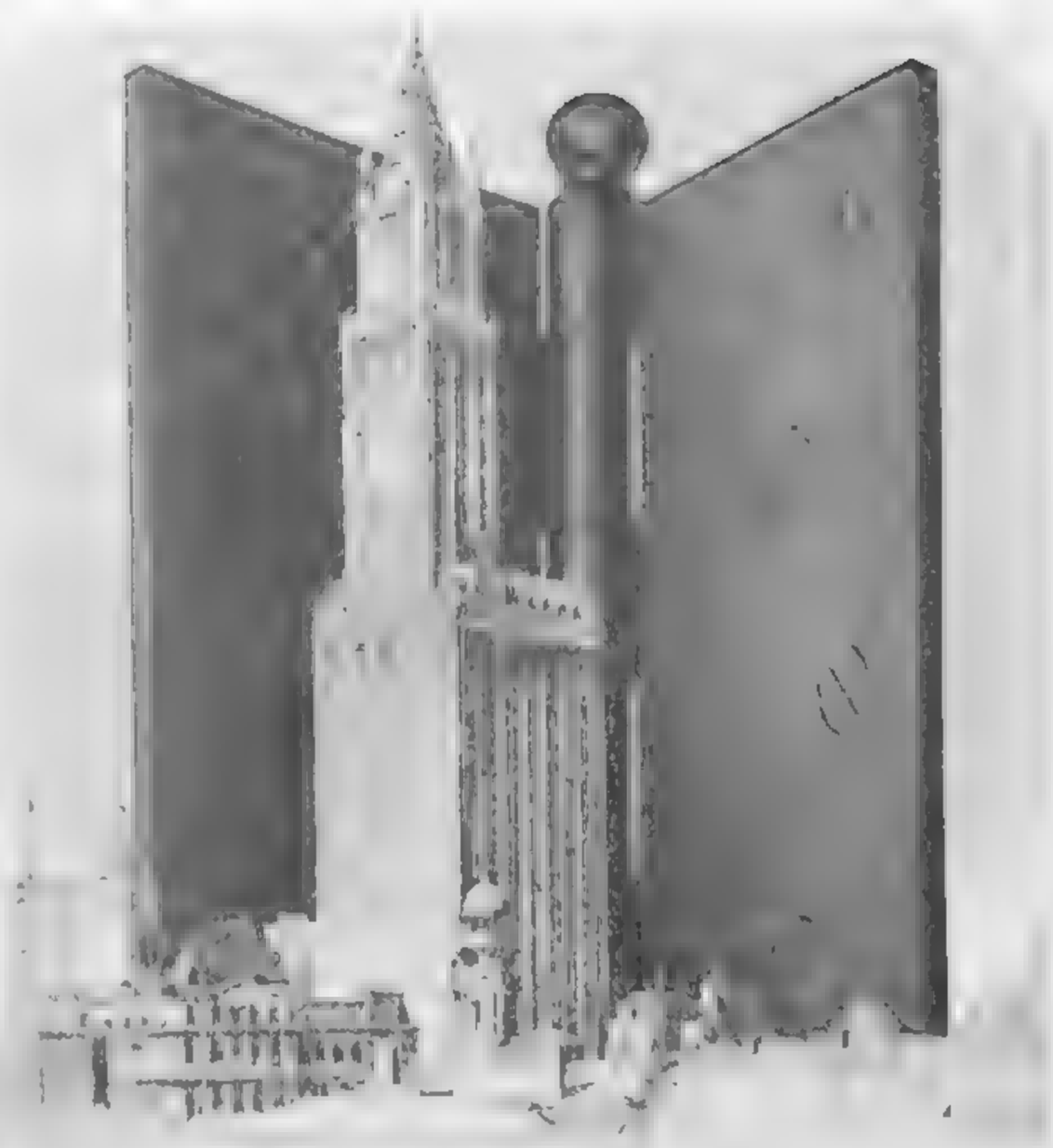
"Never knowed mules could run so fast."

In the next few minutes he learned considerably more about mules. Ben Hur, Paul Revere and Mazeppa were as good as left at the post when the cyclone hit San Pardon. Headed straight for the river, the Wildcat sought refuge in religion. He discovered that mules were slow in answering prayers. He cut loose an assorted string of profanity which rang high above the rattle round him.

"Ah, ze crazy Americans again!"

A languid French farmer glanced idly at the four-wheeled tornado which clattered through the streets of the deserted town. Fifty feet from the edge of the dock the mules played a dirty trick on the Wildcat and his personally conducted mascot. They swung sharply to the right, unhitched themselves almost naked and went up an alley where you could buy cheering cognac for fifty centimes a drink. The Wildcat and Lily, considerably festooned with the crimson chemical fire department, plunged straight ahead until the humidity became thick enough to swim in.

"Good mawnin' ——" The rest of the salutation was gurgled up with the gentle waves of the Garonne River. Coming to the surface the Wildcat struck out straight away from the fate which lay behind him.



Activity *in* Every Building Swings *on* HINGES

IN and out! Open and shut, door after door responds to your desires. And hinges make doors possible.

From the time you bound out of bed till you retire—doors, *doors*, DOORS, continually serve you.

The home, the office, the factory, the public buildings—all are made serviceable by doors.

And hinges make doors possible.

Think how many times each day you unconsciously bring hinges into play. Unnoticed and forgotten they serve the need for which they are created.

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During this time McKinney hinges and butts have filled every hinge need. From the common berry crate and tiny cabinet door to the huge industrial gate and cathedral portal—there is a McKinney product of proper beauty and design to fit.

Remember! When you build or repair, the little hinge item may seem small, but it grows big in its unfailing usefulness year after year.

See that the name "McKinney" is stamped on the hinges or butts you buy. Then you have settled the hinge question for life.

The hinge is vital. It deserves your attention.

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THE Lift-the-Dot Fastener has a small •(symbol dot) on the face of the socket, which is probably the smallest and simplest trade mark ever registered in the United States Patent Office.

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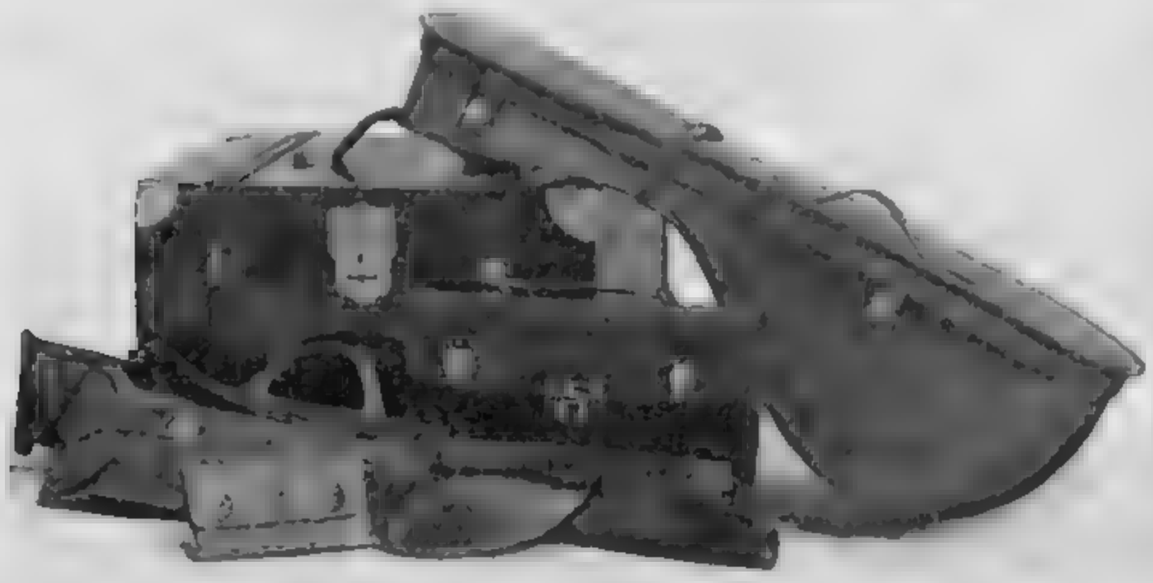

The mascot swam strongly downstream into the distance. She gave a plaintive bleat of farewell. Over his shoulder the Wildcat glimpsed his four-legged comrade.

"Lily, you hell-raisin' hoodoo, good-by!"

The Wildcat went away from there headed across the river as fast as swinging arms could drag him.

The lookout in the crow's nest of the Texan, headed upstream toward Bordeaux on her return trip from New York, congratulated himself that in fifteen minutes he would be off watch.

"Jada, Jada," he sang softly. "Jada, Jada Alyce Lee." At the top of his voice he added a few more words not in the original text. "Three points to the starboard, sir," he yelled, and five seconds later the telegraph in the engine room read "Full Astern."

A boat swung down from the davits and cast off. It headed for the swimmer in the distance. Presently the boat returned alongside the ship.

"Only a blasted goat," the bo'sun called up to the officer on the bridge.

"Best luck in the world," that sailor called back. "Heave him on board. Warm him up and feed him."

A signal rang in the engine room and the Texan resumed her course.

Lily the mascot, enjoying the attention of half the crew below decks, felt that, after all, life was real, life was noble and that mascots fared better in the Navy than they did in the Army anyway.

The Wildcat made the far bank of the Garonne as night fell. As he dragged himself up the bank he reflected that he was a pretty tired lizard, but that his only hope of retaining his health and strength lay in putting many miles between himself and the hornet officers of St.-Sulpice. At dawn he boarded a train which was pulling out of Libourne.

"Ah kin ride a freight train mos' anywhere."

The train consisted of a dozen passenger coaches and five freight cars. The Wildcat selected a flat car on which was carried an immense wine cask. Between the curved staves of the cask and the deck of the car he found seclusion enough to prevent his being discovered by the languid police at the various stations along the line.

"Ah sho' is hongry."

Soldiers in olive drab along the road made it advisable for him to keep traveling.

"Mebbe dis ol' whale of a barrel has good sorghum in it."

The Wildcat dug his knife into the oaken staves which lay above him. After four hours' work the knife blade penetrated the barrel and a thin stream of crimson wine leaped downward to the Wildcat's open mouth.

"Never knowed ol' vang red tasted so good."

During the course of the succeeding forty-eight hours the Wildcat did the best he could to drink up a few hundred gallons of wine. He woke up in the brilliant sunlight of Marseilles. He batted his eyes and sat up. The train had stopped.

"Wonder where at is Ah at. Ol' vang rouge sho' steams you up, but it ain't fillin'."

Memories of St.-Sulpice returned to him. He recalled the fact that his one object in life was to travel. He sneaked out of the railroad yards and made his way to the sea wall against which lay ships of half the world. Marching toward him came a battalion of French negro soldiers.

"Boom-a-loom niggers," he said as he saw the curved bayonets on their guns. Having nothing better to do, he fell in step beside them, seeking concealment in their color.

"Wish't Ah could talk boom-a-loom. Den Ah'd be wid friends."

One of the soldiers hauled a fragment of bread from his pocket. The Wildcat invented a sign language on the instant and a moment later he was eating the best bread he had ever tasted.

"Sho' is gran' bread," he said aloud.

One of the French negroes spoke to him in English.

"You are hungry?"

"Ah'll say Ah is! Four days since Ah et. Boy, how come you talks nach'ral an' not dis boom-a-loom talk?"

"For many years," the soldier answered, "I have been a guide for white men—British hunters of lions."

"Sho' nuff! Sho' sounds nach'ral! Where at is yo' headed fo' now?"

He edged over and marched beside the soldier of the Senegal.

"St. Louis," the soldier replied.

The Wildcat walked along in silence for quite a while.

"Ain't 'at lucky? Me, Ah's sick of France. Ah'd give all Ah's got to go wid you to St. Louis."

"How much?"

The Wildcat remembered his financial condition.

"Ah ain't got nuthin' now. Some day Ah will have. St. Louis sho' sounds like heaven to me."

"In the front lines one of your kind saved my life," the Senegalese replied. "Follow beside me."

An hour later the Wildcat was stowed away in the darkness of the hold of the Walata. At dawn the ship cleared the harbor of Marseilles. Two days later she steamed through the Strait of Gibraltar. South of Portugal she headed into the Atlantic.

"Ah figgers when we starts upstream f'm N'Orleans Ah unloads at Memphis," the Wildcat reflected. "St. Louis is all right, but it's too far no'th." A surge of triumph suddenly inspired him. "Hot damn, boy! Ah's sho' nuff Memphis boun'!"

After a seven-day voyage the Walata landed. The Wildcat, wearing borrowed clothes and surrounded by Senegalese troops, marched ashore. Close beside him was the ex-guide.

"Sho' is hot weather," the Wildcat remarked. "Ah nevah see such a crazy-lookin' town. What de name of dis town?" he asked.

The lion-hunters' guide looked at him quickly without reply.

"At morning," the guide said, "we move. Inland there is food in abundance. You have but to eat and sleep without working."

"Sho' suits me, boy," the Wildcat replied. "Ah aims to drag along to whah de grub trees grows heaviest."

At morning the Wildcat and his companions headed up a trail which followed the south bank of the river. At noon, perspiring freely under the sun, the Wildcat brought up the subject of food.

"When does us eat?" he inquired loudly.

The lion-hunting guide looked at him.

"At Podor we camp."

"That's over in Arkansas, ain't it?"

"Senegal," the guide corrected.

"Sunny Gal—how come?" The Wildcat stopped. "How far f'm St. Louis is us right now?"

"We left the steamboat at St. Louis," the guide replied.

The Wildcat felt his head going round and round.

"Boy," he said, "where in hell is us at?"

The guide of lion hunters answered him.

"St. Louis is the capital of Senegal—on the west coast of Africa."

That night in the heart of the jungle the Wildcat did some heavy thinking.

"Lady Luck," he prayed, "git right or else lay off complete. Sunny Gal! Africa! Wish't ol' cap'n wuz here!"

AND THEN HE WOKE UP

It takes a terrible jolt to shake some men out of settled habits, ideas and ways of doing things—to make them *see* all around them the forces that threaten production and profits.

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"MULTIGRAPH SENIOR

This is a complete, compact equipment that turns out high quality printing and form typewriting at very low cost—averaging a saving of from 25% to 75%. It is simple and easy to operate; rapid and convenient. Electrically driven, with printing ink attachment, automatic paper feed, signature device, automatic platen release and wide printing surface. Easy payments if desired.

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This is a wonderfully efficient equipment for concerns which have a limited amount of work. It does both form typewriting and office printing and produces the same high quality of work as the Senior Equipment, but it is hand-operated only and cannot be equipped with electric power automatic feed and signature device attachments as can the Senior. Easy payments if desired.

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Perhaps *I* have been asleep. Show me what help I can get from the Multigraph.

Firm____ Our Line is

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Nothing but scientifically applied electric power can bring out the full effectiveness of men or machines—so badly needed today.

G-E Vertical Motor for direct drive for centrifugals or pumps.

Now industry is adding conservation to production.

INDUSTRY throbs with a new energy—the energy to produce, *plus* the energy to conserve.

And as inventions shape the gifts of earth to man's needs, they use power—power made, distributed and used effectively to conserve coal and labor.

For in these times of peace, production must go on; though its cost must be lessened.

* * *

In determining the kind of motors and control which do this great work, there are factors of vital importance. With these factors in mind, G-E engineering specialists co-operate with any concern in finding the way to greater production at lower cost.

In the case of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company special motors were found right, and they were built quickly. They increased production and reduced manufacturing cost.

Readiness to serve, and ability to produce just the right electric power equipment, await every user of any kind of power.

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G-E motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

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GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

DETAILS OF A DÉBÂCLE

(Continued from Page 16)

members of it deem a direct affront to themselves as senators or a continued series of such affronts and undervaluations of their importances in the governmental scheme of things or an infringement on any of the Senate's constitutionally derived coördinate powers. Also, this Senate is narrowly in control of political opponents of the President.

The habit of mind of Mr. Wilson in its larger aspects—or some of those aspects, rather—is pedagogical, and hence dictatorial; is rhetorical, and hence theoretical; is idealistic, and hence abstract. These, of his several outstanding mental characteristics, bring about various other manifestations, such as: Generalization instead of particularization; pride of opinion; insistence on decision; impatience of criticism; resentment to opposition; distrust of counsel; reliance on personal determinations; resort to the thesis, written or spoken, to compose difficulties; an overmastering tendency to judge men by the way they talk rather than by what they do, and to put them in office because of expressed agreement with his own ideas and policies—which is the only possible explanation of many of his appointments.

These are some facets of a many-faceted man, the aspects of him that came into conflict with the Senate and that through the combined workings of them brought about the situation that resulted in the initial defeat of the peace treaty. Therefore these characteristics are those that are germane to this writing, which in no sense is put forth as a complete Wilsonian résumé, because any assay of Mr. Wilson at present must be episodic; but there can be no denial of his abilities of mind, his sincerity of purpose in accordance with his lights, nor any sustained protest of his patriotism.

During the war every man and woman, save the traitors, strained to the utmost. After the war ended we found that the demoralization of our life and lives was very great. The task of the President then was the task of restoration, and that was made most difficult because, relieved from the strain of war, we reacted to the disturbances of peace, and much of that reaction was criticism and complaint of the President. The President of the United States is a great man, but he is not a superman. His limitations are marked, and are mostly personal. Greatest is his almost invariable insistence on impolitic individualism in his policies rather than politic coöperation, and because of this trait, and some of the others set forth, his peace treaty came to the disaster of that November night in the Senate of the United States.

President and Senate

In opposition to the President there was the Senate, composed of ninety-six men, mostly lawyers, and many of extended experience in public legislative service. The tradition of the Senate is strong in these men, from the newest member to the oldest. They are jealous of their powers and prerogatives, partisan in their politics, and entirely human in their emotions and feelings. As men they are mostly good citizens and good fellows. Certainly they must have standing in their own states and among their own people or they would not be where they are. Also in the bulk they are as sincerely American and patriotic as this President or any President. Furthermore, they know more about Presidents than most Americans, are in closer touch with them, and in less awe, and can see motives and discern ulteriors more readily than the average observer. Each of them was elected either as a Republican or a Democrat, save for two or three near-Republicans who have a way of calling themselves Progressives, an inclusive term that doesn't mean so much in its workings out as it may seem to. Therefore, politically they naturally fall into opposition or support of the man in the White House.

The attitude of these men toward the President was sharply defined before the war began, in 1914. The war didn't change the characteristics of the President; the war intensified those characteristics. Nor did the war change the Senate any. There was conflict during the time in 1913 when the President went into the White House until we entered the war as a combatant in 1917; but that was merely preliminary to the conflict that came later, and need not be gone into here. The Senate never did like the President, and it is quite likely the President never was keen about the Senate.

We went into the war in 1917. The Senate was American before it was partisan. It granted exceptional power to the President, supported him in every way, met with his wishes to a large extent, and consented to the inevitable setting up of an autocratic form of government, with itself subordinate, because of the necessities of war. It criticized, of course, but it performed in every vital matter, and granted money, power and support whenever called upon. That brings us down to the fall of 1918, and the Congressional campaign thereof, and sets the stage for what has happened since then.

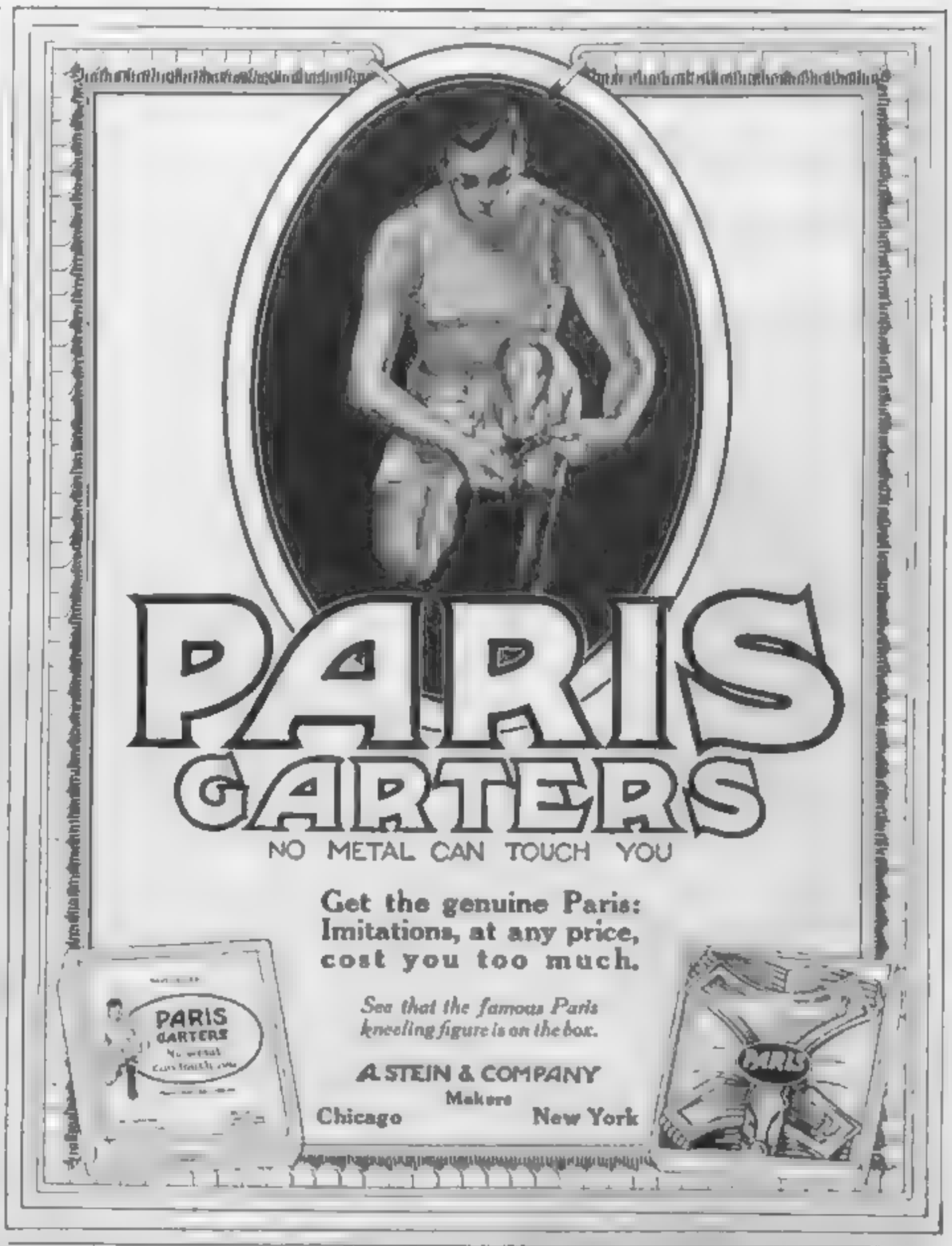
The attitude of the President toward Congress was well enough understood, for there was plenty of evidence of it. He treated it as he was accustomed to treat his students when he was at the head of a university—with a cold toleration from a superior position. He didn't discuss with it, but instructed it. He didn't argue, but stated. He didn't ask, but ordered. That is his way. This made the Republicans openly hostile, and the Democrats, or most of them, covertly unfriendly. Still, while the war was in progress they took orders and obeyed them, because the questions at stake were not partisan, but were American.

A Series of Political Mistakes

A man who isn't accustomed to taking counsel is a poor judge of the sort of counsel to take when he takes some. Having relied on his own opinion always he usually goes to extremes when he decides to utilize the opinions of others. The President was no exception to this. In the Congressional campaign in 1918 he listened to the advice of some of the little men his facility for human misjudgment had given access to him, and sent out an appeal to the people of the country that put the war on a partisan basis; an appeal that sought to make it a Democratic war instead of an American war. He allowed these puny partisan followers to induce him to be political in a situation that needed nothing but patriotism, and that was the greatest political mistake he ever made and was the real beginning of all his difficulties from that time.

The Republicans, who had been taking orders and saying nothing openly, broke bounds at this, bitterly denounced the partisanship of the President and appealed to the country for his rebuke. They had excellent grounds for this. They had played the game. They had, in the mass, voted for everything the President wanted. They had not balked at the conferring of extraordinary powers on him. They did not like him, and never had liked him, but they had subordinated that on account of the war. They considered this a gratuitous affront, an insult and an outrage, and all the dislike, all the latent hate, all the opposition flamed into a fire of denunciation and was voiced in a clamor of protest.

The puny political advisers of the President had guessed wrong. It was their idea that the President was strong enough with the people, because of the war, if for no other reason, to get away with a further appeal for support in the crisis. Instead of developing the President's strength his appeal developed his weakness. It brought to a head the partisan feeling that existed throughout the country that he was assuming to be too much of an autocrat, crystallized all the partisan criticism, gave opportunity to those who disagreed with his policies, and united the Republican Party solidly against him. Instead of giving him a Democratic Congress it gave him a Republican Congress, an opposition Congress; and, more than that, it gave the popular disavowal to the doctrine of Wilsonian infallibility that had been created partly by conditions and partly by propaganda. It was the first of a series of political mistakes, and the real effect of it was not that the Congress that was elected was Republican, but that every Republican who came to that Congress came as the avowed enemy of Woodrow Wilson and all his works, because Woodrow Wilson had appealed for each Republican's defeat by claiming that



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the man who opposed him was better fitted to represent the people in the conditions existing; in short, was a better American than the successful Republican was.

Then the armistice came, and it was announced that the President intended to attend the peace conference in the capacity of a treaty maker. There was considerable discussion over that, but nothing could be effective in the way of opposition, because the President could appoint himself as a treaty maker if he desired, and neither the Senate nor the Congress could stop him; nor could the Congress keep him at home if he wanted to go away. The real mistake of the President was not in going to the conference himself, but was in his selection of men to go with him. The Constitution makes the President the treaty-making power, but it does not make the President the treaty-ratifying power. That is one of the checks and balances that the men who wrote the Constitution had in mind; one of the devices they adopted to prevent the usurpation of power by the Executive. They knew well enough that the possession of power breeds the desire for greater power, and they craftily saw to it that though the President could make treaties as many as he chose those treaties would not bind until ratified by the Senate. They foresaw what might happen—and has, many times.

Now, to a man with a coöperative mind it would have been apparent that inasmuch as treaty ratifying in the United States must be coöperative, matters might be simplified and expedited if treaty making were made coöperative also. But the President has not a coöperative mind. He is the authority for the statement that his is a single-track mind, and his actions while President are authority for the statement that neither terminus of that single-track mind is in the Senate of the United States, the treaty-ratifying power of this country. So he failed to coöperate in the first instance and failed of coöperation in the second instance. It is quite possible that the assistance that would come to him for ratification if he utilized the Senate before the event of ratification never occurred to him. Naturally, that would not occur to him at a period when he was acclaimed as greatest of the great by all nations, and no doubt felt there was considerable justice in the acclaim. He had risen to mighty heights in the eyes of the world, and, as has been pointed out, he is human.

Party Politics?

In any event, instead of doing what would have been a most simple, politic and helpful thing to do, he ignored the Senate in making his selections of associated treaty makers, and practically ignored the Republican Party, which in the elections just over had been put in control of the Senate to which he must send his treaty for confirmation and acceptance. He did not select a senator as member of his peace commission, either Democratic or Republican. He did not make the five-man commission three Democrats and two Republicans. He did not select a man identified with the Republican Party in any sense of popular recognition. Instead he put one so-called Republican, whose name was unknown to the great mass of the Republicans, who had no standing with the Senate, and who, as it developed, had been a partner in a Democratic newspaper published in Baltimore for a considerable time and was a resident of that politically epicene community, Washington. It is not necessary to discuss the men he did put on the commission. They were so subordinate to the President as to be of little consequence.

The point is that the President seemingly, and in the consideration of the Senate, carried out in his peacemaking machine the idea that he attempted to impress on the people in his appeal for votes before election—the idea that the peace was to be a Democratic peace just as he, it was held, had tried to make the war a Democratic war. The personnel of the peace commission was all that was needed to set the partisan fires in the Senate to burning. The Republicans were open and bitter in their criticism and denunciation, and the Democrats were none too well pleased, and privately took much the same ground as the Republicans, for, with the exception of the President himself, the Democratic representation on the treaty was purely personal and Wilsonian and not at all Democratic in a party sense. There were a number of Democratic senators who felt that they would adorn that peace commission, and though the Republicans had no idea that any of their number would be selected they pointed out that there were Republicans outside the Senate one of whom might and should have gone in the place of Henry White.

As the peacemaking progressed in Paris it became increasingly apparent that so far as this country was concerned our active representation was Woodrow Wilson, and that all American aspects of the peace would be Wilsonian aspects. The Fourteen Points were derided, and the Senate grew firmer in its conviction that all the President expected that body to do or thought it capable of doing was to sign on the dotted line when he needed the ratifying signature. The President returned to this country, briefly, in February, 1919, but while he was here he was, in the opinion of the Senate, contemptuously oblivious of the fact that the Senate had any other prerogative in the peacemaking business than to indorse what he was doing. He returned to Paris; and meantime the control of Congress shifted, and the Republicans came into the majority.

The Treaty Under the Knife

The Republicans in the Senate, when the Congress was called into special session by the President in the spring of 1919, organized the Senate and assumed majority control of the Committee on Foreign Relations, to which the treaty must go when the President brought it back with him. Then ensued certain maneuvers that intensified not only the anti-Wilson feeling in the Senate but made definite the knowledge that the President considered the Senate only as a participant after the event in treaty making, a consideration that was constitutionally sound enough but politically indefensible in the circumstances. The Republicans, seeking to force the President's hand, sought to inject the Foreign Relations Committee into the situation, and suggested that members of that committee should be informed as to proceedings and progress. The President coldly ignored this suggestion. He continued as before in his sole representation of the United States, to all intents and purposes. This fanned the flame. By the time the treaty was completed and the President was home again the opposition to the President, to his treaty, to his plans and purposes and to all his works was almost fanatical.

The struggle then ensued that culminated in the defeat of the treaty. The minute the treaty came into consideration for ratification before the Foreign Relations Committee was the minute when the President lost the offensive and went on the defensive. The Senate then, after months of waiting, began to function on its own. What it had said and done before this was inconsequential except as indicating the temper of the Republicans. What it could do then, with the treaty in hand, was of the highest consequence. The President had overlooked or failed to appreciate the fact that the Senate had the last say.

It was instantly apparent that the Republicans, in control of the Senate, had no intention of allowing the President's treaty to become effective as he made it. They had been deprived, they claimed, of even the small measure of participation that knowledge of what was in it would have given them, and had had the document thrown at them with instructions to ratify without change. Standing on their rights as a coördinate section of the Government they said in effect: "We'll show him whether he is superior to the Senate or not"; and they proceeded to do just that. They took the treaty apart to see what made it tick. They amended it, made reservations to it, and manhandled it without either mercy for the treaty or consideration, other than hateful, for the maker of it—the President. They dissected it, vivisected it, emasculated it as the President held—and otherwise displayed their coördinate authority as well as their coördinated hatred.

Notwithstanding, the President failed to recognize the situation. He remained in his original position—that the treaty must be ratified in form as presented, without the dotting of an "i" or the crossing of a "t." This wasn't a request, it was a command. The Republicans played politics with the treaty. They claimed to be in ignorance of what

(Continued on Page 177)

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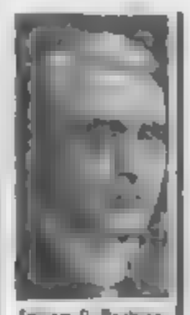
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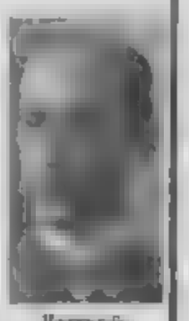
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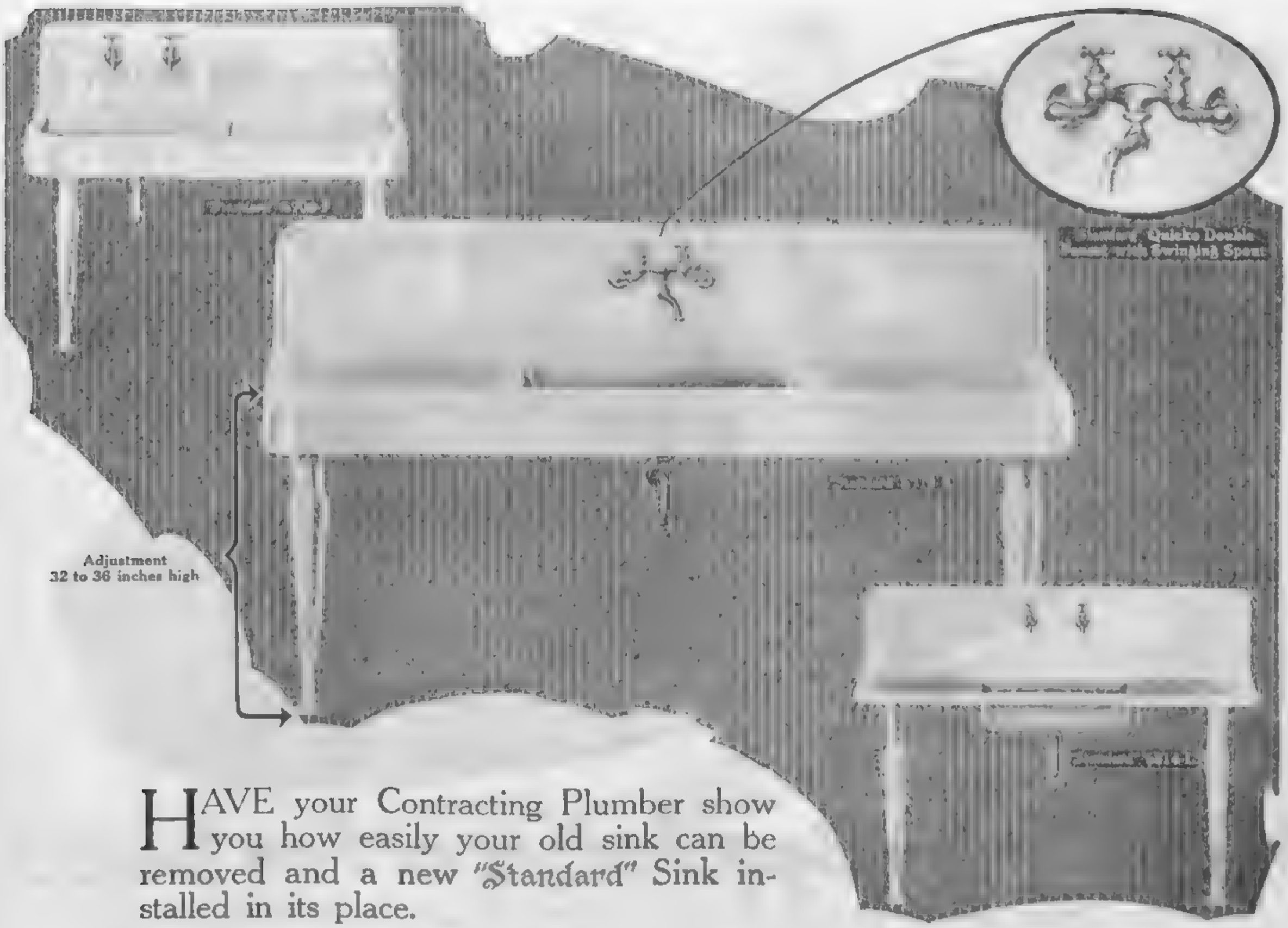

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(Continued from Page 174)

had happened in Paris. They demanded information, knowing the President would refuse it. They skillfully held the President in the imperious position he had taken. Even when the members of the Foreign Relations Committee went to the White House to talk about the treaty with the President the Republicans saw to it that nothing to the advantage of the President, so far as they were concerned, came out of the conference. They were after a scalp, and they were not to be decoyed from the trail.

Just here it is pertinent to say that when the history of the Wilson Administration comes to be written one of the remarkable features discussed will be the rhetorical obsession of it. As has been said, the President is of rhetorical mind, and apparently that trait has been impressed on all the members of his government, for never in the history of our country has public speaking, oratory of all brands, held so clamorous a place as a policy of administration. It has seemed at times as if the idea of those in control has been that the only way to settle an undertaking is to make a speech, or a series of speeches, about it. The President has said that "ours is a Government by discussion," but the practice of his Administration has gone far beyond that. Ours, in the past eight years, has been, to a considerable and amazing extent, a Government by oratory.

From the highest to the lowest the members of the Government have paraded about the country emitting turgid speeches on all phases of our public endeavor, dinning into the ears of the people with a ceaseless uproar their ideas as to this and that and the other. It has seemed that the public usefulness and service of a man has been measured by his ability to get up on a platform and speak—speak endlessly and oftentimes aimlessly—just speak. When a policy has been proposed, a reform suggested or a relief inaugurated, the procedure has been to set forth a fleet of orators to make speeches about it, and the usual result has been that the making of these speeches has been held to be the accomplishment of whatever was advanced. This has been largely a Government by public speaking. The panacea for all ills has been held to be oratory. Make a speech and the thing is accomplished, has seemed to be the theory of those in power. Witness the recent outburst of oratory about the high cost of living, for example, and recall what has happened since the clamor of the orators died away.

The Shift of Power

True to this tenet of his Administration the President announced, not long after he returned with the treaty, that he would make a speaking tour across the country to force the Senate to ratify the treaty as presented. He made that tour, but it did not force the Senate to ratify the treaty, as was shown, because, for one reason, the President remained entirely rhetorical in his speeches and devoted most of his appeal to statements about breaking the heart of the world rather than to concrete explanations of the treaty and concrete explanations of why ratification, as presented, was necessary. The American people react to oratory readily, but that reaction is entirely superficial. We are a rather hard-headed folk, and after our initial sentimentality we look closely for reasons.

That speaking tour is over, and discussion of it is futile save in this regard: The President on tour, courageously enough, but without much tact, intensified the hatred of the majority in the Senate by attacking that majority. Now the President was supreme when he was making the treaty, but the supremity shifted to the Senate after the treaty was made. It is all very well to make enemies when the enemies you make are inferior to you in power, but it is conducive to trouble to make enemies when the enemies made are at least of equal status, to say nothing of being superior in the sense of having the decision over reprisals. The enemies you make may get back at you.

During this period the hatred of the President among the majority of the Republicans became virulent and the intention to get back at him implacable. To a large extent the merits or demerits of the treaty became of secondary importance Human nature was working in some most human people. The thing became personal—personal in most of its attributes, and based on the dislike of the President, because of his contempt for the Senate, as claimed; his affronts and lack of consideration of the Senate; his imperious demands on the Senate, and his refusal to recognize the coördinate powers of the Senate. Any person enough in the confidence of the opponents to the President in the treaty fight to talk with them without reserve will testify to the actual, existing, bitter hatred of the President personally that these opponents expressed, and to the unanimous decision to show him his place, to punish him, to humiliate him and defeat him. It was no secret. It was openly charged on the floor of the Senate many times, and not denied. It became almost a mania with many of them.

Bruised Self-Esteem

This was not a sudden demonstration. It was the steady growth of time. It began soon after Mr. Wilson went into office, and was held in check during the war. After the war it flamed up again, and the treaty gave it opportunity for virulent expression. It transcended all political and partisan causes, for it was personal on both sides. It was due to the President's manner of mind and conception in measuring the Senate, to his lack of coöperation, to his aloofness and fancied if not real contempt: due to the mental characteristics of him set forth previously in this article. These operating on the Senate produced an antagonism and hatred that stopped at nothing for reprisal, because the attitude of the President toward the Senate hurt, bruised, rasped the Senate's self-esteem; and self-esteem is the most precious as it is the most easily injured human attribute. To use a Chinese expression, the Senate was determined to "save its face"; to demonstrate to the world that it was superior to and regardless of any mere President. Furthermore, the Senate was determined to get even.

The story of the struggle in the Senate, on the floor, is familiar and need not be detailed here, but there is one circumstance of it that so typically finished the chronicle that it is included. Just before the treaty went to a final vote the President sent a letter to Senator Hitchcock, acting leader for the Administration supporters, that was a culmination and proof of the attitude that caused much of the antagonism to him. That letter was in effect not a request, but an order for the Senate to vote down the treaty unless it could be passed in its original form. If anything was needed to accentuate the feeling against the President in the Senate that

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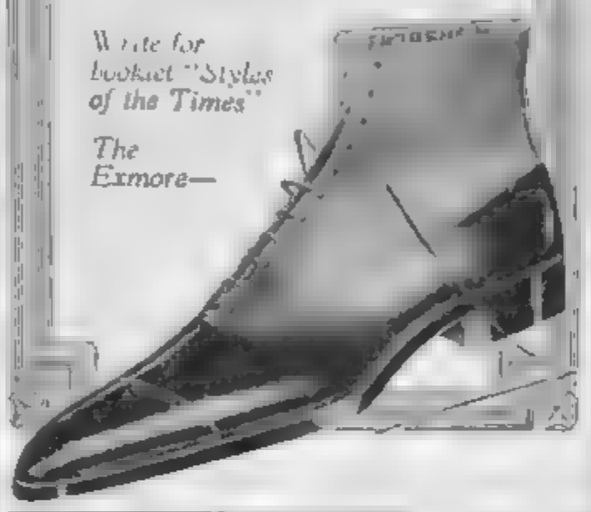

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letter amply supplied the need. It caused a last outburst of defiance, and it solidified the opposition and sent the treaty down to defeat. It voiced and epitomized the Presidential attitude toward the Senate that, beginning in 1913, created the antagonism that had this result.

This article was written in the latter days of November, soon after the defeat of the treaty. What the future will provide is not subject to speculation, because no one can foretell, but it is reasonably established that there can be no treaty of this sort except in one of two contingencies: Either the President must recede from his position and accept a compromise on reservations or the Senate must recede from its position and ratify the treaty without reservations. Otherwise the treaty will remain as it is—dead. A referendum is proposed by Senator Lodge, wherein the people may express their opinions as to the position of the Senate or the position of the President. That is interesting, but no more. The way is open for a treaty if the high contracting parties will unite to proceed upon it.

There is opportunity, of course, for endless hair-splitting dispute over the reservations, the necessity for them and the interpretation of them. The phraseology is diplomatic, legal, and subject to such examination as lawyers and casuists can give it, and such rendition as they choose to apply to it. Broadly speaking, to the average lay mind it would seem that without the preamble requiring ratification of the reservations by the Allied Powers, and the fifteenth reservation, which practically puts the United States without the operations of the League of Nations, the reservations are not so much of an assault on the President's work as to be inadmissible of compromise.

Take the much-discussed Article Ten, for example, and the reservation proposed. As nearly as I can discover the lay mind it is of the opinion that the reservation merely makes specific what will occur in any case, that the United States will act only in case Congress authorizes action. The reservation does not seem to change the treaty, but does make it explicit what the United States understands that section of the treaty to mean. There has been vast discussion of that reservation, and probably will be vaster. In any event, so far as I can discover it, the lay mind does not concede that this most important of reservations, as it is held to be, "cuts the heart out of the treaty."

It is the same, to a considerable degree, with the other reservations. Admitting that the reservations may be subject to endless technical and legal interpretations, the lay mind is in a fog as to what all the row is about, but not so much excited about it as the professional wranglers think. The average American wants some sort of arrangement made whereby peace will be concluded, but doubts that the results if peace is not concluded one way or another, as maintained on the one hand by the President and on the other hand by the Senate, will be as dire as predicted. And the average American is probably within an approximation of the truth of the matter, notwithstanding the perfervid rhetoric of both sides.

This, of course, will remain an interesting and important phase of American history, and will be voluminously commented upon, analyzed and described in all its various political, partisan, national and international aspects. The Senate will come in for its share of condemnation and for its share of praise, as will the President. They will be talking about it and writing about it for years, and in the interest of historical accuracy it is to be hoped that there will be ample consideration of and due attention to the real, underlying, basic impulses of both Senate and President—the human reasons for what happened.

The proper study of mankind is man, as we know. Therefore the proper study of such an episode as this should begin not with the legal, political, national or international aspects of it, but with the human reasons for it. Men did it, and primarily for masculine reasons, based on the human nature of them, their temperaments, reflexes and emotions. The real reason that treaty was defeated is not a political reason, not a partisan one, not a national reason, not an international reason, though all of these reasons have their share in the result.

The real underlying reason that treaty was defeated as it was, why there was no compromise, why the opposition solidified as it did at the last, is because Woodrow Wilson is the sort of man he is, and because the Republican senators are the sort of men they are. It all comes back to a demonstration of human nature in its various phases and manifestations. It may be regretted, it may be criticized, it may be applauded and condoned, but it cannot be truthfully denied—hell hath no fury like a Senate scorned.

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The Story of KRYPTOK Glasses — Chapter One

"Because of my own experience with reading glasses, two pairs of glasses, ordinary bifocals, and then finally with KRYPTOKS, I recommend KRYPTOKS to every one who needs glasses for both near and far vision"

MY eye glass experiences began when I was about thirty-five. That was the time my eyes first bothered me. I went to an optical specialist who fitted me with glasses for reading and other close work.

How comical a man looks frowning over his reading glasses in order to see at a distance

For several years these glasses served all right. But it became more and more of a nuisance to have to take them off every time I wanted to see at a distance. Often, also, I noticed friends smiling at me because of the comical way I had of frowning at them in an effort to see over my reading glasses when I was too busy to take them off. I was a conspicuous example of "inefficiency" as an eyeglass wearer.

Since it was so plain that my eyes needed correction for both far and near vision, my next experience was with two pairs of glasses. But they were even more bothersome than the reading glasses alone. Not only was I compelled to take *off* my reading glasses when I wanted to see off at a distance, but I also had to put *on* my distance glasses.

Finally, the annoyance of fussing with two pairs of glasses became unbearable, and I tried old-fashioned bifocals. They enabled me to see both near and far; but I disliked the ugly seam across the lenses—it was so conspicuous that it was an actual disfigurement.

When one day a friend said to me, "Ben, you're getting old, I see you are wearing bifocals", that was the last straw.

Two pairs of glasses, one for far, the other for near vision, are even more bothersome than reading glasses alone

Fortunately, on that same day I noticed a sign in my optical specialist's window, "No one can tell they're near and far vision glasses if you wear KRYPTOKS, the invisible bifocals."

The ugly seam or hump across the lenses of ordinary bifocals is so conspicuous that it is an actual disfigurement

That was the beginning of perfect eyeglass comfort and convenience for me. With KRYPTOKS I can read and can see distant objects with equal clearness, yet nobody knows that my eyes are growing old. You cannot detect the slightest trace of a line, hump, or seam in my KRYPTOK Glasses—they combine near and far vision in a clear smooth lens that looks exactly like single vision glasses.

* * * *

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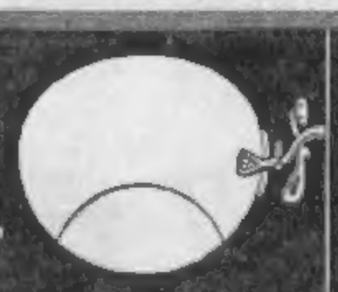

The Old Bifocal with the disfiguring seam or hump

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